THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

There are certain well defined principles that determine the practicability and pleasure of automobiling—fix absolutely the standard of comfort and expense.

Do you know these principles? Many motorists do not. They have accepted as necessary the very drawbacks which these principles avoid.

Roads

"Which is the best road?" How often automobilists ask that question.

"We had a fine trip except for the roads" is a remark you have heard many tourists make—showing that they have experienced discomfort, that their automobile is not suited to road conditions.

There is a reason, and it lies in the disregard of principles that make for comfort and practicability.

The Mistake

Go back to your experience with carriages and road wagons. You were very particular as to their riding quality—the kind of springs they had, their weight and the way they stood up. They had to be light, flexible and strong. They had to stand rough roads and at the same time ride easily.

Apply these principles to your automobile. It is a road vehicle. To accept it as something totally different—a machine the discomforts of which you must put up with—is a mistake, and a common mistake.

You can be as particular about your automobile as you were about your carriage. The Franklin automobile like your carriage has a wood chassis frame and full-elliptic springs front and back. And like your carriage it rides easily. It is light; it stands up. It is easily controlled. It meets the conditions of American roads—gives comfort and pleasure at all times.

Springs

If the half-elliptic springs used on automobiles were each seven feet long they would have on good roads about the same riding quality as the forty-inch full-elliptic springs on the Franklin. On ordinary roads they would not do so well, for half-elliptic springs no matter what their length absorb perpendicular shocks only, whereas the full-elliptic springs on the Franklin take up the shocks from every direction. Full-elliptic springs have long been the standard for road wagons. Think how your carriage would ride with half-springs. You want riding comfort in an automobile as much as in a carriage; more, because you go farther and faster, and it takes you everywhere.

Chassis Frame

High grade wagons and carriages, like the Franklin automobile, have with their full-elliptic springs a wood chassis frame. Wood is flexible and absorbs shocks. The wood chassis frame of the Franklin automobile is laminated and it is stronger and lighter than the steel frame commonly used. The steel frame transmits shocks and vibrations—gives stiffness and hard riding. You would not consider a carriage that had these drawbacks; you would not subject your family nor yourself to its discomforts. Apply the same standard to your automobile.

Tire Trouble

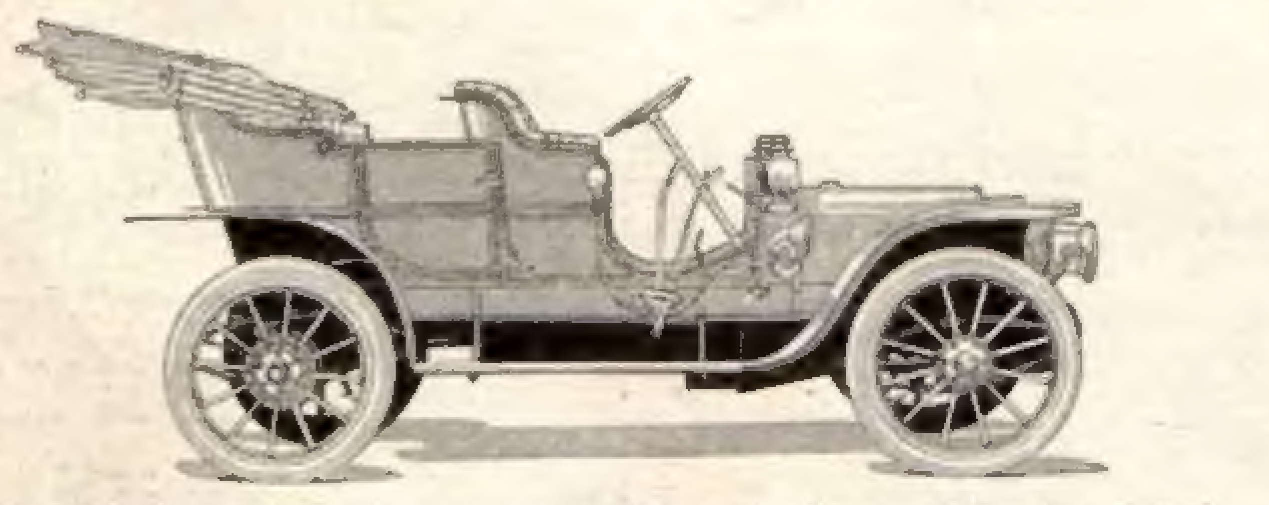
Ninety per cent of automobile road stops are due to tire trouble. And it is the weight of an automobile that makes the tire trouble and the heavy expense. Five per cent increase in the weight of an automobile adds fifteen per cent to the wear and tear on the tires. Increase the weight one-third and the wear on the tires is one hundred per cent greater. The average water-cooled automobile weighs a third more than the Franklin of same ability—the Franklin is air-cooled. It also has large wheels and large tires, larger in proportion to weight than any other automobile, which makes the wear on the tires still less. So the Franklin solves the tire problem and solves it in the only practical way.

Weight

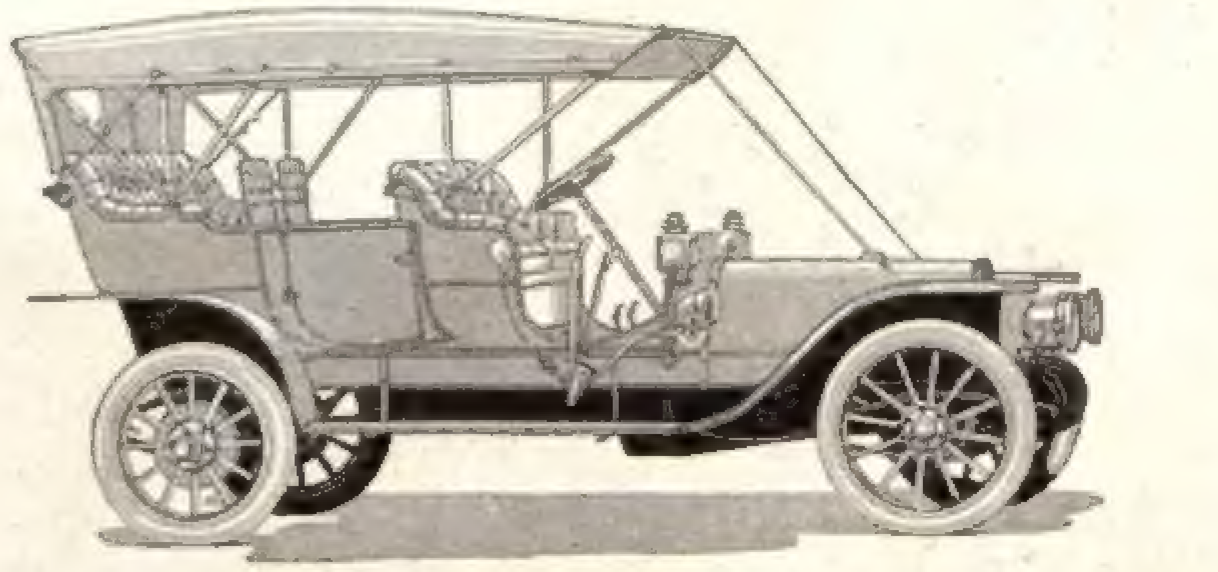
Then the lighter an automobile is the less it racks itself and the easier it handles. Excessive weight is a burden—a drawback in whatever way you look at it. Franklin light-weight begins with air-cooling. The engine by means of an auxiliary cylinder-exhaust and sheet metal radiating flanges is cooled by air without the use of water. The whole weight of the water system, its supports, jackets, piping, radiator, pump and what-not, is dispensed with. And so are the troubles due to leakage, boiling and freezing. All of which allows the automobile to be lighter and simpler. Franklin Model H seven-passenger touring-car weighs 2650 pounds; Model D five-passenger, 2200 pounds. Weigh other automobiles of same ability and ride in them—find out about their tire troubles. Then weigh a Franklin, ride in it, and ask Franklin owners about their tire troubles.

Franklin Model D is of such well balanced proportions, is so sensible and economical in every sense, that it is aptly termed the ideal family automobile. It is not too large nor too heavy. It is roomy but not bulky; comfortable and easily managed. No automobile with steel frame and half- or semi-elliptic springs equals it on American roads.

Franklin Model H six-cylinder touring-car is the only light-weight large automobile. It is luxurious but without the disadvantage of excessive weight and bulk. No other large automobile will carry its passengers so far in a day with comfort nor do so much on so low an operating cost.



Model D four-cylinder five-passenger 28-h. p. touring-car, $2800 (top extra)

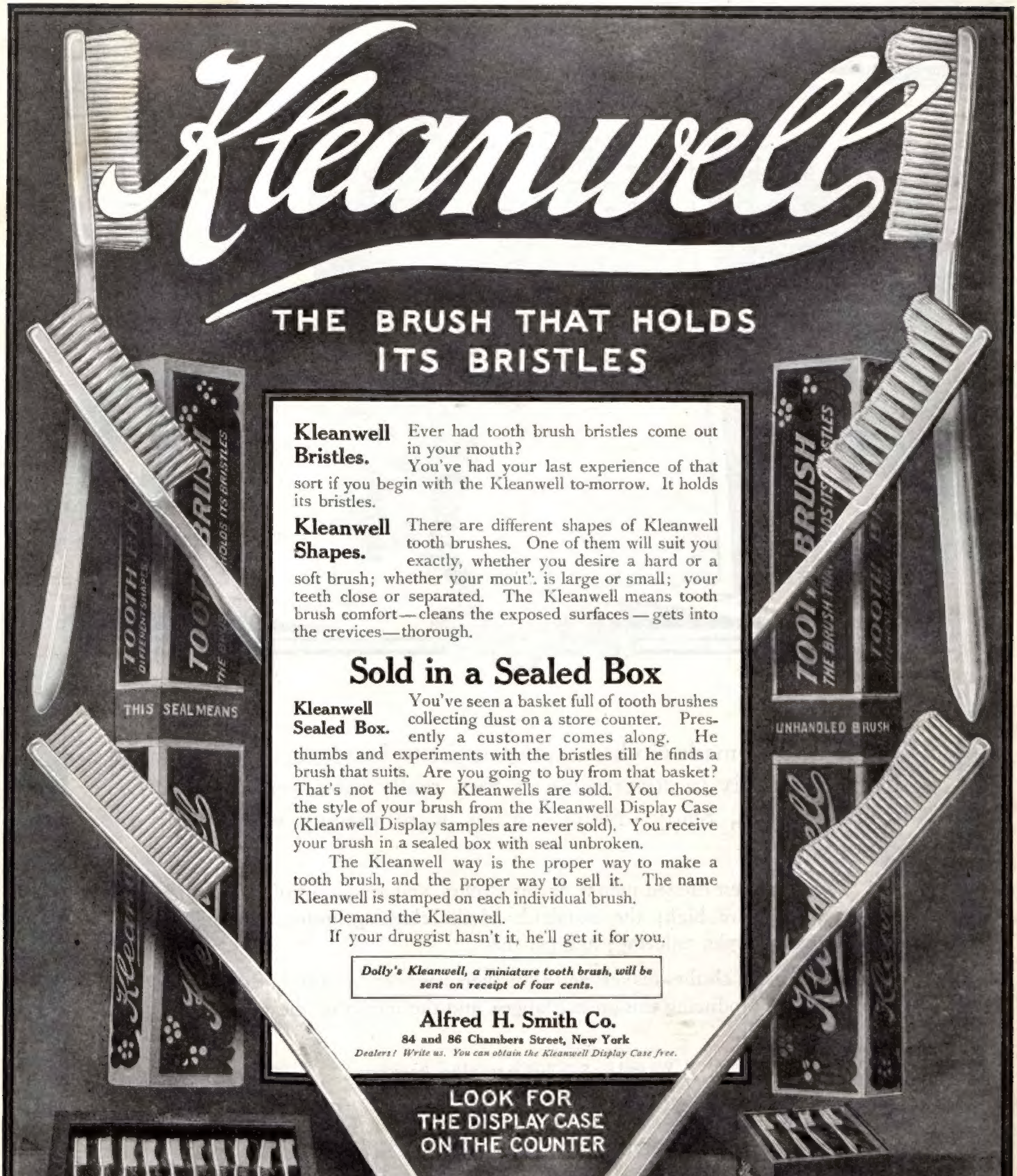


Model H six-cylinder seven-passenger 42-h. p. touring-car, $3750 (top extra)

Other four- and six-cylinder models from $1750 to $5000

Our new forty-page catalogue de luxe treats the whole automobile question in a clear and fair manner—shows why the Franklin, now in its eighth year, is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and ability. Write for it.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y


TOOTH BRUSH
THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES
TOOTH BRUSH
DIFFERENT SHAPES
THIS SEAL MEANS
UNHANDLED BRUSH
Kleanwell
The Brush that holds its Bristles
Kleanwell
Sold in a Sealed Box

Kleanwell

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

Kleanwell Bristles. Ever had tooth brush bristles come out in your mouth?

You've had your last experience of that sort if you begin with the Kleanwell to-morrow. It holds its bristles.

Kleanwell Shapes. There are different shapes of Kleanwell tooth brushes. One of them will suit you exactly, whether you desire a hard or a soft brush; whether your mouth is large or small; your teeth close or separated. The Kleanwell means tooth brush comfort—cleans the exposed surfaces—gets into the crevices—thorough.

Sold in a Sealed Box

Kleanwell Sealed Box. You've seen a basket full of tooth brushes collecting dust on a store counter. Presently a customer comes along. He thumbs and experiments with the bristles till he finds a brush that suits. Are you going to buy from that basket? That's not the way Kleanwells are sold. You choose the style of your brush from the Kleanwell Display Case (Kleanwell Display samples are never sold). You receive your brush in a sealed box with seal unbroken.

The Kleanwell way is the proper way to make a tooth brush, and the proper way to sell it. The name Kleanwell is stamped on each individual brush.

Demand the Kleanwell.

If your druggist hasn't it, he'll get it for you.

Dolly's Kleanwell, a miniature tooth brush, will be sent on receipt of four cents.

Alfred H. Smith Co.
84 and 86 Chambers Street, New York
Dealers! Write us. You can obtain the Kleanwell Display Case free.

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THE DISPLAY CASE
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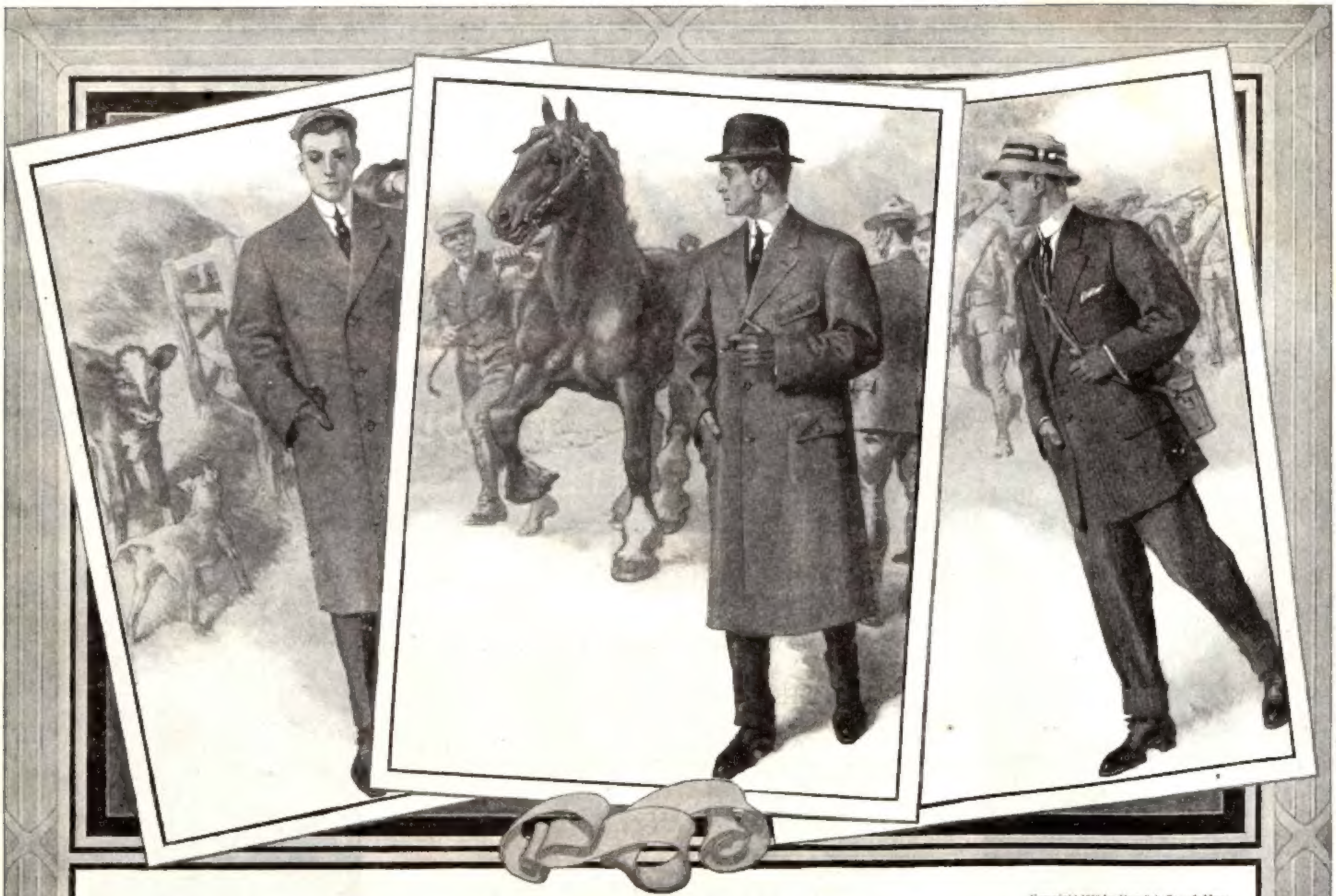

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STOCK MANIPULATION

PAUL BRANSOM

By Edwin Lefèvre

TWO financial generations ago stages ran on Broadway. Living was cheaper in those days, but even then keeping horses and carriages in the metropolis was expensive. A great Pittsburgh millionaire once told me that the one extravagance he could never permit himself panglessly was buying orchids. Yachts, theatrical companies, model farms, noble sons-in-law, he did not shy at; but before the orchids he ducked. There were stock-market operators who, having been born on farms, could not forget that it once took them three weeks to earn $1.25. They, therefore, would not keep horses and carriages as long as the stage or the horse-car ran.

But the brokers, with the ignorance of the value of money resulting from the inveterate habit of not earning their living, were different. You could tell the soundness or unsoundness of their stock-market opinions, and you did not have to be Mr. Sherlock Holmes: you merely noticed whether Broker Smith or Broker Brown came downtown mornings in glittering equipages or in the dingy stages. To be sure, not always were feed bills or coachman's wages paid promptly; but the seal of success, then as now, was the visible evidence of affluence. As for the uptown trip, that was another thing. The use of Shank's mare, in the afternoon, established prosperity; for it was expensive, walking up Broadway from Wall Street to Delmonico's, on Fourteenth Street. It entailed regular stoppages at "Billy's" and "Fred's" and "Mike's"—way-stations, where favorite tipples were demanded by parched throats after five hours' mad yelling.

The pilgrimage ended at Delmonico's. There the brokers sat and smoked, or chatted and drank, or gossiped and ate. Wit was on tap and money was abundant. The chief bartender, a master-artist in his line, accumulated $200,000—honest pickings, he always said. The *chef* was the confidential gastronomical adviser of great plungers, who, in their turn, also gave him confidential advice, not about dishes, but about stocks; and even gave him the money they made for him. Friends of the proprietor would take him to one side and say: "Delmonico, your help is robbing you!" and the old Swiss would say philosophically: "They can't be taking much, for I'm making plenty!"

Larry Jerome's Big Minus Interest

A FEW, the more venturesome or the least thirsty, would continue the afternoon pilgrimage even up to Paran Stevens' hostelry at Twenty-third Street. There, in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, torn down last year, the brokers would gather of evenings and exchange views on stocks, horses, and the iniquities of the idle rich. Irritable old gamblers, who were nervous even when they won, thought Delmonico's was too noisy, and sought what later became famous—and different—as the "Amen Corner," and swore intermittently or growled at each other even while forming offensive and defensive market alliances. Also, it became a habit for the conservatives—otherwise the tight-wads—to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and there take the same stage at the same minute every morning year in and year out. The day Jackson died, old Mulligan, a driver, waited for his fare seven minutes, Jackson having inconsiderately died of heart disease during the night without instructing his wife to notify Mulligan he had taken another stage that morning.

Incidentally, they were early risers, those old chaps, who peacocked when they talked about the thousands of shares they were carrying. Ten thousand shares was a stupendous "line" for one man to swing. "Larry" Jerome once went to the office of a corporation and requested to be allowed to look at the books. "Have you an interest in the stock of this company?" he was asked. "I—I— s-s-should say I had," he stuttered indignantly. "Why, I—I—am sh-short 20,000 shares!" He was a plunger! The other day a young Stock Exchange firm failed. They were not rated as rich; they were short merely 300,000 shares. It fell upon a bright morning that Billy Henry—that wasn't his last name, but it's part of it—a popular broker and active room trader, was leaning back in the luxurious cushions of his carriage as it rolled down Broadway. He surveyed the world outside with the amiable approval of a man who has not earned his luxury. He saw the great stream of pedestrians hurrying on as usual and, for a brief moment, feeling glad to be alive on this fine spring day and plainly showing it on their faces.

Billy is now remembered as the one-time wit of the Stock Exchange; he it was who once said the market was so dull that not even a skunk could make a s-cent in it; also that, of the three biggest liars on the Exchange, John Blank was the first, and Eddie Dash was the other two. He was a very popular "trader."

As he drove past the Fifth Avenue Hotel Billy caught a glimpse of Daniel Drew, the picturesque old operator who founded the Drew Theological Seminary and coined the expression, "watering stock." He began his business life as a cattle-drover, who used to give his cattle dry feed and salt, and just before weighing them and getting his money from the buyer used to lead the stock to the watering-trough. He was paid by the pound on the hoof. Attention to important details was the keynote of his financial success. A rough, uneducated man, and, withal, a great poet, for Wall Street tradition makes him the author of the deathless distich:

He that sells what isn't his'n,
Must buy it back or go to pris'n.

There was Broker Billy, riding in his luxurious coupé, and the stable bills unpaid for six weeks; and there was Daniel Drew, the famous operator, having nothing but millions, standing on the curb waiting for the stage.

Billy hissed an order to the coachman and the carriage stopped before Daniel Drew.

"How do you do, Mr. Drew?" inquired Billy amiably. "Waiting for somebody?" And he opened the door of the coupé.

"Good-morning, Billy," quavered the old man. "I'm waiting for the stage. I'm late this morning."

The old man spoke anxiously. It was as plain as day that there was some big deal on. He was an old, old man, and a wise, wise one; he might also prove to be a grateful one. Billy says he would have given the old chap a lift anyhow, but when he spoke it was with a positively filial solicitude:

"Mr. Drew, it would be a real pleasure if you would let me take you downtown in my carriage here. I'll promise to get you to your office quicker than the stage would do it." As if he did not trust his face to show his pleasure and his determination, Billy got out, assisted Daniel Drew to get in, and told the coachman, very fiercely, also loudly enough for very old ears to hear:

"Drive quickly, and very carefully—understand?" and he jumped in.

"Thank'ee, Billy; thank'ee, Billy," quavered the old man excitedly. "I'm particularly anxious to get downtown in time this morning. Very anxious, indeed. I won't forget your kindness, Billy. Indeed, I won't!"

"Here," said Billy to himself, "is where I gather in about fifty thousand." To the old man he said deprecatingly:

"Please don't mention it, Mr. Drew. Glad to have the chance."

"My, but this is a real elegant carriage, Billy. I wish," the old fellow said wistfully, "that I could afford to keep one. I'm not as spry as I used to be."

He looked particularly strong for his age and he was known to be one of the richest men in the Street. Billy eyed him suspiciously, trying to ascertain whether it was sarcasm or penury. At all events he deemed it worth while to appeal to the best side of a fellow-human, to the charitable side. He explained sadly:

"Oh, this is only a hired carriage. I took it today because I unfortunately overslept myself. You see, Mr. Drew, things haven't been coming my way lately. So I've been getting down very early and hustling for business. I don't find much doing, I'm sorry to say. Mighty dull times, aren't they, Mr. Drew?" Billy considered his speech a masterpiece. As a hint that a tip would save him from the poorhouse it was hard to beat.

"Is that so?" said Daniel Drew pensively. Realizing that the old man had not listened as soulfully as Billy had hoped, the broker went so far as to sigh. With a doleful shake of his head and a smile to show he was brave in his martyrdom Billy went on:

"I don't know what we'll do if the market doesn't improve soon. Some people can make money all the time"—Daniel Drew was one of them, since his control of Erie loaded his dice for him—"but I know that no matter how hard *I* try I can't even make expenses."

"Too bad, Billy, too bad!" muttered Daniel Drew, quite impersonally.

"Yes, it is," agreed Billy, with the ineffable sadness of conviction.

There was a silence from the men in the cab as it jolted over the Broadway pavement.

Fencing for a Tip

IT WAS only when the carriage was forced to halt by a misanthropic truck-driver that Billy relieved himself by telling the delighted Jehu of the truck what he thought of him and his audacity. To keep Mr. Drew waiting was the unpardonable sin; Billy showed it plainly. Old Drew was tapping his knee impatiently with his finger-tips, and Billy craved a tip on Erie with the eagerness of a penniless man who wants to make $50,000. Would Erie go up or down? Drew knew. But Drew hated tip-seekers as he did poison. He always said so on the slightest provocation. He played a lone hand and he did not need a following. A tip from him was as good as a certificate of deposit. Billy, therefore, sweated blood in his effort to maintain a philosophical equilibrium between his desire to take advantage of a unique opportunity to ask for a tip on Erie, and his conviction that it would be fatal to ask it pointblank. The stock market had lately shown a slight tendency toward improvement. It might mean the turn in the tide. But it also might be merely a rally and the decline might resume. Billy himself inclined to the bear or downward side of the market, but he was far too modest to obtrude his views on Daniel Drew; he was ready to make the old man's market opinion his own, for the old man was a Wonder! Years afterward, when Jay Gould had practically broken the old fellow, Billy was one of the two or three men who advised Drew to seek the Little Wizard and negotiate peace, and Billy never forgot how the old, old man, seated in an armchair, his face ashen, his body shrunken as if it were but a short step from the chair to the grave, looked vacantly at Billy and the others and said: "I ain't got nothin' ag'in' Mr. Gould, and Mr. Gould ain't got nothin' ag'in' me!"—said it over and over and over, as if talking to himself, oblivious of what Billy and the others out of sheer pity for the utter defeat of an old, old man were advising him to do, that he might not be buried at the expense of his enemies.

The carriage was approaching Wall Street. Billy, in desperation, said: "It looks as if things were on the mend, doesn't it?"

"Is that your opinion, Billy?" The old man looked interestedly at Billy. Billy was merely fishing. He said deprecatingly:

"I suppose it is my hope that makes me think it. I said it *looked* as if we might have some improvement."

"Well, Billy, you can't always go by looks," and Daniel Drew shook his head.

Uncle Dan Plays the Sphinx

"AH," THOUGHT Billy, "I got him! He's bearish!" He said aloud, with intelligent conviction: "That's what *I* say, Mr. Drew. You are right, sir. Lots of people think that just because the market is up a point or two we are going to have a boom. Now, I think ——" He paused in doubt.

"Yes, Billy?" prompted the old gambler encouragingly; "what is it *you* think?"

"I think it is merely a temporary rally."

"You do, do you, Billy?" Billy began to be sorry for himself; the old man's tone did not exactly exude enthusiasm. "You do, eh? Well, Billy, some of these temporary rallies have a habit of busting bears. I'd make sure before I'd sell short, Billy. Yes, I would."

"Ah, he is a bull!" thought Billy. He didn't object to bull or to bear operations so long as he was guided by knowledge of what the old pirate would do with Erie.

"You are right, Mr. Drew," and Billy's voice rang with admiration for the great man's wisdom. "You are entirely right. A man ought to be careful. I say that a man who sells stocks short at a time like this ——" He paused as he caught a glimpse of the great man's face. He didn't like the look of it.

"Yes, Billy?" prompted the old man. But by this time the carriage had reached Daniel Drew's office. Billy opened the door, got out to help the master of the Erie's destinies to alight. Billy had not secured the $50,000 tip, but his anger was not violent. It was all in the game—to find a pocketbook on the sidewalk, to pick it up, open it, and find it empty. Still, $50,000 is $50,000. Next to losing it came the sorrow of not making it. And only a word from the old man would have made it! He would remember the old man's ingratitude.

The Contents of Uncle Dan's Tile

"WELL, Billy, I'm very much obliged to you. I won't forget your kindness. I haven't time to talk now, Billy, for I'm in a hurry to get to my office; but I'll see you in a day or two." He was getting out of the carriage slowly, with a pitiful, senile clumsiness.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Drew," said Billy heartily. After all, this was a very old man, selfish, a stranger to the niceties of life, possibly made distrustful by experience with rascals. He might or he might not see Billy in a day or two. It didn't matter. By that time Billy might be busted or might be on Easy Street. He had gotten along without inside tips on Erie these thirty-five years; he would continue to have his ups and downs.

As Mr. Drew stepped out he knocked his head against the top of the cab. Off fell the dingy black hat and out of it fell about a half-bushel of papers, little slips such as brokers use to write their orders on. The old stock operator, perturbation showing clearly in his face, began precipitately to pick up the telltale papers.

"Never mind, Billy, I can pick 'em up," he said anxiously, but Billy said reassuringly: "No trouble, Mr. Drew," and helped the old man with the innate courtesy of a born gentleman who wishes to help a great stock operator gather up the detailed directions for making $50,000. And Billy's innate courtesy was rewarded by a Higher Intelligence, for he saw, without unworthy snooping, that all the slips were orders to buy Erie. He couldn't help reading in the old man's crabbed hand: "Buy 500 Erie at 67⅜," and "Buy 1000 at 67," and "Buy 2000 Erie at the market," and "Buy 5000 Erie at 66½," etc.; all orders to buy Erie—market orders and supporting orders. No wonder the old man was in a hurry to reach his office; the orders, Billy estimated, must aggregate at least 25,000 shares, and all buying orders. The old man was planning one of his hog-killings. Billy would get a slice of ham out of it, anyhow. Thus is virtue rewarded.

A Quick Scramble for Easy Money

OLD Drew was stuffing the slips into his pocket with trembling hands, and Billy, carefully looking as though he had seen merely waste papers or letters from a lady, gave Drew the slips he had blindly picked up. Drew looked at him searchingly, but Billy's clear conscience made him stare back with the calm gaze of a child. Apparently reassured by his scrutiny the old man hurried away without thanking Billy. But Billy magnanimously overlooked the persistence of the old man's early habits of uncouthness. A man will overlook inessentials for a good deal less than $50,009.

Daniel Drew did not reach his office half as quickly as Billy arrived at his own. He carefully purchased for his personal account 5000 shares of Erie at the opening. Then he told a few, not more than a dozen, of his friends what he had done. They all blessed Daniel Drew, bought Erie to show they approved of his judgment, and then they spread the glad news.

Erie went up a whole point that morning.

That was as far as a heavenly aspiration carried the price. Then the entire market developed weakness, and Erie politely led the way downward.

"Wait till the Old Man gets really busy!" said the favored few, self-elected followers of the Czar of Erie. The old man, however, seemed paralyzed by the decline—that is, he did nothing to stop it. When the stock showed four points loss in two days poor human nature could stand it no longer. Billy rushed to the office of Daniel Drew. He was admitted to the Presence promptly.

"Good morning, Billy," cheerfully said the benevolent friend of Billy and Billy's friends. "What can I do for you, Billy?"

"Good morning, Mr. Drew. Do you remember Tuesday morning, when I met you in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and you rode downtown with me?"

"Yes, I do, Billy. It was very good of you. I haven't forgotten your kindness. What can I do for you, Billy?"

"And do you remember how your hat fell off as you were getting out of the cab?"

"Yes, I do remember it very well, Billy; very well, indeed. I had some papers in my hat and you helped me to pick them up. Yes! Yes!"

"Yes, sir. Well, Mr. Drew, I couldn't help seeing the writing on some of them—that they were orders to buy Erie. And so, I—er—I bought some Erie for myself."

"*I thought you would, Billy. I thought you would!*" chuckled the benevolent assimilator of Billy's dollars. It made Billy ask pointblank:

"I've got a big loss in it. What shall I do now, Mr. Drew?"

"Whatever you darn please, Billy. I ain't forbiddin' you nothin', Billy. Must you go now, Billy? Well, good-by. Thank you for the carriage ride."

That was forty years ago. It was one form of manipulation—the representation of a given condition and the misrepresentation of given facts—by means of tips. Thirty years later, when Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who, with Harriman, ruled the Union Pacific as absolutely as Drew bossed the Erie, wanted to put up the price of the stock to where they thought it ought to be, they told the editor of the leading Wall Street news agency that the company was earning more than seven per cent on its capital stock, and that while they did not mean to anticipate the action of the directors a month or two later, they did not see why the company should not disburse to the stockholders more than the two per cent per annum which they had been getting. The price was then in the forties. The experiment of telling the truth to the public was tried by the big banking firms. Many innocent stockholders profited, for the "truth" had not been preceded by a significant rise—on inside knowledge—and, therefore, there could have been no glaring desire to unload. Five years later, when the great Harriman-Rogers-Rockefeller coup in the same stock was planned and the dividend rate on Union Pacific stock was unexpectedly raised to ten per cent, instead of praise from the stockholders there were Niagaras of execration from investors and speculators alike. Why? Because putting to one side the complaints of unwise gamblers, it was evident that insiders had misused their position, and the company's prosperity had been unequally and inequitably shared. There had been too much manipulation by insiders, who if they had one attentive eye on the railroad kept the other fixed on the ticker.

What the Dictionary Says

WHAT is manipulation? It is difficult to define it. It is both an art and a science. It embraces so many functions, legitimate and illegitimate, that, because the evil things it has done glare at you and the need of it appears only a close study, it has been assumed that manipulation is always misrepresentation, having for an object the personal gain of the manipulator at the expense of the public. Many practices can properly be included under the head of manipulation.

Manipulation in stocks is the logical concomitant of speculation in stocks, and stock manipulation is inseparable in the public mind from stock gambling. Now speculation and gambling are not interchangeable terms. You don't have to be a philosophical hair-splitter to realize it; merely look in the dictionary. SPECULATION: *the act or state of seeing or looking; intelligent contemplation or observation; the pursuit of truth by means of thinking, especially mathematical reasoning and logical analysis; deep and thorough consideration of a theoretical question. The investing of money at a risk of loss on the chance of unusual gain; specifically buying and selling not in the ordinary course of commerce for the continuous marketing of commodities, but to hold in the expectation of selling at a profit upon a change in values or market rates. Thus, if a merchant lays in for his regular trade a much larger stock than he otherwise would because he anticipates a rise in prices, this is not termed speculation; but if he buys what he does not usually deal in, not for the purpose of extending his business, but for the chance of a sale of the particular articles at a profit by reason of anticipated rise, it is so termed.* Adam Smith, in his Wealth of Nations, says: "The establishment of any new manufacture, of any new branch of commerce, or of any new practice in agriculture, is always a speculation from which the projector promises himself extraordinary profits."

The Men Who Put Up the Howl

AND right here I wish to emphasize the point, that most complaints against Wall Street—not against the high financiers but against the Stock Exchange—come from losing gamblers, *and not from speculators;* from ignorance, not from knowledge. Bearing this point in mind, both speculators and gamblers must be considered, for without both classes the art and science of manipulation would be of different character.

It must be perfectly clear from the definition of the Century Dictionary, therefore, that the "big men" of Wall Street, who usually win, are not gamblers, and that the little men, who usually lose, are. That is why it is in turn a truism that the great captains of finance are seldom good "traders" in other stocks than their own. All the get-rich-quick schemers, men who are scientific speculators when it comes to separating the fools from their money, invariably have lost their own when they have tried to beat the game in the stock market; because at that they were as lamblike as their dupes. Jay Gould, it has been shown, lost time and again in stock operations; he was a financier and not a stock gambler. When he cornered Northwest it took over a year to get out; and, at that, he lost over a million. Of all the big men Mr. Harriman is the best trader, because long before he became a railroad magnate he was a successful speculator.

Mr. Theodore Price is another great speculator. He admits cheerfully that he is a speculator—and then proceeds to define speculation as per the dictionary. He denies that he is a gambler. He studies conditions; he has an elaborate information-gathering machinery, 10,000 correspondents in the cotton belt. He keeps close watch on the cotton mills; on general conditions and on conditions bearing on the cotton crop and on the consumption of cotton goods not only at home but the world over. He gets facts and he classifies them. He has a logical mind; given the premises, he—and so can any logical mind—builds the superstructure logically. As he says, he is never a bull because he is long of cotton; he is long of cotton when he is a bull. His duty is not to read the future nor to get opinions, but to get facts; his profit lies in getting facts a little ahead of the other fellow. It always pays to know; to know in advance of competitors pays tenfold. There are times when ten minutes of knowledge are worth ten millions of dollars. The man who knows in a mob of ignorants is like the one-eyed man in the land of the blind; he is king. Mr. Price is a remarkable man because he sees clearly what other men don't think it is necessary to see: he speculates; he never gambles.

Another great speculator (see dictionary) is Mr. Norman B. Ream, a man who, while active in the Board of Trade, followed the pit's price fluctuations, but at the same time always kept his eyes on the wheat itself. He first used the expression, "selling short for investment"—a phrase worth volumes to blind gamblers who would fain see. Today Mr. Ream is known not as a reformed gambler—for he never really gambled—but as a man of remarkable judgment. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has unbounded faith in Ream, who has so often been his business adviser. So had the late Marshall Field and George M. Pullman. So has every man who knows Mr. Ream. And all speak of his remarkable judgment, the judgment of a scientific speculator. Some years ago he said to me: "I have studied men since I was a boy. I had to, because I was six-feet-one when I was sixteen. I have been engaged in many kinds of business in many States, and I have learned to think. Above all things I have learned to get facts. That is why I never overcame an insurmountable obstacle in my life. The time to retreat is before you begin to advance. It is better to make sure there is not a ten-foot wall in front of you than to try to butt it down with your head when you come to it. If more people took the trouble to get the facts before they did anything else there would be fewer sore heads." An intelligent optimist once said: "I never do anything because I feel it in my bones; that might be only rheumatism." And to a young man, whose gambling propensities made him bearish at the time so that he could see nothing but disaster ahead, he said: "Young man, I have myself helped to bury a number of men who bet against the United States!"

Speculators like Price or Ream are the prototypes of other men whose fortunes have aroused the admiration or the condemnation of their compatriots. And it may be added here that the condemnation has arisen from the really unnecessary methods adopted by the unpopular magnates, who, not satisfied with using brains, have insisted also upon using loaded dice: by abusing their "inside" position.

The late Dickson G. Watts, one-time president of the New York Cotton Exchange, a scholar and student, a man of great ability, some years ago published an essay on Speculation as a Fine Art, which ought to be memorized by those who, wishing to get something for nothing, go to Wall Street—and forthwith contribute to the welfare of the few who use the loaded dice of knowledge. Watts agreed that no trade where an exact equivalent is not given can be called right or ethical, but that, society being organized as it is, speculation is a necessity. He differentiates, and the law makes the same distinction, between speculation or intellectual effort, and gambling or blind chance.

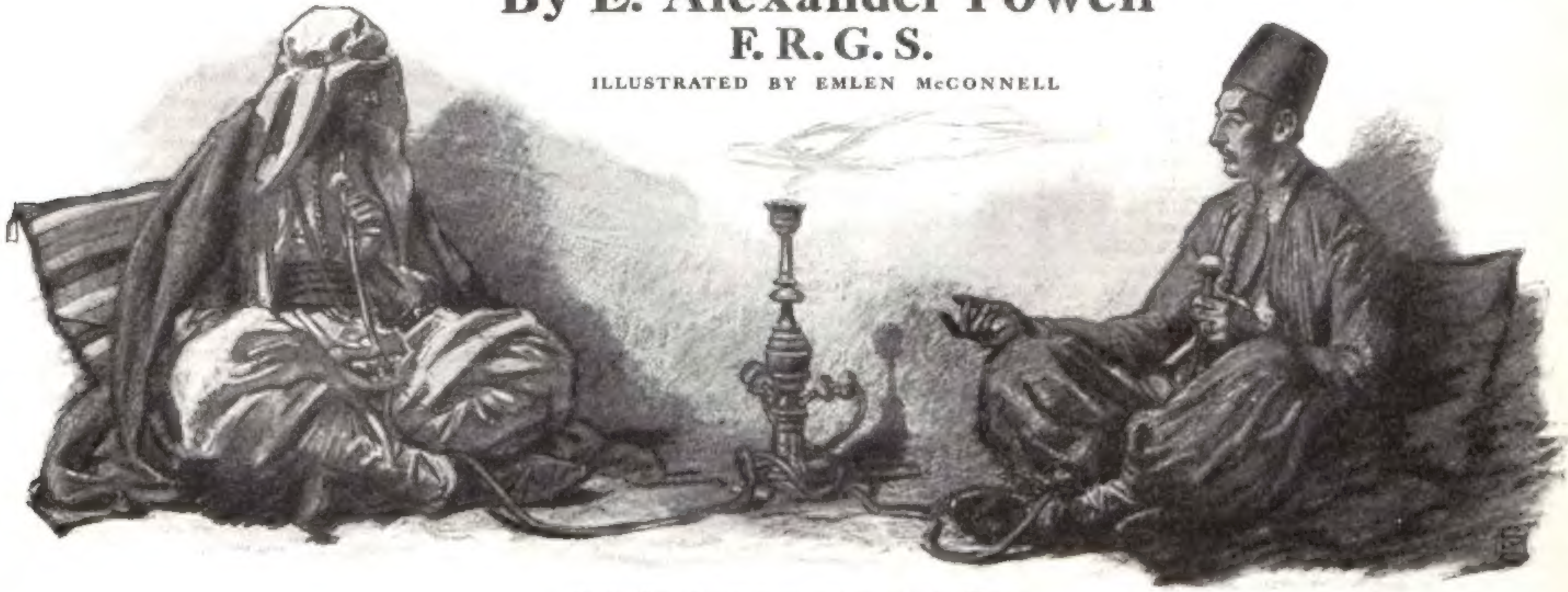
The speculator, he continued, must have Self-Reliance, Judgment, Courage, Prudence and Pliability. Taking these qualities in turn, he asserts that it is better to make a mistake and learn why it is made than to be right on another man's judgment. *Judgment*, which is the nice adjustment of the faculties, one to the other, is essential. *Courage* in a speculator is but confidence to act on the decision of the mind. *Prudence* is the power to measure danger and should delicately balance courage—prudence in contemplation, courage in execution. Lord Bacon has observed: "In meditation all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless very formidable," paraphrased by Norman B. Ream, who perhaps had never read Bacon: "Make sure there isn't a ten-foot wall in front of you," or "The time to retreat is before you begin to advance." By *Pliability*, Watts meant the ability to change an opinion, the power of revision, and quotes Emerson: "He who observes and observes again is always formidable."

(Continued on Page 32)

How They Do Business in Turkey

By E. Alexander Powell F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL



Haggle Whole-Heartedly Over a Matter of a Few Piasters

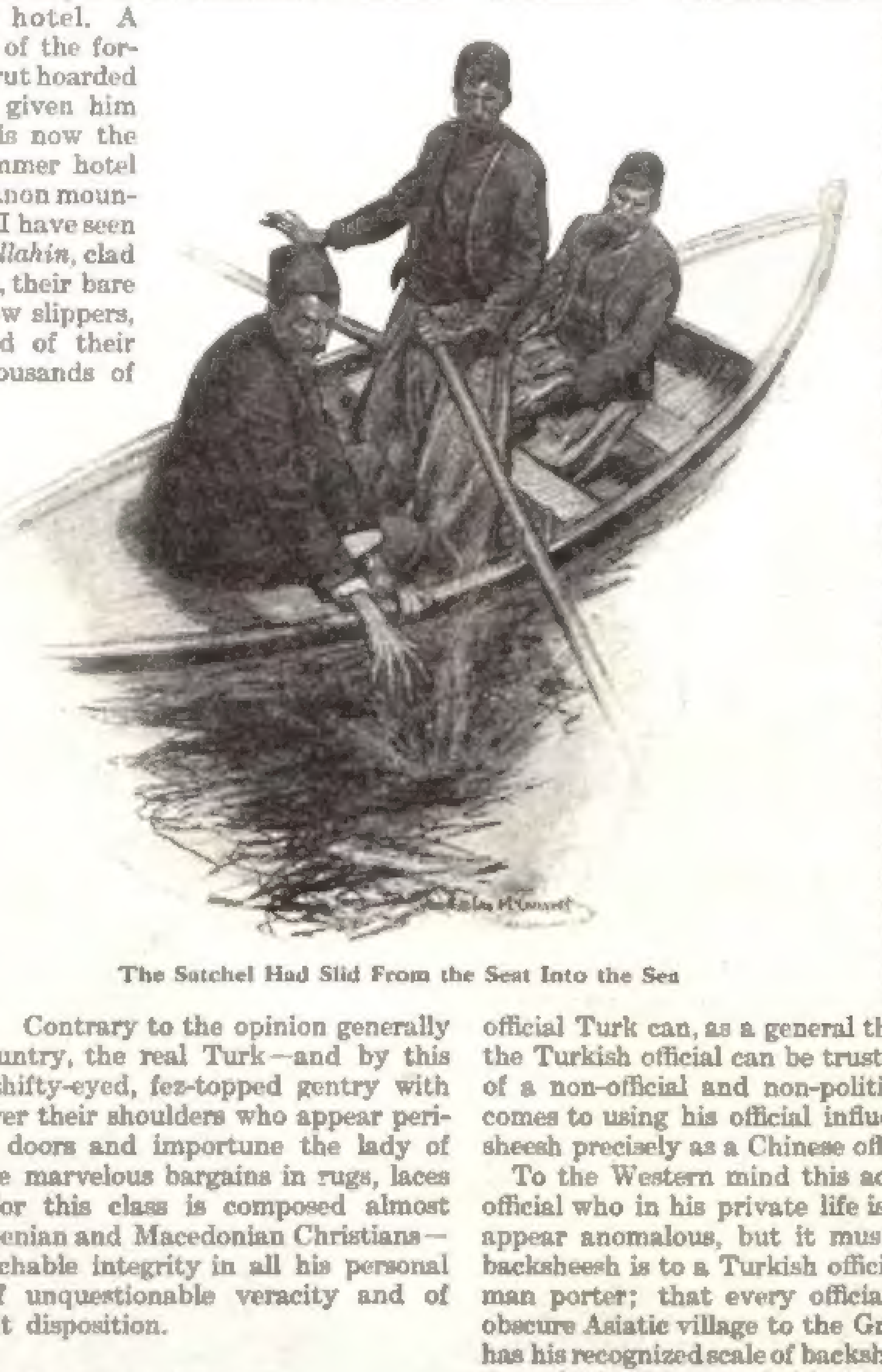
WE AMERICANS have no monopoly of commercial shrewdness. We can give points, it is true, to the stolid Britisher, the plodding Teuton, the volatile Latin; but when our commercial activities lead us south of the Danube, to that land of mosques, massacres and mysteries, we find to our unbounded amazement that we are the merest tyros at the game of business diplomacy. An American trying to obtain a concession at Constantinople, be it to build a railway or to unearth a buried city, is about as helpless as an up-State "come-on" in the hands of a New York confidence-man.

Graft did not originate in Wall Street or the Tenderloin. Trace it back, step by step, and, though the diverse trails may lead you to a common-council chamber in San Francisco and a mandarin's palace in Peking, to the war ministry in St. Petersburg and the headquarters of the Hotel Servants' Protective Association in sunny Italy, they will eventually hark back to those ancient lands over which flies the Turkish flag; for it was in the dominions of Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander that graft originated, and still flourishes in all its pristine vigor.

Some one has said that all good Americans go to Paris when they die; permit me to add that the others doubtless go to Constantinople. Barring the tongue and the *tarbooshes*, the late Mr. Tweed would have felt as much at home on the Bosphorus as on the Bowery. In all probability they would have made him a *pasha*, for in Turkey the peculiar gifts with which he was endowed are accorded immediate and generous recognition. And, too, the means chosen to attain an end are so much more picturesque in Oriental countries. The falsification of accounts, the over-certification of assets or the watering of stocks make no appeal to the imagination of the Turk. These time-honored methods of American high finance seem to him sadly lacking in daring and directness. In Turkey, if a *pasha* wants anything he promptly takes it, and then has himself, by the judicious use of backsheesh, appointed Minister of Police.

One of the most highly-respected bank presidents in the Levant was, less than a decade ago, a messenger in the same institution over which he now presides with such admirable dignity. Now, in the Levant, when you ask an employee of a banking or mercantile house what salary he receives, he will generally answer: "Well, my berth only pays a salary of three hundred pounds, *but it's good for five hundred*." But the bank-messenger in question was not at all that kind of a young man; he was studiously careful to keep clear of the cafés and dance-halls, worked overtime with pleasing regularity, and was regarded by his fellow-clerks as a youth of almost painful integrity. Standing high in the confidence of his superiors, he was sent one morning to deliver five thousand pounds in notes and gold on board an Austrian steamer lying in the harbor. Some hours later, breathless and disheveled, he burst into the bank. "The money," he gasped brokenly; "I have lost the money! My life is blasted by my carelessness; I am a ruined man!" and in a voice choked with emotion (he had all the makings of an actor, had that young man) he related how he had engaged a boat with native rowers to take him out to the steamer which lay in the harbor with steam up, ready to sail; how he had placed the satchel containing the specie on the thwart beside him; how an altercation had arisen between the boatmen, and in the ensuing commotion, the boat having suddenly lurched to one side, the satchel had slid from the seat into the sea. The bank officials shook their heads sadly; the Levantine boatmen corroborated the messenger's story in every detail, and even pointed out the spot where the satchel had disappeared beneath the waves. Although, for the sake of appearances, divers were employed to make a perfunctory search for the sunken gold, the bottom of the harbor yielded up no trace. No one would have been more surprised than the bank officials if it had. Three weeks later the messenger, falling heir to an unexpected legacy of five thousand pounds left him by a distant relative who died in foreign parts, resigned his position and entered the field of high finance. So successful were his operations that a few years found him at the head of the institution of which he had once been a minor employee. Which goes to prove that audacity brings its own reward.

The Levant is a land of sudden fortunes. One of the wealthiest men in Constantinople started his business career as the proprietor of a low-class coffee-house in an obscure street; to the coffee-house he added a bake-shop; the bake-shop eventually became a confectionery, the confectionery a restaurant, and the restaurant a fashionable and expensive hotel. A former *kavass* of one of the foreign consulates in Beirut hoarded so carefully the tips given him by tourists that he is now the owner of a large summer hotel and casino in the Lebanon mountains. In Alexandria I have seen illiterate Egyptian *fellahin*, clad in coarse blue *jibbahs*, their bare feet thrust into yellow slippers, after having disposed of their cotton crops for thousands of pounds, plunge at once into the most reckless extravagances, in which imported motor-cars, grand pianos and richly upholstered drawing-room suites played a leading part; for, though the Oriental is shrewdness personified in the making of money, he is a good deal of a child when it comes to spending it. Contrary to the opinion generally prevailing in this country, the real Turk—and by this I do not mean the shifty-eyed, fez-topped gentry with shiny valises slung over their shoulders who appear periodically at our back doors and importune the lady of the house to purchase marvelous bargains in rugs, laces or mother-of-pearl, for this class is composed almost wholly of Syrian, Armenian and Macedonian Christians—is a man of unimpeachable integrity in all his personal business relations, of unquestionable veracity and of kindly and benevolent disposition.


The Satchel Had Slid From the Seat Into the Sea

When Turks are Square

IT HAS long been the fashion in America to look upon the name of Turk as a synonym for all that is licentious, rapacious and bloodthirsty. Well-meaning but tactless proselytizers who have pounded in vain against the stone wall of the Moslem faith; Macedonian revolutionists and Armenian political agitators flying from the wrath to come, have been highly successful in fostering and encouraging these false notions of the Mohammedan Turk. But what other nation, pray, can habitually produce men who, arrested for crime and sentenced to death, will ask the judge for a respite of thirty or sixty days, as the case may be, that they may go unaccompanied up into their mountain homes to put their affairs in order and take a last farewell of their families, and then, on the appointed day, give themselves up to justice—and the hangman's noose? In what other country can you put a merchant upon his word of honor to name the exact cost of the merchandise for which you are negotiating, promising to give him what you consider a fair margin of profit on the same? Sheik Ali Zeytoun rides down from the mountains to buy a rifle of Hassan Bey, a prosperous merchant of the town. They sit cross-legged on their carpets, puffing stolidly at their *nargiles* amid the turmoil of the dim bazar, and haggle whole-heartedly over a matter of a few piasters; for to a Turk the driving of a bargain is better than meat and drink. Finally Sheik Ali rises to his feet, his snowy turban, his flowing trousers and the array of weapons at his waist serving to accentuate the dignified, masterful Arab face. "I put it to you, oh my brother, by the beard of your father and the honor of your mother and your own hope of gaining Paradise, to tell me what this weapon has cost you, even to the last *metallic*." Hassan Bey, without hesitation, names the exact figure it has cost him; Sheik Ali offers him a profit of ten, twenty, thirty per cent, according to the nature of the article and the circumstances of the case, and this offer is always promptly accepted. Silent-footed servants serve coffee which is as thick as molasses, without which ceremony no transaction may be concluded, and the Sheik, with a gesture of salutation which includes his heart, his lips and his forehead in a single sweep, mounts his horse and turns toward home. "I salute you, oh my brother," he says; "may your business prosper and may you find much favor in the sight of Allah." "I make my profound salaams, oh *effendi*," replies the other. "Like the wild grapevine may you take good root and flourish."

They have a saying in Turkey which runs something like this: "It takes two Jews to get the best of a Greek, two Greeks to get the best of a Persian, two Persians to get the best of a Syrian, and an Armenian can get the best of them all." Which indicates with very fair accuracy the relative shrewdness of the leading commercial races in the Empire. It will be noted, moreover, that in this graduated scale no mention is made of the Turk, for in business shrewdness the Osmanli is wholly outclassed by his fellow-subjects who claim the Christian faith. In stating that the Turk is a man of unimpeachable integrity I mean to imply that his honesty is unquestionable in so far as it applies to his personal dealings. By way of illustration: were I to purchase a horse of a Turk, and he gave me his word of honor that it was sound and free from blemish, I would accept it without question; but, should I find it necessary to approach the same Turk in an attempt to obtain a concession or a political favor, I should go fully prepared to pay him the proper amount of backsheesh, which is a polite word for bribe. In other words, the non-official Turk can, as a general thing, be trusted implicitly; the Turkish official can be trusted in all matters that are of a non-official and non-political nature; but when it comes to using his official influence he expects his backsheesh precisely as a Chinese official expects his *cumshaw*.

To the Western mind this acceptance of bribes by an official who in his private life is scrupulously honest may appear anomalous, but it must be borne in mind that backsheesh is to a Turkish official what a tip is to a Pullman porter; that every official, from the *cadi* of some obscure Asiatic village to the Grand Vizier of the Empire, has his recognized scale of backsheesh, and that any money thus obtained is regarded by them as perfectly legitimate perquisites of office.

Some two or three years ago an eminent archæologist of Harvard University went to Syria for the purpose of making excavations in the neighborhood of Sidon. The scene of the proposed operations lay in a barren and deserted plain several miles from the nearest town. Being unfamiliar with Turkish procedure, he applied to the *cadi* of the near-by village for permission to commence the excavations. After a delay of some days a minor official called on him and explained that, while the *cadi* was not in a position to grant the required permission without referring the matter to the *kaimakam* of the district, he would take much pleasure in forwarding the application to that official, with his indorsement—for ten *liras* (about forty-five dollars). The *kaimakam*, receiving the request duly indorsed by the *cadi*, sent word to the Professor that he must present the matter to the *vali* of the province, which he would be pleased to do—for fifty *liras*. The money having been paid, a reply was received in due time from the *vali*, saying that, to his deep regret, it was impossible for him to grant the desired permission without first bringing the matter to the attention of the Grand Vizier, to whom he would write a personal letter, however, saying that the land in question had no military value and that there was no reason, therefore, why the permission for excavating should not be granted. But, before writing to the Grand Vizier, he should expect a present of two hundred *liras*. So, the archæologist being game, the matter was carried to Constantinople, and after a delay of several weeks, during which the impatient American went himself to the capital to hurry things along, he received a call from an emissary of the Grand Vizier, who explained that a matter of such vital importance to the State could only be acted upon under the authority of an *irade* from His Imperial Majesty the Sultan—whom Allah preserve!—and that to obtain such an *irade* would require an expenditure of five hundred *liras*. But the Professor, remembering that the Sultan is himself answerable to Allah, and feeling that the financial resources of his university would scarcely permit of his carrying the matter to such dizzy heights, used the balance of his funds to buy a ticket for home.

Had he been accustomed to Turkish methods he would have approached the Sultan at the very beginning, through one of his secretaries, for it is usually cheaper to buy the influence of an Imperial secretary than of a *cadi*, a *kaimakam*, a *vali* and a Grand Vizier.

Nothing more strikingly illustrates the prevalence of graft in Turkey than a fire in Constantinople. Although the capital possesses a municipal fire department, it is so poorly organized and so notoriously inefficient that the business of fire-fighting—which is a highly lucrative one—is almost wholly in the hands of societies or fire-bands, composed of the roughest elements of the population.

When a fire is discovered the fact is announced to the city by the firing of a cannon from the Galata Tower—the highest point in Constantinople—and the hoisting of a flag: red for the north, blue for the south, green for the east and yellow for the west. The general location of the fire being thus indicated, the various fire-bands of that particular district promptly respond, exciting races frequently taking place between rival companies. Horse-drawn apparatus and steam engines are wholly unknown, the subjugation of the flames—if they are subdued at all—being accomplished by a primitive pumping machine carried on the shoulders of a score of brawny runners. No clanging bells give warning of their approach, but the streets are cleared even more effectually by four gigantic Turks, armed with *naboots* of *dom* wood, who run, shouting, before the oncoming fire companies and clear a path through the narrow and congested streets by the simple method of knocking down every one who does not get out of the way. Arrived at the scene of the conflagration, no effort is made to extinguish it unless, perchance, it should be a Government building or the residence of an official. The fire captains enter, instead, into heated negotiations with the owners of the adjoining buildings for the saving of their property.

Fires Put Out by Contract

"ONE hundred golden *liras*," says the captain of a fire company to a terrified merchant, "and we will save your shop. See how close the flames approach." "By the beard of the Prophet, but I do not possess so vast a sum," returns the merchant. "Methinks, however, I could scrape together ten gold pieces for you and your sturdy men if you save my goods from destruction." "I have no time to waste in chaffering," growls the captain; "but I once knew your father, who was indeed a godly man and less tight-fisted than his son, and, out of respect for him, will I save your wretched shop for eighty *liras*, and not a *medjidie* less." "Twenty! I will give you twenty," pleads the merchant, "though to do it must I take the bread from the mouths of my children." "Out of the goodness of my heart will I do it for sixty," says the fireman. "Look! The flames even now are scorching your walls!" "Thirty *liras!* I will make it thirty, but be quick or I will lose all," wails the shopkeeper, as a tongue of flame leaps hungrily toward his dwelling. "Thirty-five it is then," says the captain, "but paid in advance, and may Sheitan fly away with you, you miserly son of a pig!" He roars out an order; his half-naked brigands spring to the pumps and work like madmen, while others throw themselves at the flaming buildings with axes, hooks and poles. Thus is the capital of the Empire guarded from fire.

Another incident, which came to my personal attention, is illustrative of the peculiar conditions prevailing in the Ottoman navy. The "Imperial Ottoman Flying Squadron of the Eastern Mediterranean" consisted, until very recently, of a single, antiquated gunboat, built, I believe, prior to the Crimean War. Within the memory of man this "squadron" had been stationed at Tripoli, a small port on the coast of Northern Syria. It had been there so long, in fact, that it was looked upon as a landmark and its crew regarded themselves as permanent residents of the town. There were good and sufficient reasons why they did not leave, for the officers received their pay only at rare intervals and the crew not at all. But one day, to his astonishment and dismay, the commander received a telegram from Constantinople ordering him to steam at once to Beirut, fifty miles away, to suppress the smuggling trade. Here was a quandary. There was no money in the ship's chest; the officers themselves were all but penniless, and there was not an ounce of coal in the bunkers, nor were any of the Tripolitan merchants sufficiently patriotic to supply coal on credit. But orders from the Sublime Porte are never questioned, much less disobeyed, so the commander stripped the vessel of its navigating instruments—about the only articles of value left on board—and pawned them with a local money-lender for sufficient funds with which to purchase a few tons of coal. With this under his boilers he succeeded in raising sufficient steam to work his way across the bay to a wharf where the timber merchants of the town had piled large quantities of wood in readiness for export. The watchmen were kept at bay by the menace of the machine-guns, the crew set to work with a will, and within an hour the "flying squadron," laden from stem to stern with stolen firewood, was steaming peacefully toward Beirut, great clouds of wood smoke pouring from her funnels.

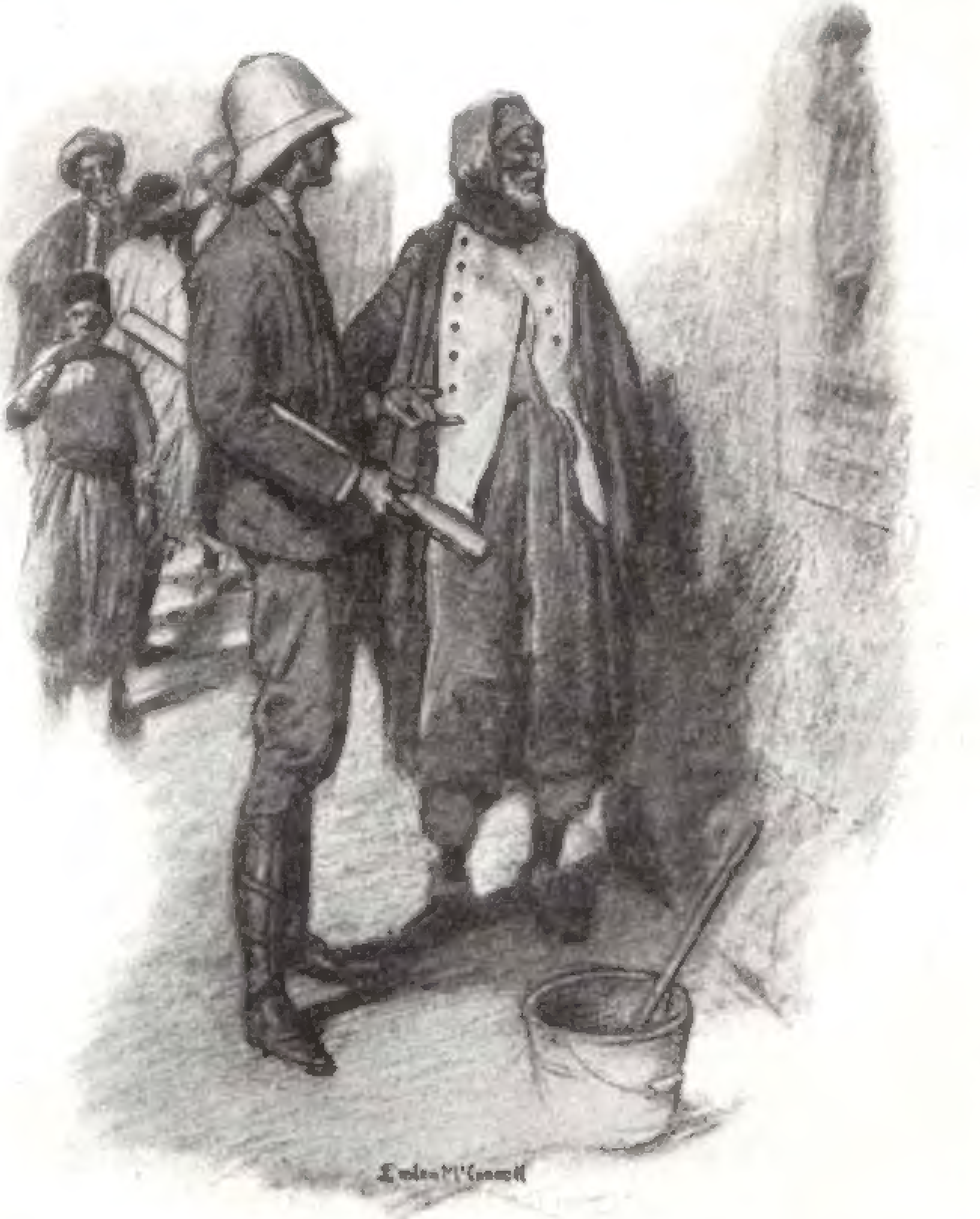
Strange things happen even in the Turkish army, as was evidenced by the mysterious disappearance, during the Yemen campaign of 1906, of two battalions of Syrian infantry. These troops, recruited chiefly from the Hauran and the *vilayets* of Damascus and Beirut, were shipped to Hodeida, on the Red Sea, for operations around Sana. They started on their march inland from the coast, and that was the last heard of them. Eight hundred men disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Months went by and they were given up for dead; a year, and their names were only memories. Then there came rumors to the coast towns of men in Arab dress, but with familiar faces, who were drifting by twos and threes back to the mountain villages. It appears that before the column was three days out of Hodeida it was ambushed and surrounded by an overwhelming force of Arabs, who gave the troops their choice between surrender and massacre. The Syrians, preferring to be live cowards rather than dead heroes, promptly threw down their arms. The Turkish officers were murdered on the spot, but the Syrian rank and file, presumably because of their kinship to the Bedouin of the desert, were provided with native dress and passed slowly northward from tribe to tribe, over two thousand miles of barren desert, until, after a lapse of many months, they eventually reached their northern homes. Since that episode the Turkish War Office has sent no more Syrian levies to Arabia.

The Hashish Smugglers

I HAVE already alluded to the shrewdness of the Oriental Christians, particularly the Syrians and Armenians, who, as our own customs officials have good reason to know, are among the most daring and ingenious smugglers in the world. In both Turkey and Egypt an enormous trade is carried on in smuggled hashish (an intoxicating narcotic produced, chiefly in Greece, from common hemp), and more than one well-to-do merchant in the Turkish coast cities started his career as a contrabandist. The smugglers of hashish, in particular, have long succeeded in baffling the Turkish and Egyptian customs authorities, getting into the country each year, by various ingenious methods, an enormous quantity of this deleterious drug, to the use of which the Arab population is strongly addicted. The police of Alexandria had long suspected a certain naturalized American, of Turkish birth, of being implicated in this contraband trade; but, though on two occasions I had issued search-warrants and had sent my dragoman and *kavasses* to accompany the detectives in their domiciliary visits, nothing of an incriminating nature had been discovered. The man was ostensibly an importer of electrical apparatus, and from the number of dynamos which lined the shelves, counters and even the floor of his premises, was evidently conducting a business of considerable magnitude. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the police and customs authorities, the secret importation of hashish continued, thus seriously weakening official prestige among the natives, for the Oriental is always ready to attach more importance to a failure than to a success.

At last matters came to such a pass that the commandant of police requested me for a third time to issue a search-warrant, and on this occasion both the commandant and I accompanied the searching party. Again the Turk greeted us with his customary suavity, again his premises were searched from cellar to roof, and again nothing of a suspicious nature was discovered. Just as we were leaving the shop, however, one of the native policemen carelessly lifted one of the dynamos, hundreds of which were displayed on shelves and tables. "*Bismillah!*" he exclaimed. "This machine is of very little weight." But it was only after a close examination that we thought of unscrewing the top of one of the wire-wound "cores," disclosing a hollow space tightly packed with the forbidden drug. The secret was out at last. Not a week passed that the Turk did not receive shipments of these bogus dynamos from Greece, the hollow cores of which were filled with hashish. They passed the customs without difficulty, the import duty, which is purely nominal on machinery, being paid without demur. Once emptied they were reshipped to Greece, refilled with opium and again sent to Egypt as new dynamos, a scheme which had been carried on for more than a year without detection. The adroit smuggler, I might mention, quietly slipped out of the shop during the excitement, and though we never heard from him again he is doubtless carrying on this very lucrative form of business in some other quarter of the Turkish dominions.

When the Turkish authorities do succeed in laying a smuggler by the heels his lot is generally an unpleasant one; for, if there is one thing more than another that a Turkish official cannot abide, it is to be outmatched in a contest of wits. Some day, perhaps, it may seem advisable to depict in their true colors the horrors of the Turkish prison system, but the recital will not be a pleasant one, for, though the Grand Vizier goes to a Parisian tailor and express trains run to Mecca, Turkey is still Turkey. The universal punishment for minor offences is the bastinado, it being an every-day occurrence for disobedient servants or unruly slaves to be sent to the *caracol* for this form of correction. The culprit is laid on the ground, his ankles being lashed to a stout pole which is held in the air by two assistants, thus bringing the soles of his feet uppermost. A policeman armed with a piece of bamboo some three or four feet in length applies the strokes with precision on the prisoner's naked soles, the number of blows varying with the nature and gravity of the offense. A judicious distribution of backsheesh among the prison officials by the prisoner's friends will have a marked effect, however, in lessening the vigor with which the blows are applied. Twenty strokes is a light chastisement for domestic shortcomings; fifty blows will render the culprit's feet useless for a week, while two hundred blows properly laid on will make the man a cripple for life.


He Had Created a Demand Among the Simple Children of the Desert for His Pills

The provincial governors have long since found the bastinado a most persuasive method of obtaining "voluntary contributions" for one cause or another from the merchants of their districts. When the so-called Holy Railway to the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina was inaugurated, word went out from Constantinople to the governors of the various provinces that their tenure of office would largely depend upon their success in obtaining voluntary contributions toward the construction of this enterprise. Thousands and tens of thousands of the faithful there were who contributed freely and cheerfully and to the limit of their resources that they might gain favor in the sight of Allah, but there were wealthy merchants in many of the provincial cities whose financial assistance in the construction of this railway, built "to the glory of Allah and of Abdul-Hamid," was obtained through the medium of a bamboo stick and sadly swollen feet.

To me it has always been a source of surprise that the Turk evinces so little hostility toward the foreigner. It is the very rarest thing to hear of a European being attacked, insulted or even annoyed. The fanatical outbreaks of which one reads from time to time in the newspapers are, it must be remembered, directed solely against the native Christians and almost never against the foreigners. And yet I have always felt that the Turk had very substantial grounds for resentment against the foreigners residing in the Empire. The Turkish merchant, staggering under his burden of taxes, sees his European competitors with their large stores and ever-increasing business paying not a single piaster of taxes. The Government does not receive any taxes whatsoever from the European merchants whose handsome stores line the Grande Rue de Pera in Constantinople from end to end.

The Turk, whether merchant or official, is a firm believer in the proverb that the surest way to a man's heart is via his stomach, it being a favorite trick of Turkish merchants, when negotiating a transaction of some importance, to invite the customer to dinner and stuff him with food to such an extent that the gorged one consummates the deal on his host's terms out of sheer inertia. This same trick has long been practiced by the horsedealers of Normandy, who are frequently so successful in befuddling a prospective purchaser with rich foods and rare old vintages, that when he rises from the table he is generally at the tender mercies of his host, and often finds himself with a choice assortment of spavined, ring-boned and weak-kneed animals upon his hands.

The Turk, being by religion a total abstainer, produces a similar effect by surfeiting the unconscious victim with rich and varied foods. I once had occasion to transact a delicate piece of political business with an emir, one of the shrewdest, wealthiest and most powerful of the mountain chieftains, who exercises a feudal sway from his mountain stronghold near the Cedars of Lebanon, and who rides abroad with two hundred armed and mounted retainers at his back. As he was the virtual ruler of a territory thickly populated with naturalized Americans of Turkish birth, I found it advisable to pay him an official visit and sent word in advance of my coming. Arriving at his mountain fastness toward noonday, we were greeted by the emir himself, a keen-eyed, shrewd-faced little man wearing the inevitable fez and *stambouline*, which is the Turkish dress of ceremony.

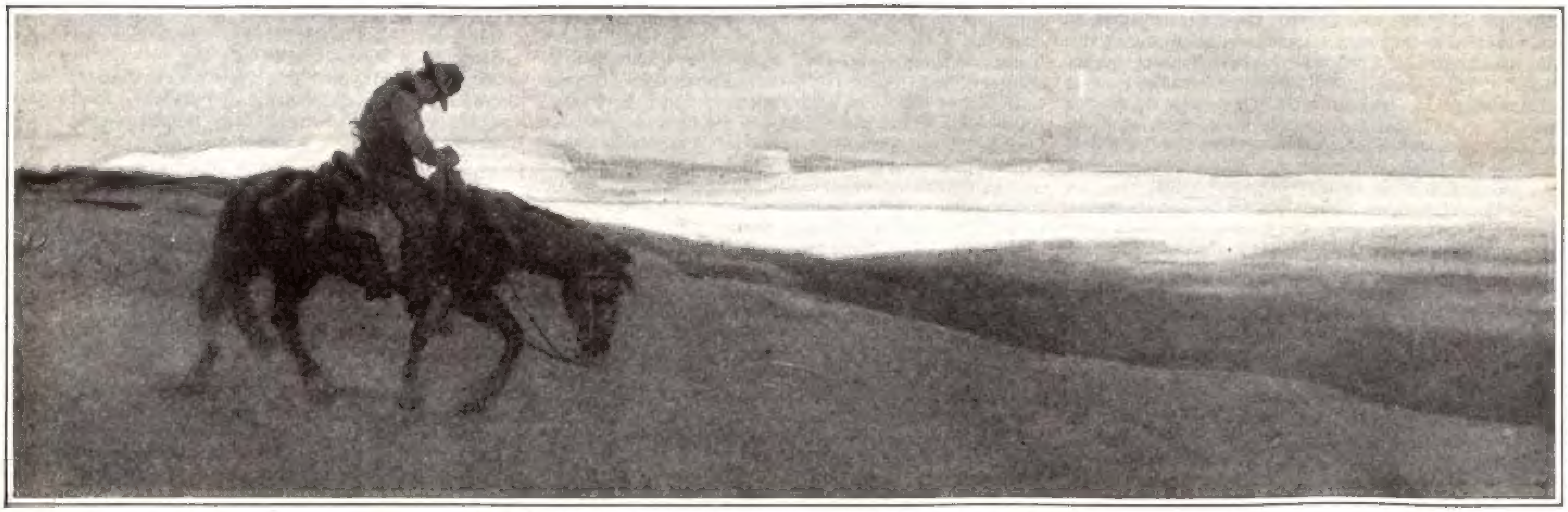
Diplomacy Under Difficulties

AFTER the usual exchange of ceremonious courtesies we were ushered to the dining-hall, a vast, bare, high-ceilinged apartment, down the center of which ran a broad table fairly groaning under the weight of the dishes it bore. As my visit took place in the fasting month of Ramadan, during which Moslems neither eat, drink nor smoke between sunrise and sunset—the more devout even refraining from swallowing their own saliva—the emir excused himself for not joining us in the meal and seated himself at the head of the table, whence he watched us gloomily. There were eighteen courses in that dinner and a different drink for every course—pink, green, blue, brown and yellow lemonades, perfumed sherbets, *masticas* and the like. Each course, with its spiced meats, its stuffed vegetables, its garlic sauces and its perfumed puddings, was a meal in itself, so that by the time the sixth course had been served we had had enough and to spare. At the eighth we faltered perceptibly; at the tenth we declared we could eat no more. But the eyes of the emir were upon us, the negotiations were of too much importance to risk affronting him and, whenever he detected any signs of a flagging appetite, he would urge us to fresh exertions by sorrowfully remarking: "I appreciate that my humble board is honored by the presence of your Excellency; I know that the food is poor and the cooking worse—may Allah have compassion upon that pig of a cook, for tomorrow I will have the soles bastinadoed from his feet for daring to place such miserable food before your august Excellency—but, out of kindness to me, will you not eat a little more of this *pilaff*, or, perhaps, I may prevail upon you to have another morsel of fowl?" Suiting the action to the word, he pulled back his flowing sleeve, thrust his hand deep into a great bowl of chicken stew, and discovering a piece of suitable tenderness, handed it to me with his fingers—an act, according to Turkish etiquette, of the most elaborate politeness. The twelfth course was painful, the fifteenth was agonizing, and by the time we had struggled through the eighteenth and last we were almost in a state of collapse. The fact that the business in question was successfully negotiated scarcely made up for the torture of that meal, from the

(Continued on Page 24)

IN THE SHADOW

JEM STRIKES THE RIGHT CAMP



The Man Astride Him Sagged Forward and Clutched the Horn of the Saddle

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

FROM the window could be seen a shimmering white blur, like a surface lake with the breeze stirring it under an evening sun. It did not appear to be five miles away, and there was no water in that direction for forty miles. Gifford smiled grimly as he gazed idly at the mirage and reflected what it had once meant to him long ago, just such an illusion as this phantasy of heat.

The six cottonwoods standing guard beside the log ranchhouse were gray with dust, the leaves, that the faintest puff would rustle, drooping silently. Beyond them stretched the prairie, great areas of it showing white with alkali, miles of it golden-yellow in color from the soapweed that thrived where no grass could grow; and back of this rolling expanse towered The Hatter, gray-green in his mantle of pines, recking not of drought nor heat nor the passage of time, an awesome presence, eternally brooding.

Gifford turned away his eyes with an abrupt movement; in the long, lonely days he had grown to be ill at ease gazing at The Hatter. Could nothing ever change him, nothing ever ruffle that terrible calm? And actually, many there were who loved The Hatter. The manager laughed unpleasantly as he recalled how his range boss would lie on the ground for hours in perfect content, a cigarette between his lips, and his eyes on the cloud-crowned summit of the great mountain.

He stirred restlessly, and his dog, sitting at his feet with his tongue lolling out and his sides working spasmodically, whimpered a complaint. Rising in a sudden outburst of spleen, the manager walked over to the door, beside which hung the thermometer. "Just touching 109," he muttered.

He was beginning to suspect the thermometer of being too conservative. As he stood there a distant curl of dust caught and held his gaze. A rider was approaching over the scorched plain, his horse plodding along dispiritedly. Even as Gifford looked, the animal stumbled in his dog-trot and the man astride him sagged forward and clutched the horn of the saddle.

"All in," mumbled the manager. "I wonder what he'll want. A job, I reckon."

With this possibility in mind Gifford seated himself at the tiny, square table he employed as a desk, and affected to be busy with his accounts. It was not the pleasantest part of his duties to refuse employment to men in desperate straits, and frequently he was compelled to adopt a brutal gruffness or a chilling preoccupation to sustain his own purpose as much as to finally dismiss the applicant. Yet he was not so busy that he did not note the manner of the stranger's approach. With both hands clinging to the horn of the saddle and the reins dangling on his pony's neck, the rider drew up before the ranchhouse door and, as his horse stopped, slid heavily to the ground. He stood leaning against the animal's shoulder for a full minute, and in the manager's ears sounded sharp, hissing intakes of breath. At last the stranger turned and, advancing unsteadily a few steps, paused timidly in the doorway.

"Well?" demanded Gifford, his eyes on his books.

"Are you the manager of the Circle Bar?"

Gifford whirled about for a better inspection. The voice was high and husky, a mere wheeze, and the question ended in a violent fit of coughing which necessitated the visitor turning once more to the open. Perhaps that frail body had been full of virility and power once; in some way its lines suggested decayed strength, but now the limbs were shrunken and trembled when he moved, the shoulders were stooped, and the cords of the man's neck stood out piteously. There was a flush upon the seamed, leathery face, and the eyes held a glassy brightness that gave the impression of unseeing.

"Yes, I am," said Gifford. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a job, sir. I heard you-all were starting your round-up, and I thought as you might need a hand."

It was on the tip of the manager's tongue to exclaim his consternation, but something restrained him, and not in ten years had he so spared human feelings.

"I'm sorry," he said gently; "we've really got all the men we need and more. You see, it's been a hard year with us. Come far?"

"From the Panhandle," was the reply.

"That's a bad cough you've got."

"Yes, pretty bad. A touch of asthma. I'll soon git well in this climate. Don't you reckon?"

"Sure, you will. Where are you going now?"

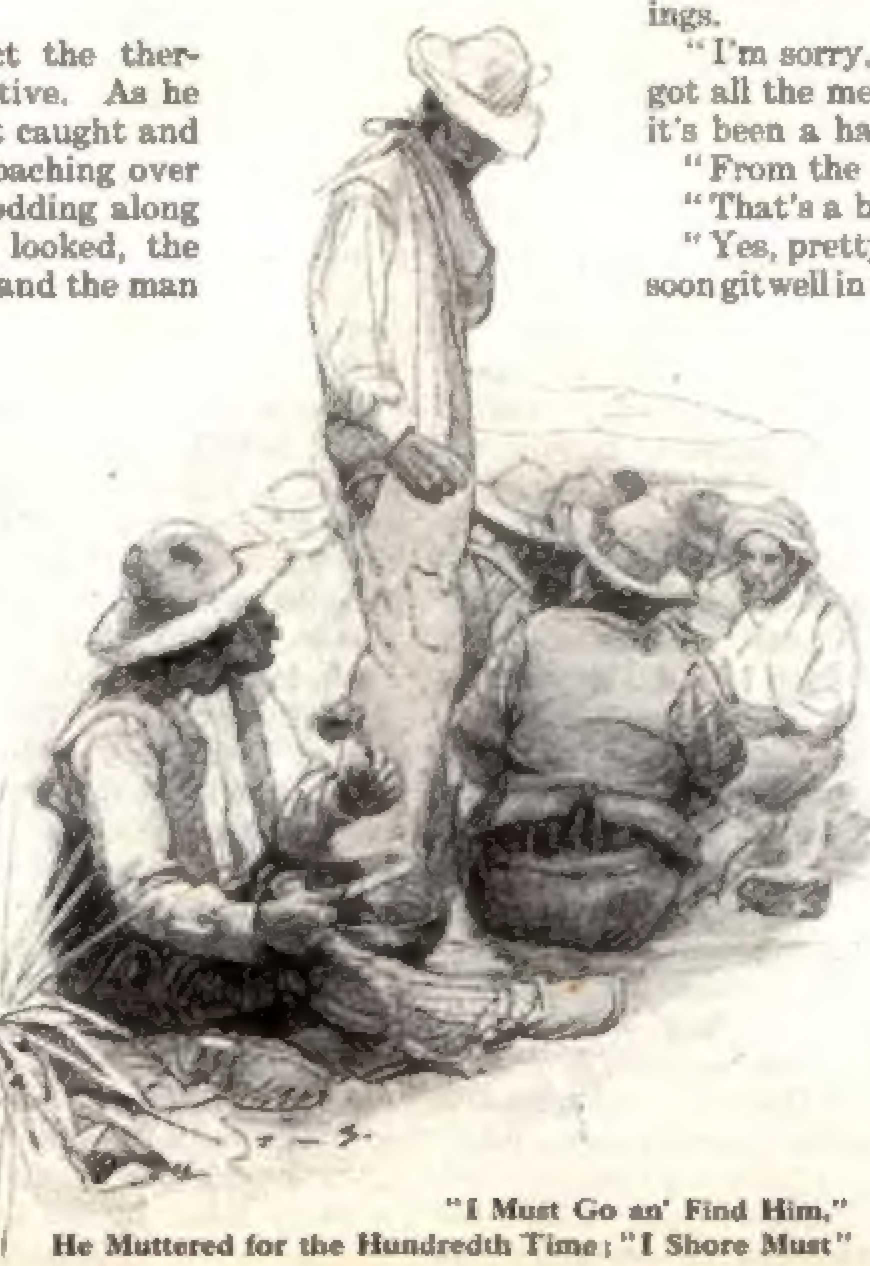
"I reckon I'll git along over to the Two Diamonds. They're shore to want help, won't they?"

"Can't say, but I should not be surprised."

"You're shore I cain't fit in somewheres here, sir?" said the stranger pleadingly.

"Yes." The monosyllable came sharp and abrupt.

With a gentle "Well, well; I'll git along then," the visitor turned toward his horse. As he did so he stumbled. Gifford noted it with a qualm, and his glance traveled to the weary pony, worn out by leagues of plodding through country where the grass was shriveled and burnt.



"I Must Go an' Find Him," He Muttered for the Hundredth Time; "I Shore Must"

"You can't go on like this, man. That horse wouldn't carry you two miles, and you couldn't stay with him if he could. What's your name?"

The stranger hesitated, and again his enfeebled frame was shaken with a cough.

"They call me Jem," he said reluctantly, and Gifford did not urge the point.

"Wait a minute until I get you some whisky. You'll drop in your tracks if you don't take something. And then you go over to the bunkhouse—there, you can see it beside that windmill—and tell Ford I said you could stay all night. He's the range boss, and you'll find most of the outfit there. We start the round-up tomorrow. Had anything to eat?"

"Not sence last night. I struck a nester who done give me supper."

"They'll be just starting dinner now. They've got some fresh beef over there."

"All right."

With firmer tread as a result of the stimulant, Jem walked to his horse's head and gathered up the reins. Evidently a thought struck him, because he once more approached the door, his manner regretful, apologetic.

"Don't it seem as ef Nature kind of went agin a fellow pretty rough when she starts in, though? Ever noticed it? Here I cain't git a job, an' I need it; an' my asthma's shore bad sometimes. Ain't it some queer how Nature makes a dead set? You ever noticed it?"

"Yes," said the manager.

"But I'm shore to git well in this climate, ain't I?"

"Yes," said the manager.

In the adobe bunkhouse the Circle Bar outfit was sitting down to dinner when the stranger's emaciated form darkened the doorway. Old Dave was in the act of placing a huge pitcher of black coffee on the table, and he paused with it in midair.

"Is—is Mr. Ford here?" asked Jem with hesitation.

"That's my name," spoke up the range boss. "What kin I do for you?"

"The manager just done told me that you didn't need any hands. I reckon that's so?"

"It shore is. We're twenty-six here now."

"He said as how I could stop here tonight, ef you-all didn't mind."

"Shore. Stop here a week if you like."

"You had dinner?" demanded Dave threateningly.

"No, sir," said Jem respectfully.

"Then you sit right down hyar. No, hyar in my place. I'll wait an' git mine afterward. Thar's some fresh beef, an' hyar's coffee, an' thar's biscuit."

The stranger hunched himself on the wooden bench and began his meal in an uninterested fashion. From time to time he would turn sideways to cough, and always, as he munched, his feverish, glassy eyes searched every face around the board. The cook hovered about him with frank curiosity and anxiety, perspiring generously as he ministered to his wants, for Dave tipped the scales at two hundred and fourteen pounds and was constructed for a winter climate rather than the burning sunshine of New Mexico. At last: "That's a bad cough you've got."

"Yes, sir. It's a li'l' touch of asthma, an' it bothers me bad sometimes. But I'll soon git well in this climate, won't I?"

"Shore," cried Dave heartily. "What's your name?"

"Jem they done call me."

"Jem what?" persisted the cook, whose mind worked in direct channels.

"Fal-Thomson," said the stranger, his body racked once more with the violence of his coughing.

"What you figure on doing, Mr. Thomson?" asked Ford

"I'll rest up here tonight, an' then git along to the Two Diamonds. They'll want help shore, don't you reckon?"

"Can't say, but they probably will."

"Reb, you go an' give that li'l' ol' hoss of Mr. Thomson's some corn," commanded Dave, who, in the absence of the straw boss, delegated to himself the administration of headquarters.

One by one the punchers rose from the table, piled their tin dishes in a heap, and, casting their legs over the bench, clanked into the kitchen, where they carefully removed all scraps from the plates and then left them for Dave to wash. The stranger was slow in masticating his food, and, though he ate sparingly, he was last to finish. The range boss, Uncle Henry and Maize trifled with bits of biscuit and "lick" so that he might not be uncomfortable sitting alone.

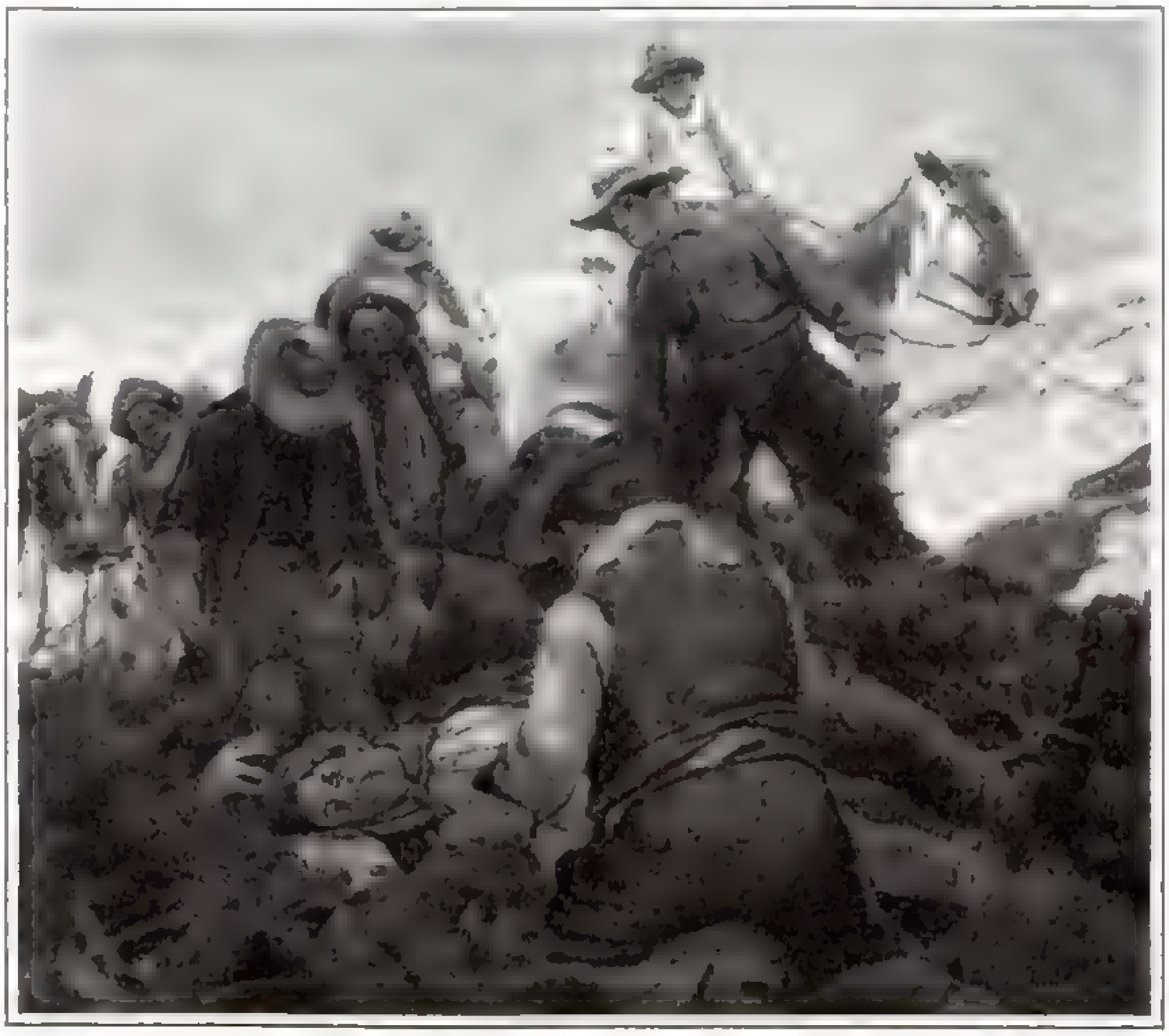
"Where'd you come from?" asked Dave

"Texas; from down in southern part of the Panhandle."

"You're a long ways from home."

"Yes, I done had to come."

It was not their business to inquire as to the compulsion, and they held their peace. Thomson continued:



"She Says to Me: 'Tell Him He Wasn't Hurt Bad.' Yes, Sir, That's What She Done Told Me"

"I'm lookin' for my brother. You-all ever seen him, or heard of him?"

"Not that I know of," returned Maize gravely. "That's a bad cough you've got."

"Yes, it—it gives me trouble sometimes. Only a li'l' touch of asthma, though. I'll soon git well in this climate, won't I?"

"Shore," interrupted Dave, "but you ought for to go to the Fort. It's only forty miles from hyar. They've got a what d'you call them places whar a lot of people are put in, Uncle Henery?"

"A jail," hazarded Uncle Henry.

"Jail be hanged," snorted the cook.

"A hospital," suggested Ford.

"No, it ain't a hospital. It's a—dashed ef I kin remember what it is—it's a—a sanitarium, that's what it is. A sanitarium. You ought for to go thar, Mr. Thomson. I know a fellow that had a far worse cough than yourn—why, he done had to be carried thar—an' now he weighs more'n me. Tips the scales at one hundred and seventy."

"You only weigh one hundred and seventy pounds?" asked Thomson in mild surprise.

"Somewheres around thar," answered Dave cautiously, glaring at Ford. "You go to the Fort. That's the place for you, Mr. Thomson."

"I'd like to, but I cain't," came the answer in a plaintive whisper. "I ain't got the money. An', besides, I got to earn some for the wife an' children back home."

"You're married, are you?"

"No-oo. They ain't my wife an' children. They're my brother's."

Sadly he inspected each face in turn. They were all impassive. The range boss and Uncle Henry gazed dreamily in front of them as they lolled against the battered fireplace, smoking cigarettes; Dave was brushing crumbs from the table, and Maize went outside, with a muttered apology relative to saddling up.

"You-all ever seen him or heard of him?"

"What does he look like?" demanded Uncle Henry.

The visitor passed a shaking hand wearily over his forehead and eyes, and said: "I cain't tell you exactly. He's bigger'n me; yes, he's bigger'n me. But you see, he come away, over to this part of the country I done heard, more'n ten years ago. I—I don't remember quite. My memory ain't what it was, what with the asthma an' havin' so many things to think about, an' them li'l' rascals at home."

"Ain't he ever wrote to you?" demanded Uncle Henry.

"No-oo. You see"—apologetically—"he done left kind of sudden. Had a—had a li'l' quarrel with a man an' thought he hurt him bad. Didn't wait to see, but jist lit out for the Territory as hard as he could ride, an' his wife an' children ain't seen hide nor hair of him sence."

"Uh-huh!" said Dave, breathing wrath, "an' who's been keepin' that wife an' them li'l' children?"

"I've done what I could," wheezed Thomson. "They wanted me to come over here an' leave 'em two years ago, when I was first took bad with this asthma, but I was 'fraid they'd starve. Lately the ol' woman seems to hanker for Ed a heap, an', the biggest boy bein' almost growed up, I come away to search."

"That brother of yourn ought for to be strung up," said Dave sympathetically. "Ed, his name is? I shore wish I knew him."

"He might be using the name of Falconer 'stead of Thomson. It sort of belongs to him."

"Wal, you make yourself comfortable 'round hyar," said the cook, bustling about, "an' we'll see what kin be done for you."

The stranger thanked him and followed the range boss outdoors. The outfit was engaged in packing the chuck-wagon and the hoodlum, shoeing the work-horses, straightening ropes, sorting branding-irons and shaking bedding; tomorrow the round-up would start, and for four months those two wagons would represent home for twenty-seven men. With a nose-bag over his head, Thomson's sorry steed munched shelled corn, too weak and discouraged to resent this queer contrivance that held a food to which he, a respectable range horse, and not a stall-fed, pampered pet, was a total stranger. Ford squatted on his heels in the shade of the saddle-shed, and the visitor sat down with painful care beside him.

"You don't happen to have met up with my brother anywheres about?" he asked, his staring eyes fixed on the boss' face.

"No, I reckon not," said Ford kindly.

"I'm sorry; yes, sir, I'm sorry. Do you know, you kind of look like Ed?"

"That so? I've been here twenty years now, an' I shore never heard of your brother, Mr. Thomson," returned Ford. "That's a bad cough you've got," he said kindly.

"Yes, it bothers me sometimes. A li'l' touch of asthma I done got two years ago. But this climate'll fix me up soon, don't you reckon?"

"It shore ought to," said the boss.

"Ain't it queer how Nature seems to go agin a man when she starts in, though? She 'pears to make a dead set on him. But I ain't complainin'. I'm shore to git well an' I'll make enough money to bring the wife an' children over."

Late that afternoon when most of the boys, in the absence of anything better to do, had ridden off to help the wrangler round up the last of the three hundred horses that would compose the *remuda*, old Dave came to the kitchen door and peered warily without. He had been rummaging in his war-bag, had Dave, and his face was red from the exertion and his breath came hard as he sauntered over to where Thomson sat in the shade, coughing and gasping. The cook took another careful survey of the yard, for he was not wishful of making a fool of himself publicly.

"Say, *Mr.* Thomson," he said hurriedly, "I done hearn you say somethin' about havin' no money. Hyar, take this! It ain't much, but it's all me an' Uncle Henery's got."

"Oh, I cain't do that."

"Shore," said Dave roughly—"shore you kin. You kin pay us back when your cough's better an' you git a job."

"Where'll I send it to? What's your address?"

"Oh, jist New Mexico. You needn't hurry none. You're shore to meet up with me some time or other, an' I kin git it then."

"Well, that's mighty kind ——" began Thomson, but old Dave had gone

After supper, which was always announced at five o'clock at the bunkhouse, the cook explored the depths of a huge sea-chest he had inherited from a roving father, and appeared presently with two heavy blankets. The subsequent foraging was extremely simple, Dave merely exercising rights of expropriation whereby he possessed himself of a battered tarpaulin that Reb had been trying for five years to believe was rainproof. A close scrutiny of the stranger's horse had shown him that his equipment consisted of a slicker and a second pair of boots.

"Hyar's your beddin', Mr. Thomson," said the cook. "Whar do you want it?"

"I'll jist spread it on that li'l' smooth spot beyond the corner there. 'Yes, sir. That'll do fine."

Everything was ready for the round-up, and the outfit would move at daybreak. With them would ride the stranger, for the first camp would be pitched within thirty miles of the Two Diamonds range, and, of course, he was going to secure a job with the Two Diamonds and get well and make money to bring the children from Texas. The majority of the boys spread their blankets upon the bunkhouse floor and went to bed so soon as darkness fell. A few sprawled on the benches about the supper-table and by the light of a lantern read newspapers of the previous month, or smoked and talked. And never did their talk stray a dozen words from horses and cattle; a puncher won't talk about what he doesn't understand thoroughly.

"Psh! Listen to that pore ol' boy," said Dave.

The visitor could be heard coughing violently.

"It's awful, awful. An' he thinks he's goin' to git better," observed Uncle Henry. "They always do that when they're sick like him."

A few minutes later the lantern was extinguished and all crawled in under their tarpaulins.

"D'you know, Uncle Henery, that pore fellow's sort of livin' in the shadow of doom," said the cook from beneath the blanket. "Yes, sir, that's it, in the shadow of doom."

Dave was inspired at times, or so it seemed to Uncle Henry, who lay awake quite five minutes worrying over the picture the cook's words had conjured up. Through the window Uncle Henry could see the stars, and, as he gazed, some vast, black clouds crept over them, blotting out their kindly twinkle. A faint puff of wind whirled a spurt of sand inside the bunkhouse, and a heavy drop came driving through the casement into Uncle Henry's face.

"Dave, it's goin' to rain."

"Uh-huh!" grunted Dave.

"Dave, it's rainin'."

The cook sat up with a jerk and stared out the window. Masses of clouds were driving across the heavens, a wind had risen whose moaning among the pines of The Hatter reached them mournfully, and already there was a downpour that might develop any minute into a deluge. He kicked off blankets and tarpaulin, and hauling on his boots, donned a slicker and went outside.

"You cain't sleep hyar, Mr. Thomson," he said, shaking the recumbent form gently.

(Continued on Page 28)

WHO'S THE BEST BOSS?

Would You Rather Work for a Man or a Machine?

By HENRY M. HYDE

ONE cold winter night a short, heavily-built man, wrapped in a huge, fur-lined overcoat, dropped off a freight train at a little way-station in Montana. His cap was pulled down about his face, the lower part of which was covered with a bushy and grizzled beard. He looked the part of a burly and prosperous ranch-owner. The visitor walked about the little frame station, his keen eyes surveying through the windows the alert, young agent busy about the telegraph key. Presently he entered the waiting-room and, as the agent looked up, peremptorily turned the knob of the door leading into the agent's private quarters. The door was locked.

"I want to come in," he said gruffly; "it's too cold out here."

"Against the rules to allow outsiders inside," the agent answered.

"But I'm cold, I say."

"Wait a minute."

The agent came out into the waiting-room, bringing with him a comfortable arm-chair, which he placed close to the cast-iron stove. "Sit down here," he said. "I'll poke up the fire." In the midst of this process the agent suddenly dropped the poker and darted back into his private reserve.

"What's the matter?" growled the surly man in the fur coat.

"My call," snapped back the agent. Presently, the fire roaring, the agent picked up the coal-scuttle and went out, leaving the door open behind him. The man in the fur coat promptly rose and closed it. Instantly it was thrown open by the agent. "Let it alone," he said, with a suspicious glance; "can't hear the call if it's shut." Once more inside his little coop the agent looked up as the old man asked:

"How's business?"

"Rotten. Mostly east-bound empties through here."

"What's the matter?"

"Ranchers around here can get a better rate by driving thirty miles across country."

"The men who run this road must be a set of chumps."

"They are. If we had a forty-cent rate we could get ten carloads a week out of this station in the season."

"Must be pretty lonesome for a young fellow. Any pretty girls close by?"

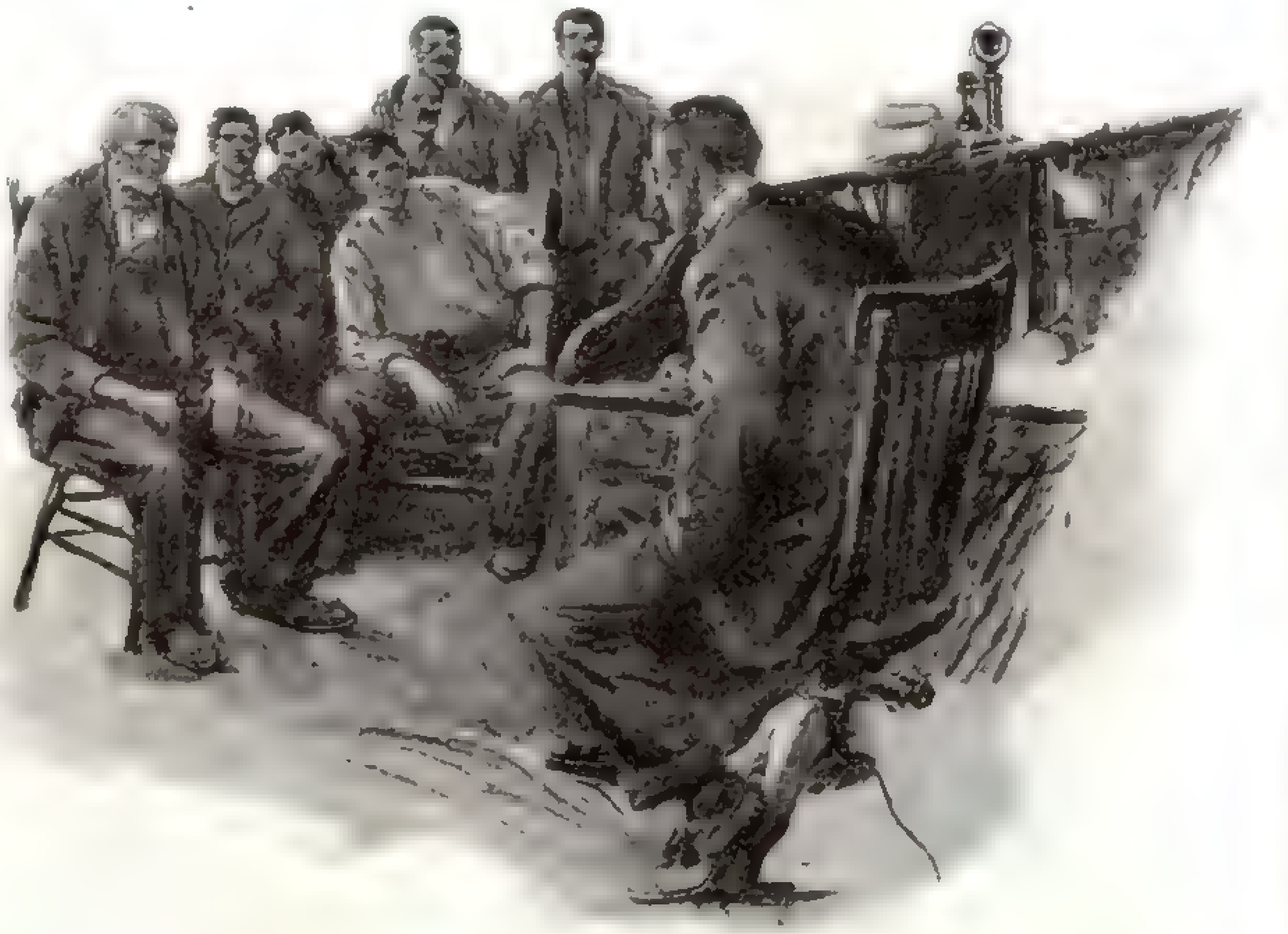
"Excuse me," said the agent, sitting down; "I've got to make out my report."

The east-bound passenger came along shortly and the man in the fur coat boarded it. When the next pay-day came around the young agent got an entirely unexpected ten-dollar raise. With it came a notice from the general freight department that a forty-cent rate on beef cattle, effective April 1, was established. Then some one told him that his unidentified visitor had been "Yim Hell"—as the Norwegian settlers call him—creator of the Great Northern Railroad system and uncrowned emperor of the Northwest. And within two years the agent was called in to the general office at St. Paul and became one of the officials of the general freight department.

How Mr. Harriman Bosses His Men

WOULD you rather work for a man or a machine? Would you prefer to have the value of your services fixed and your official title and power settled by the impersonal and almost automatic weighing of a series of typewritten reports or by the personal decisions of a single, autocratic human will? Which system is the most effective in the potent matter of getting results? Which gives to the ambitious and able employee the best chance of winning rapid promotion? And which system, in the advancing evolution of business, is the more likely to become practically universal?

To a desk in an office high up in a New York tower come regular reports from the traffic managers of three or four trans-continental railroads. They are dry, statistical collections of figures—these traffic reports—showing so many ton-miles, so much gross income, so much expense, so much net income. Yet in all their dryness they are the charts which show how the life-blood of business is beating through its arteries across the whole country.



In considering and comparing these reports—in passing judgment upon them—a great many factors must be taken into proper account. Here is shown a twenty-five per cent increase in the gross amount of traffic handled; but expense has increased in the same proportion—that's worse than standing still. Here a traffic manager shows fifty per cent more freight west-bound to the coast and only half that much east-bound, from 'Frisco to Chicago. That means that a quarter of all the freight cars which go loaded over the mountains must come back empty—and it costs nearly as much to haul a train of "empties" as one of loaded cars. Here shows a deep cut in east-bound rates—or a change of classification, which amounts to the same thing—this man knew enough to get the freight to fill his "empties," even if it was necessary to cut rates to take the stuff away from his rivals. One man, who shows fine results, may have an unpleasant personality; another may be working in a section of the country where crops have failed and business conditions are all against him. Month after month the reports are studied and compared. Finally, for instance, J. C. Stubbs is appointed traffic director for all the Harriman lines, with supreme authority in his field over the Southern and Union Pacific Railroad systems and the Oregon Short Line. That is the way the automatic and impersonal system works itself out in actual practice.

The first is the older, more natural and purely paternal system, in which the head of a great business keeps in close, personal touch with all his employees and rewards or punishes them as his own uncounseled judgment dictates. The second is the modern, trust-born method of exercising great executive power and has been practically forced into existence by the fact that, in any business employing more than a few hundred people, it is impossible for any human intelligence to keep a close, personal check on the individuals which it controls. The first is the method of the creator, the born leader and compeller of men, who wishes to inspire in the rank and file of his army the conviction that every man carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The second is that of the scientist, of the new order of professional business men, who lend their great talents to the management of great corporations. To the casual glance it seems certain, and even to the careful student it may appear, that there is no question as to which of these methods is the better, which the more likely to do even justice to all the people involved, as well as to secure the best results. The personal whims of a single man can never be as safe and as sure a guide in large affairs as the unprejudiced study of carefully tabulated comparative results in the various departments involved. The one method is purely empirical; the other entirely scientific. Yet even judged by the final test of results alone—on which the modern method lays so much emphasis—there is room for a fine and heated argument. In the first place, so long as men remain human, and consequently as full of prejudices as a ripe tomato of juice, the personal factor in the equation cannot be eliminated. As a fact it is still often controlling. So far as employees are concerned the fixed cog in the surely grinding wheel has no such zest in its work as the jack-in-box, who wakes every morning with the renewed conviction that the executive finger will loosen the catch before nightfall and let him fly up to the top of his rightful stature.

James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman conspicuously typify the two great schools of executive management. Hill is the personal autocrat; Harriman—no less autocratic—bases his judgment largely on the typewritten slips of paper which show results. The railroad world is full of stories which illustrate the varying methods of the two men.

Once Mr. Hill suddenly made up his mind that he wanted a maintenance of way department on the Great Northern. Such a department had been established on the Pennsylvania road several years previously, and its work had impressed Hill. He went straight to the president of the Pennsylvania and asked him to recommend a good man to take charge of the new department on the Great Northern. A promising young engineer was selected and employed at a handsome salary. On the given date he reported at St. Paul, bringing with him a couple of assistants, also from the Pennsylvania. Mr. Hill welcomed him and, after assigning a fine suite of offices, presented the head of the department to the general manager of the Great Northern, who had, apparently, not been consulted when the establishment of a maintenance of way department had been decided on. The new man went to work and, in spite of some natural opposition from other officials, soon got his department in running order. For a good many months things went well with him and, so far as he was able to judge, quite to the satisfaction of his famous chief. Then, one morning, coming down to work, he found the door locked which opened into his office. Presently a note was handed him. "Your department is abolished," was all it said, and a personal interview with the president was no more satisfactory.

How Mr. James J. Hill Rules His Road

BUT if Mr. Hill, in his more active days, at least, was often cyclonic in the vigor and suddenness with which he discharged men from important positions, he was almost equally swift and breath-taking in showing his favor. One man, still prominent in the railroad field, has experienced both hair-raising phenomena. Metaphorically dropped down the elevator-shaft of the Great Northern building in St. Paul—where he had occupied an important executive position—he had gone to New York to look for a new position. One afternoon he came face to face with James J. Hill, who seized the astonished man by the coat-sleeve. "Look here," he said, "you mustn't look at me like that. Come on now and I'll get you a good job."

(Concluded on Page 22)

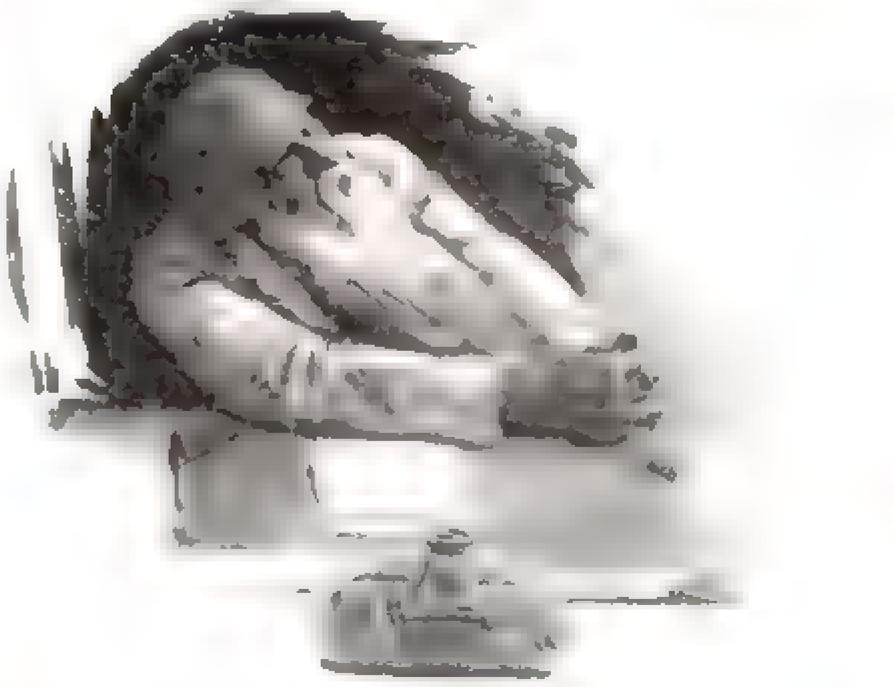
The White Mice

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

II

THE next day Roddy and Peter sailed for Willemstad, the chief port and the capital of the tiny island colony of Holland. In twelve hours they had made their landfall, and were entering the harbor mouth. The sun was just rising, and as its rays touched the cliff from which, twelve hours later, Señora Rojas and her daughters would look toward Porto Cabello, they felt a thrill of possible adventure.



"Oh, Thou," He Prayed, "Who Walked Beside Me on the Waters, Make Clear to Me What I am to Do"

Roddy knew that, as a refuge for revolutionists exiled from Venezuela, Willemstad was policed with secret agents of Alvarez, and he knew that were these spies to learn that during his visit either he or Peter had called upon the family of Rojas they would be reported to Caracas as "suspect," and the chance of their saving the Lion of Valencia would be at an end. So it became them to be careful.

Before leaving Porto Cabello Roddy had told McKildrick, the foreman of the Construction Company's work there, that some boxes of new machinery and supplies for his launch had gone astray, and that he wished permission to cross to Curaçao to look them up. McKildrick believed the missing boxes were only an excuse for a holiday, but he was not anxious to assert his authority over the son and heir of the F. C. C., and so gave Roddy his leave of absence. And at the wharf at Porto Cabello, while waiting for the ship to weigh anchor, Roddy had complained to the custom-house officials at having to cross to Curaçao. He gave them the same reason for the trip, and said it was most annoying.

In order to be consistent, when, on landing at Willemstad, three soiled individuals approached Roddy and introduced themselves as guides, he told them the same story. He was looking for boxes of machinery invoiced for Porto Cabello; he feared they had been carried on to La Guayra, or dropped at Willemstad. Could they direct him to the office of the steamship line, and to the American Consul? One of the soiled persons led him across the quay to the office of the agent, and, while Roddy repeated his complaint, listened so eagerly that to both Peter and Roddy it was quite evident the business of the guide was not to disclose Curaçao to strangers, but to learn what brought strangers to Curaçao. The agent was only too delighted to serve the son of one who in money meant so much to the line. For an hour he searched his books, his warehouse and the quays. But, naturally, the search was unsuccessful, and with most genuine apologies Roddy left him, saying that at the office of the American Consul he would continue his search for the lost boxes.

Meanwhile Peter, in his character of tourist, engaged rooms for them at the Hotel Commercial, and started off alone to explore the town.

At the consulate, the soiled person listened to the beginning of Roddy's speech, and then, apparently satisfied he had learned all that was necessary, retreated to the outer office.

The Consul promptly rose and closed the door.

The representative of the United States was an elder'y man, of unusual height, with searching, honest blue eyes under white eyebrows. His hair was white, his beard, worn long, was white, and his clothes were of white duck.

His name was Sylvanus Cobb Codman, with the added title of Captain, which he had earned when, as a younger man, he had been owner and master of one of the finest whalers that ever cleared the Port of New Bedford. During his cruises he had found the life of the West Indies much to his liking, and when, at the age of fifty, he ceased to follow the sea he had asked for an appointment as Consul to Porto Cabello. Since then, except when at home on leave at Fairhaven, he had lived in the Spanish Americas, and at many ports had served the State Department faithfully and well. In spite of his age, Captain Codman gave a pleasant impression of strength and nervous energy. Roddy felt that the mind and body of the man were as clean as his clothes, and that the Consul was one who could be trusted.

As Captain Codman seated himself behind his desk he was frowning.

"You must look out for that guide," he said. "He is from Caracas. He is an agent of Alvarez. It just shows," he went on impatiently, "what little sense these spies have, that he didn't recognize your name. The Forrester Construction Company is certainly well enough known. That the son of your father should be spied on is ridiculous."

"Then, again," said Roddy mysteriously, "maybe it isn't. I haven't got such a clean bill of health. That's why I came to you." With an air which he considered was becoming in a conspirator, he lowered his voice. "May I ask, sir," he said, "if you are acquainted with Señora Rojas, who is in exile here?"

The blue eyes of the Consul opened slightly, but he answered with directness, "I am. I have that honor."

"And with her daughters also?" inquired Roddy anxiously.

With dignity the Consul inclined his head.

"I want very much to meet them—her," corrected Roddy. "I am going to set her husband free!"

For a moment, as though considering whether he were not confronted by a madman, the Consul regarded Roddy with an expression of concern. Then, in the deprecatory tone of one who believes he has not heard aright, he asked, "You are going to do—*what?*"

"I am going to help General Rojas to escape," Roddy went on briskly—"myself and another fellow. But we are afraid he won't trust himself to us. So I am over here to get credentials from his wife. But, you see, I have first got to get credentials to her. So I came to ask you if you'd sort of vouch for me, tell her who I am—and all that."

The Consul was staring at him so strangely that Roddy believed he had not made himself fully understood.

"You know what I mean," he explained. "Credentials, something he will know came from her—a ring or a piece of paper, saying, 'These are friends. Go with them.' Or a lock of her hair, or—or, you know," urged Roddy in embarrassment, "credentials."

"Are you jesting?" asked the older man coldly.

Roddy felt genuinely uncomfortable. He was conscious he was blushing. "Certainly not," he protested. "It is serious enough, isn't it?"

The voice of the Consul dropped to a whisper.

"Who sent you here?" he demanded. Without waiting for an answer he suddenly rose. Moving with surprising lightness to the door he jerked it open. But if by this manœuver he expected to precipitate the spy into the room, he was disappointed, for the outer office was empty. The Consul crossed it quickly to the window. He saw the spy disappearing into a neighboring wine-shop.

When Captain Codman again entered the inner office he did not return to his seat, but, after closing the door, as though to shut Roddy from the only means of escape, he stood with his back against it. He was very much excited.

"Mr. Forrester," he began angrily, "I don't know who is back of you, and," he cried violently, "I don't *mean* to know. I have been American Consul in these Central American countries for fifteen years, and I have never mixed myself up with what doesn't concern me. I represent the United States Government. I don't represent anything else. I am not down here to assist any corporation, no matter how rich, any junta, any revolutionary party ——"

"Here! Wait!" cried Roddy anxiously. "You don't understand! I am not a revolution. There is only me and Peter."

"What is that?" snapped the Consul savagely. The exclamation was like the crack of a flapping jib.

"You see, it's this way," began Roddy. He started to explain elaborately. "Peter and I belong to the Secret Order ——"

"Stop!" thundered the Consul. "I tell you I won't listen to you!"

The rebuff was most embarrassing. Ignorant as to how he had offended the Consul, and uncertain as to whether the Consul had not offended him, Roddy helplessly rubbed his handkerchief over his perplexed and perspiring countenance. He wondered if, as a conspirator, he had not been lacking in finesse, if he had not been too communicative.

In the corner of the room, in a tin cage, a great green parrot, with its head cocked on one side, had been regarding Roddy with mocking, malevolent eyes. Now, to further add to his discomfiture, it suddenly emitted a chuckle, human and contemptuous. As though choking with hidden laughter, the bird gurgled feebly, "Polly, Polly." And then, in a tone of stern disapproval, added briskly, "You talk too much!" At this flank attack Roddy flushed indignantly. He began to wish he had brought Peter with him, to give him the proper signals.

With his hands clenched behind him, and tossing his white beard from side to side, the Consul paced the room.

"So that is it!" he muttered. "*That* is why he left Paris. That explains the *Restaurador*. Of course," he added indignantly as he passed Roddy, throwing the words at him over his shoulder, "*that* is where the money came from!"

Roddy, now thoroughly exasperated, protested warmly. "Look here," he cried, "if you aren't careful you'll tell me something you don't want me to know."

The Consul came to an instant pause. From his great height he stood staring at his visitor, the placid depths of his blue eyes glowering with doubt and excitement.

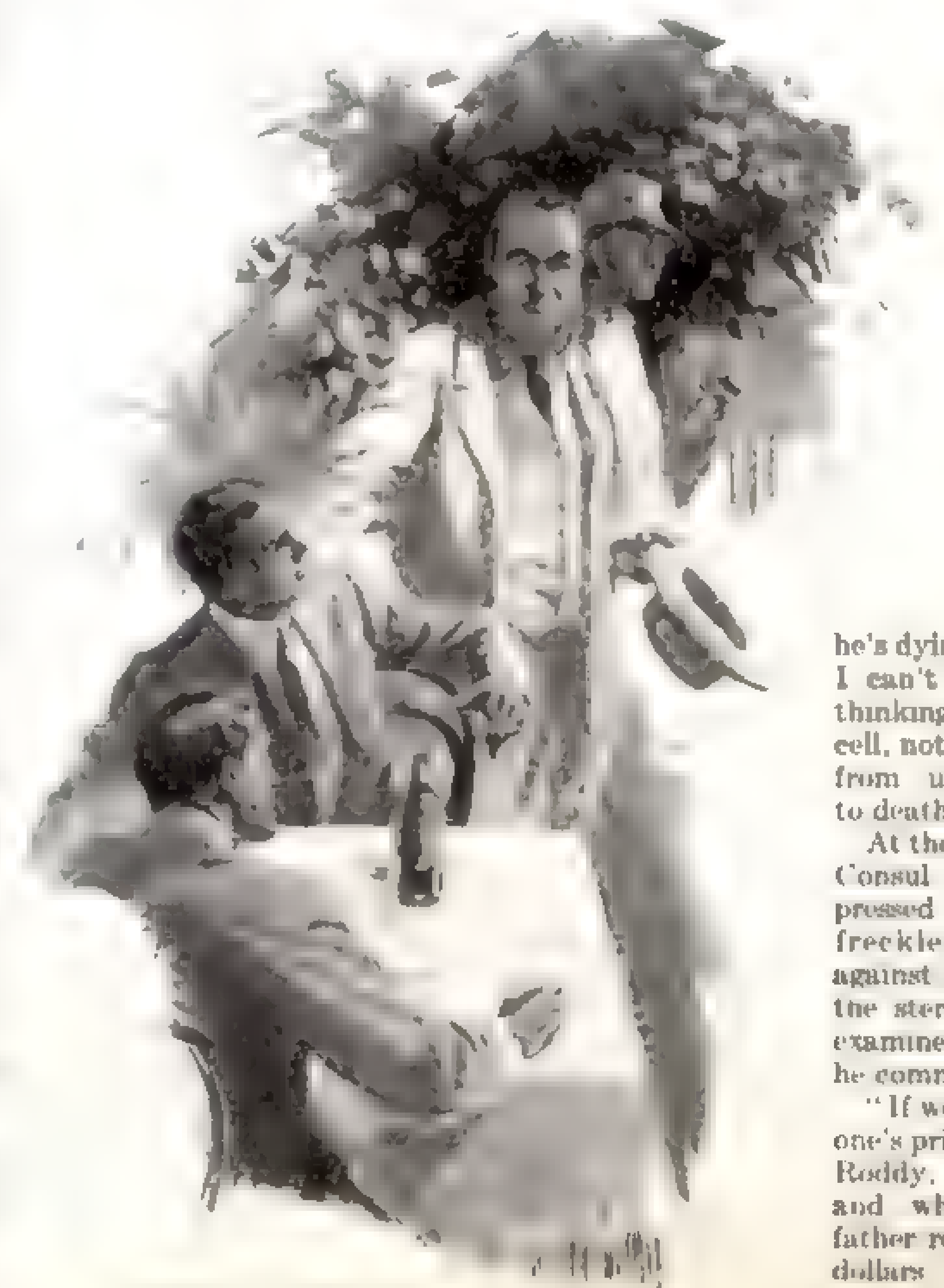
"I give you my word," continued Roddy sulkily, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the old man truculently, "that you are *not* Mr. Forrester's son?"

"Certainly I am his son," cried Roddy.

"Then," returned the Consul, "perhaps you will deny he is suing Alvarez for two million dollars gold, you will deny that he might get it if Alvarez were thrown out, you will deny that a—a certain person might ratify the concession, and pay your father for the harbor improvements he has already made? You see!" exclaimed the Consul triumphantly. "And these missing boxes," he cried, as though following up an advantage—"shall I tell you what is in them?" He lowered his voice. "Cartridges and rifles! Do you deny it?"

Roddy found that at last he was on firm ground.



"Oh! You Americans!" He Exclaimed. "You Make Good Politicians"

"Of course I deny it," he answered, "because there are no boxes. They're only an invention of mine to get me to Curaçao. Now, you let *me* talk."

The Consul retreated behind his desk, and as Roddy spoke regarded him sternly and with open suspicion. In concluding his story Roddy said: "We have no other object in saving General Rojas than that he's an old man, that he's dying, and that Peter and I can't sleep of nights for thinking of him lying in a damp cell, not three hundred yards from us coughing himself to death."

At the words the eyes of the Consul closed quickly; he pressed his great, tanned, freckled fingers nervously against his lip. But instantly the stern look of the cross-examiner returned. "Go on," he commanded.

"If we have cut in on some one's private wire," continued Roddy, "it's an accident; and when you talk about father recovering two million dollars you are telling me things I don't know. Father is not a chatty person. He has often said to me that the only safe time to talk of what you are doing, or are going to do, is when you have done it. So, if the Venezuelan Government owes the Forrester Construction Company two millions and father's making a fight for it, I am probably the last person in the world he would talk to about it. All I know is, that he pays me twenty dollars a week to plant buoys. But out of working hours I can do as I please, and my friend and I please to get General Rojas out of prison." Roddy rose, smiling pleasantly. "So, if you won't introduce me to Señora Rojas," he concluded, "I guess I will have to introduce myself."

With an angry gesture the Consul motioned him to be seated. From his manner it was evident that Captain Codman was uncertain whether Roddy was or was not to be believed; that, in his perplexity, he was fearful of saying too much or too little.

"Either," the old man exclaimed angrily, "you are a very clever young man, or you are extremely ignorant. Either," he went on with increasing indignation, "they have sent you here to test me, or you know nothing, and you are blundering in where other men are doing work. If you know nothing you are going to upset the plans of those men. In any case I will have nothing further to do with you. I wash my hands of you. Good-morning."

Then, as though excusing himself he added sharply, "Besides, you talk too much."

Roddy, deeply hurt, answered with equal asperity:

"That is what your parrot thinks. Maybe you are both wrong."

When Roddy had reached the top of the stairs leading to the street, and was on the point of disappearing, the Consul called sharply to him and followed his guest out into the hall.

"Before you go," the old man whispered earnestly, "I want you clearly to understand my position toward the Rojas family. When I was Consul in Porto Cabello, General Rojas became the best friend I had. Since I have been stationed here it has been my privilege to be of service to his wife. His daughters treat me as kindly as though I were their own grandfather. No man on earth could wish General Rojas free as much as I wish it." The voice of Captain Codman trembled. For an instant his face, as though swept with sudden pain, twisted in strange lines. "No one," he protested, "could wish to serve him as I do, but I warn you if you go on with this you will land in prison yourself, and you will bring General Rojas to his death. Take my advice—and go back to Porto Cabello, and keep out of politics. Or, what is better—go home. You are too young to understand the Venezuelans, and, if you stay here, you are going to make trouble for many people. For your father, and for—for many people."

As though with the hope of finally dissuading Roddy he added ominously, "And these Venezuelans have a nasty trick of sticking a knife ——"

"Oh, you go to the devil!" retorted Roddy.

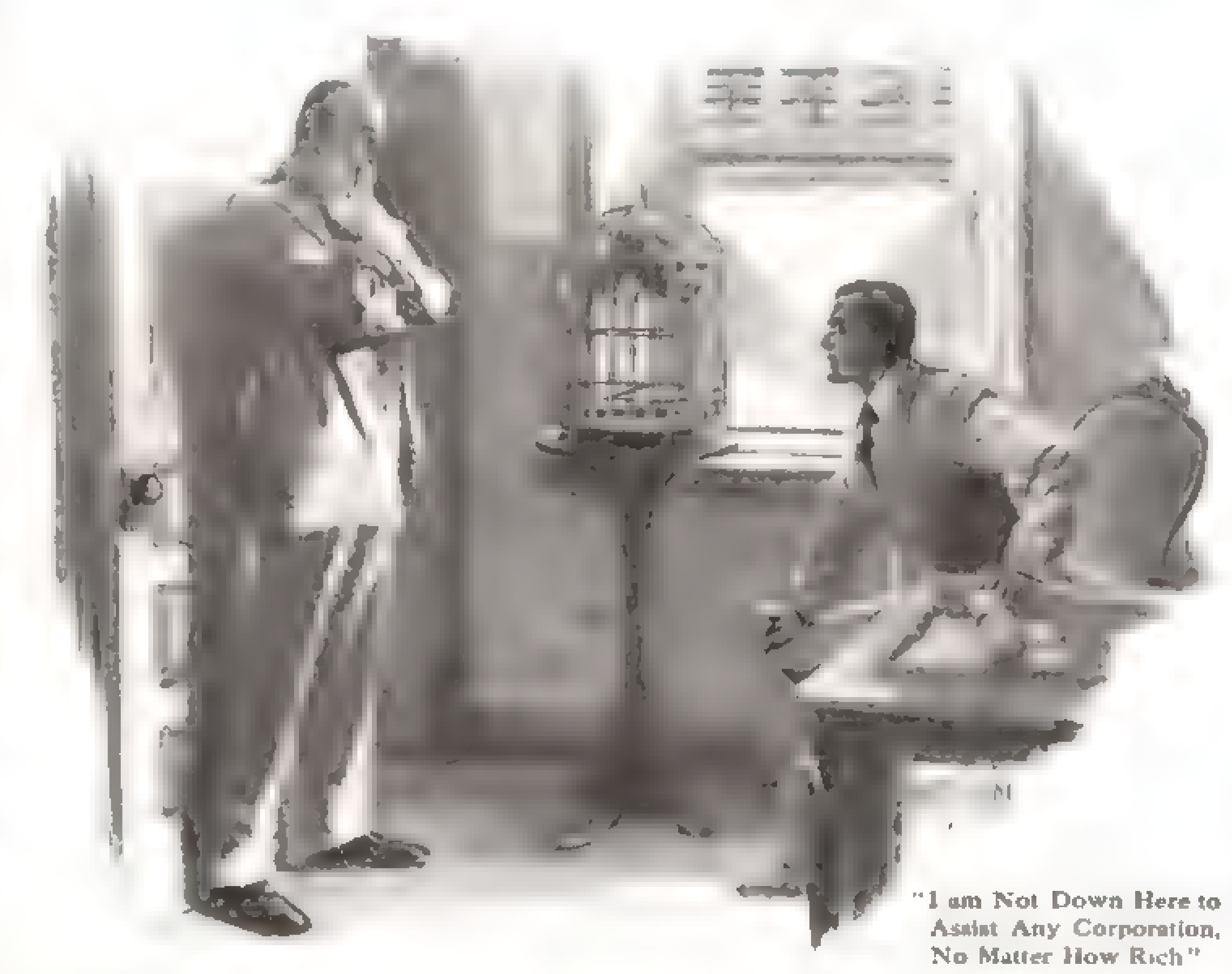
As he ran down the dark stairs and out into the glaring street he heard faintly the voice of the parrot pursuing him, with mocking and triumphant jeers.

The Consul returned slowly to his office, and sinking into his chair, buried his face in his great, knotty hands, and bent his head upon the table. A ray of sunshine, filtering through the heavy Venetian blinds, touched the white hair, and turned it into silver.

For a short space, save for the scratching of the parrot at the tin bars of his cage, and the steady drip, drip of the water-jar, there was no sound; then the voice of the sea captain, as many times before it had been raised in thanksgiving in the meeting-house in Fairhaven, and from the deck of his ship as she drifted under the Southern Cross, was lifted in entreaty. The blue eyes, as the old man raised them, were wet; his bronzed fists fiercely interlocked.

"Oh, Thou," he prayed, "who walked beside me on the waters, make clear to me what I am to do. I am old, but I pray Thee to let me live to see Thine enemies perish, to see those who love Thee reunited once more, happy, at home. If, in Thy wisdom, even as Thou sent forth David against Goliath, Thou hast sent this child against Thine enemies, make that clear to me. His speech is foolish, but his heart seems filled with pity. What he would do, I would do. But the way is very dark. If I serve this boy, may I serve Thee? Teach me!"

Outside the Consulate Roddy found his convoy, the guide, waiting for him; and to allay the suspicion of that person, gave him a cable to put on the wire, for McKildrick. It read: "No trace of freight; it may come next steamer; will wait."



"I am Not Down Here to Assist Any Corporation, No Matter How Rich"

He returned to the agent of the line, and told him he now believed the freight had been left behind in New York and that he would remain in Willemstad until the arrival of the next steamer, which was due in three days.

At the hotel he found Peter anxiously awaiting him. Having locked themselves in the room the two conspirators sat down to talk things over. From what had escaped the Consul, Roddy pointed out certain facts that seemed evident: Alvarez had not paid the Forrester Construction Company, or, in a word, his father, for the work already completed in the last two years. His father, in order to obtain his money, was interested in some scheme to get rid of Alvarez, and in his place put some one who would abide by the terms of the original concession. This some one might be Rojas, and then, again, might not. As Peter suggested, the Construction Company might sooner choose to back a candidate for president, who, while he might not be so welcome to the Venezuelans, would be more amenable to the wishes of the F. C. C. It also would probably prefer to assist a man younger than Rojas, one more easily controlled, perhaps, one less scrupulously honest. It also seemed likely that if, by revolution, the men of the Construction Company intended to put in the field a candidate of their own, they would choose one with whom they could consult daily, not one who, while he might once have been a popular idol, had for the last two years been buried from the sight of man, and with whom it now was impossible to communicate.

The longer they discussed the matter the more sure they became that Rojas could not be the man for whom the Construction Company was plotting.

"If Rojas isn't the choice of the F. C. C.," argued Roddy, "his being free, or in prison, does not interest them in the least. While, on the other hand, if Rojas is the candidate father is backing, the sooner he is out of prison the better for everybody.

"Anyway," added Roddy, with the airy fatalism of one who nails his banner to the mast, "if my father is going to lose two millions because you and I set an old man free, then father is going to lose two millions."

Having arrived at this dutiful conclusion Roddy proposed that, covertly, in the guise of innocent sightseers, they should explore the town, and from a distance reconnoiter the home of Señora Rojas. They accordingly hired one of the public landaus of Willemstad and told the driver to show them the places of interest.

But in Willemstad there are no particular places of interest. It is the place itself that is of interest. It is not like any other port in the world.

"It used to be," Roddy pointed out, "that every comic opera had one act on a tropical island. Then some fellow discovered Holland, and now all comic operas run to blonde girls in patched breeches and wooden shoes, and the back drops are 'Rotterdam, Amsterdam, any damn place at all.' But this town combines both the ancient and modern schools. Its scene is from Miss Hook of Holland, and the girls are out of Bandanna Land."

Willemstad and the harbor are compact, tiny, with a miniature governor and palace. It is painted with all the primary colors, and, though rain seldom falls on Curaçao Island, it is as clean as though the minute before it had been washed by a spring shower and put out in the sun to dry. Saint Ann Bay, which is the harbor of Willemstad, is less of a bay than a canal. On entering it a captain from his bridge can almost see what the people in the houses on either bank are eating for breakfast. These houses are modeled like those that border the canals of The Hague. They have the same peaked roofs, the front running in steps to a point, the flat façades, the many stories. But they are painted in the colors of tropical Spanish-America, in pink, yellow, cobalt blue, and behind the peaked points are scarlet tiles. Under the southern sun they are so brilliant, so theatrical, so unreal, that they look like the houses of a Noah's Ark fresh from the toy shop. There are two towns: Willemstad, and, joined to it by bridges, Otra Banda. It is on the Willemstad side that the ships tie up, and where, from the deck of the steamer, one can converse quite easily with the Monsanto brothers in their drawing-room, or with the political exiles on the balconies of the Hotel Commercial. The streets are narrow and, like the streets of Holland, paved with round cobblestones as clean as a pan of rolls just ready for the oven. Willemstad is the cleanest port in the West Indies. It is the Spotless Town of the tropics. Beyond the town are the orange plantations, and the favorite drive is from Willemstad through these orange trees around the inner harbor, or the Schottegat, to Otra Banda, and so back across the drawbridge of Good Queen Emma into Willemstad. It is a drive of little over two hours, and Roddy and Peter found it altogether charming.

About three miles outside of Willemstad they came upon the former home of a rich Spanish planter, which had been turned into a restaurant, and which, once the Groot du Crot, was now the Café Ducrot. There is little shade on the Island of Curaçao and the young men dived into the shadows of the Ducrot garden as into a cool bath. Through orange trees and spreading palmettos, flowering bushes and a tangle of vines, they followed paths of pebbles, and wandered in a maze in which they lost themselves.

"It is the enchanted garden of the sleeping Princess," said Peter. "And there are her sleeping attendants," he added, pointing at two waiters who were slumbering peacefully, their arms stretched out upon the marble-top tables.

It seemed heartless to awaken them, and the young men explored further until they found a stately, rambling mansion where a theatrical landlord with much rubbing of hands brought them glasses and wonderful Holland gin.

"We must remember the Café Ducrot," said Roddy, as they drove on. "It is so quiet and peaceful."

Afterward they recalled his having said this, and the fact caused them much amusement.

From the Café Ducrot the road ran between high bushes and stunted trees that shaded it in on either side, but could not shade it completely. Then it turned toward Otra Banda along the cliff that overlooks the sea.

On the land side was a wall of dusky mesquite bushes, bound together by tangled vines, with here and there bending above them a wind-tortured cocoanut palm. On the east side of the road, at great distances apart, were villas surrounded by groves of such hardy trees and plants as could survive the sweep of the sea winds. "If we ask the driver," whispered Roddy, "who lives in each house, he won't suspect we are looking for any one house in particular." Accordingly, as they drew up even with a villa they rivaled each other in exclaiming over its beauty. And the driver, his local pride becoming more and more gratified, gave them the name of the owner of the house and his history.

As he approached a villa all of white stucco, with high, white pillars rising to the flat roof of the tropics, he needed no prompting, but, with the air of one sure of his effect, pulled his horses to a halt and pointed with his whip.

"That house, gentle-mans," he said, "belongs to Señora Rojas." Though the house was one hundred yards from the road, as though fearful of being overheard, the negro spoke in an impressive whisper. "She is the lady of General Rojas. He is a great General, gentle-mans, and now he be put in prison. President Alvarez, he put that General Rojas in prison, down in the water, an' he chain him to the rock, an' he put that lady in exile. President Alvarez he be very bad man.

"Every day at six o'clock that lady and the young ladies they stand on that cliff and pray for that General Rojas. You like me to drive you, gentle-mans, out here at six o'clock," he inquired insinuatingly, "an' see those ladies pray?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Roddy indignantly.

But Peter, more discreet, yawned and stirred impatiently. "I am just dying for something to eat!" he protested. "Let her out, driver."

For appearance's sake they drove nearly to the outskirts of Otra Banda, and then, as though perversely, Roddy declared he wanted to drive back the way they had come and breakfast at the Café Ducrot

"Why should we eat in a hot, smelly dining-room," he demanded in tones intended to reach the driver, "when we can eat under orange trees?"

Peter, with apparent reluctance, assented.

"Oh, have it your own way," he said. "Personally, I could eat under any tree—under a gallows-tree."

For the second time they passed the Casa Blanca, and, while apparently intent on planning an extensive breakfast, their eyes photographed its every feature. Now, as the driver was not observing them, they were able to note the position of the entrances, of the windows, rising behind iron bars, from a terrace of white and black marble. They noted the wing, used as a stable for horses and carriages, and, what was of greater interest, that a hand-rail disappeared over the edge of the cliff and suggested a landing-pier below.

But of those who lived in the white palace there was no sign. It hurt Roddy to think that if, from the house, the inmates noted the two young men in a public carriage, peering at their home, they would regard the strangers only as impertinent sightseers. They could not know that the eyes of the tourists were filled with pity, that, at the sight of the villa on the cliff, the heart of each had quickened with kindly emotions, with excitement, with the hope of possible adventure.

Roddy clutched Peter by the wrist; with the other hand he pointed quickly. Through a narrow opening in a thicket that stood a few rods from the house Peter descried the formal lines of a tennis court. Roddy raised his eyebrows significantly. His smile was radiant, triumphant.

"Which seems to prove," he remarked enigmatically, "that certain parties of the first part are neither aged nor infirm."

His deduction gave him such satisfaction that when they drew up at the Café Ducrot he was still smiling.

Within the short hour that had elapsed since they had last seen the Ducrot garden a surprising transformation had taken place. No longer the orange grove lay slumbering in silence. No longer the waiters dozed beside the marble-topped tables. Drawn up outside the iron fence that protected the garden from the road, a half-dozen fiery Venezuelan ponies under heavy saddles, and as many more fastened to landaus and dog-carts, were neighing, squealing, jangling their silver harness and stamping holes in the highway. On the inside, through the heavy foliage of the orange trees, came the voice of the *maître d'hôtel*, from the kitchen the fat chef bellowed commands. The pebbles on the walks grated harshly beneath the flying feet of the waiters.

Seated at breakfast around a long table in the far end of the garden were over twenty men, and that it was in their service the restaurant had roused itself was fairly evident. The gentlemen who made up the breakfast-party were not the broadly-built, blond Dutchmen of the island, but Venezuelans; and a young and handsome Venezuelan, seated at the head of the table, and facing the entrance to the garden, was apparently the person in whose honor they were assembled. So much younger, at least in looks, than the others, was the chief guest, that Peter, who was displeased by this invasion of their sleeping palace, suggested it was a coming-of-age party.

It was some time before the signals of the Americans were regarded. Although they had established themselves at a table surrounded by flowering shrubs, and yet strategically situated not too far distant from the kitchen or the café, no one found time to wait upon them, and they finally obtained the services of one of the waiters only by the expedient of holding tightly to his flying apron. Roddy commanded him to bring whatever was being served at the large table.

"That cook," Roddy pointed out, "is too excited to bother with our order; but, if there's enough for twenty, there will be enough for two more."

Although they were scorned by the waiters, the young men were surprised to find that to the gentlemen of the birthday-party their coming was of the utmost interest, and, though the tables were much too far apart for Roddy to hear what was said, he could see that many glances were cast in his direction, that the others were talking of him, and that, for some reason, his presence was most disconcerting.

Finally, under pretense of giving an order to his coachman, one of the birthday-party, both in going and returning from the gate, walked close to their table and observed them narrowly. As he all but paused in the gravel walk opposite them, Roddy said with conviction:

"No! Walter Pater never gave the Stoic philosophy a just interpretation, while to Euphuism ——"

"On the contrary," interrupted Peter warmly, "Oscar Hammerstein is the *only* impresario who can keep the pennant flying over grand opera and a roof garden. Believe me ——"

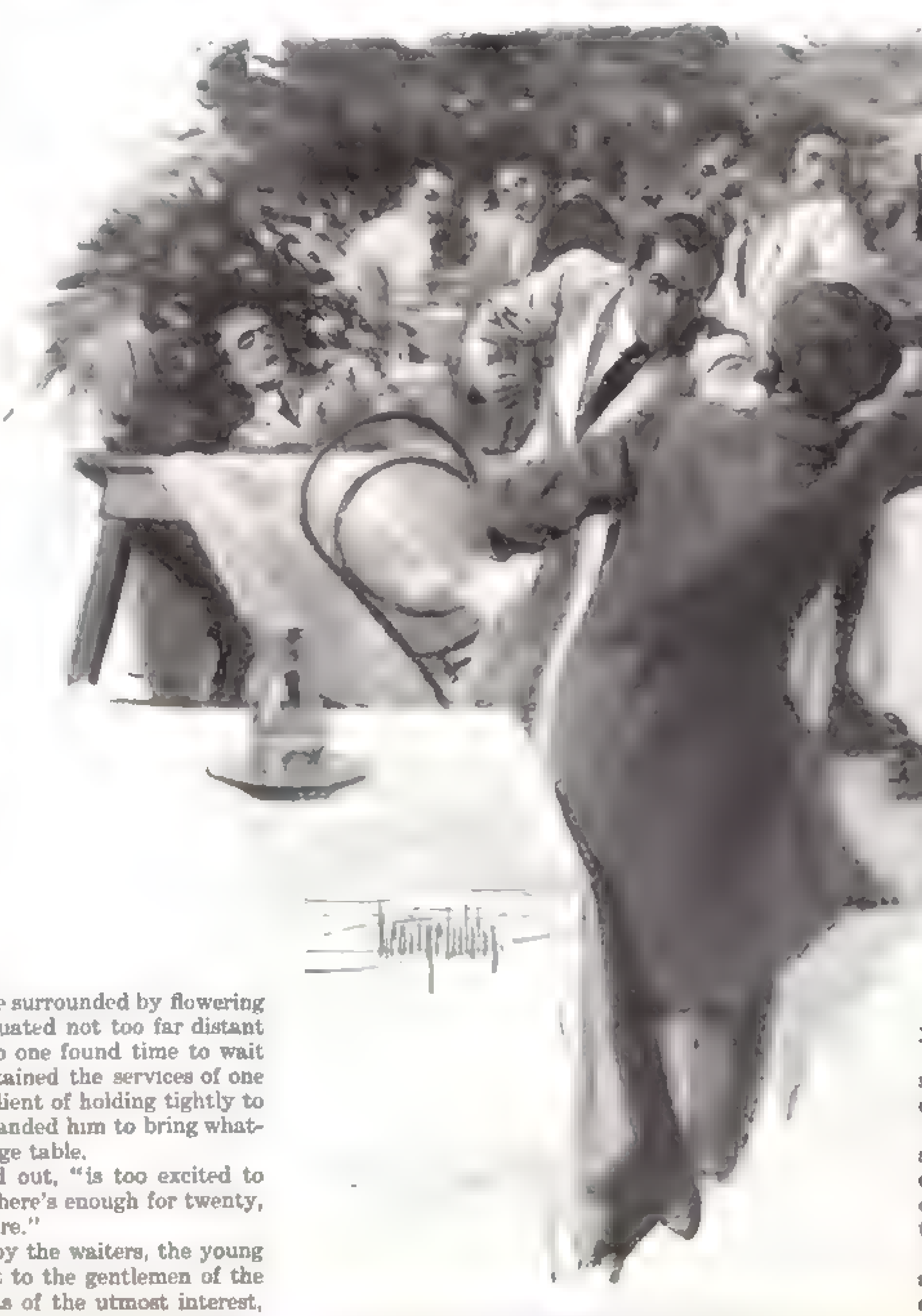
With a bewildered countenance the Venezuelan hastily passed on. Placidly the two young men continued with their breakfast.

"Even if he *does* understand English," continued Roddy, "that should keep him guessing for a while."

As they, themselves, had no interest in the birthday-party, and as they had eaten nothing since early coffee on the steamer, the young men were soon deep in the joy of feasting. But they were not long to remain in peace.

From the bushes behind them there emerged suddenly and quietly a young negro. He was intelligent-looking and of good appearance. His white duck was freshly ironed, his straw hat sported a gay ribbon. Without for an instant hesitating between the two men, he laid a letter in front of Roddy. "For Mr. Forrester," he said, and turning, parted the bushes and, as quickly as he had come, departed.

Roddy stared at the hedge through which the messenger had vanished, and his wandering eyes turned toward the birthday-party. He found that every one at that table was regarding him intently. It was evident all had witnessed the incident. Roddy wondered if it were possible that the letter came from them. Looking further he observed that the man who was serving Peter and himself also was regarding him with greater interest than seemed natural, and that he was not the man who first had waited upon them. "You," began Roddy doubtfully—"You are not the waiter who ——"


Under the Blow the Masked Man Staggered Drunkenly

The man shrugged his shoulders. "That fellow he can't speakety English," he explained. "I speakety English very good."

The man smiled knowingly, so it seemed to Roddy, impertinently. Roddy felt uncomfortably convinced that some jest was going on behind his back, and he resented the thought.

"Yes," he began hotly, "and I will bet you *understand* it, too."

Under the table Peter kicked violently at his ankles.

"Read your letter," he said.

The envelope bore only the name Rodman Forrester. The letter began abruptly and was not signed. It read as follows:

> Willemstad is a small place. Every one in it knows every one else. Therefore, the most conspicuous person in it is the last person to arrive. You are the last person to arrive, and, accordingly, everything you do is noted. That this morning you twice passed the Casa Blanca has been already reported both by those who guard it and by those who spy upon it. If you would bring disaster to those you say you wish to serve, keep on as idiotically as you have begun.

The rebuke, although anonymous, turned Roddy's cheeks a rosy red, but he had sufficient self-control to toss the letter to his companion, and to say carelessly: "He wants us to dine with him."

The waiter, who had been openly listening, moved off in the direction of the kitchen. A moment later Roddy saw him bear a dish to the Venezuelan at the head of the long table, and as he proffered it the two men whispered eagerly.

When Peter had read the warning he threw it, face down, upon the table, and with a disturbed countenance pretended to devote his attention to the salad dressing. Roddy was now grinning with pleasure, and made no effort to conceal that fact.

"I wouldn't have missed this," he whispered, "for a week in God's country. It is the funniest place I've ever been in; and I have traveled some. Apparently everybody's business is everybody else's business, and every one spies on every one else. It's like the island where they were too proud to do their own washing, so everybody took in somebody else's washing."

"Who is it from?" asked Peter irritably; "the Consul?"

Roddy nodded and laughed.

"You may laugh," protested Peter, "but you don't know. You've been in Venezuela only four months, and Captain Codman's been here eighteen years. These people aren't like you and me. They don't look at things the way we do. We think it's all comic opera, but ——"

"They're children," declared Roddy tolerantly—"children trying to frighten you with a mask on. And old man Codman—he's caught it, too. The fact that he's been down here eighteen years is the only thing against him. He's lost his sense of humor. The idea," he exclaimed, "of spying on us and sending us anonymous warnings. Why doesn't he come to the hotel and say what he has to say? Where does he think he is—in Siberia?"

Roddy chuckled and clapped his hands loudly for the waiter. He was pleasantly at ease. The breakfast was to his liking, the orange trees shielded him from the sun, and the wind from the sea stirred the flowering shrubs and filled the air with spicy, pungent odors.

"Perhaps the Consul understands them better than you do," persisted Peter. "These revolutionists ——"

"They're a pack of cards," declared Roddy. "As Alice said to the King and Queen, 'You are only a pack of cards.'"

As he was speaking Mr. Von Amberg, the agent of the steamship line, with whom that morning he had been in consultation, and one of the other commission merchants of Willemstad, came up the gravel walk and halted at their table.

Both Von Amberg and his companion had but lately arrived from Holland. They were big men, of generous girth, beaming with good health and good humor.

(Continued on Page 26)

THE DRAMA OF THE SLUMS

And Other New Plays of the Season

By

John Corbin

Ethel Barrymore as Lady Frederick Berolles in the W. Somerset Maugham Comedy, Lady Frederick

Maude Adams as Maggie Wylie in the New J. M. Barrie Comedy, What Every Woman Knows

NO DOUBT it is true, as the managers so often have told us, that the supreme court in the theater is Woman. The mind which decreed that the chorus in musical comedy wear skirts, utterly routing the oglers of the bald-headed row—not because it loved modesty, but because it adored modistery—is capable of even greater revolutions.

There have come to be fashions in plays as there are fashions in gowns.

Once upon a time, longer ago than any matinée girl now alive can remember, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Hackett and Mr. Bellew strode in silks and laces, doing murder all over the stage and up and down the stairs. Then we had the Western melodrama, in which romance lost its frills and furbelows. Noble-hearted men and tenderly-impassioned women lived in a primitive atmosphere of snow-capped mountains, cowboy costumes and forty-rod whisky. The business play followed, exhibiting the crimes of commerce and politics to the delighted view of feminine minds matured by muckraking magazines. The playwrights of today have, as Tennyson would say, "set the maiden fancy wallowing in" the slums. Romance, with furbelows or without, has given way to ugly reality, lighted at best by the impersonal passion of humanity.

In The Battle, Mr. Cleveland Moffett uses the lower East Side as the scene for a conflict between the proletariat and the plutocracy. He has not altogether cut loose from romance. No tale is older than that of the Prince who has been lost in infancy and is brought up in humble surroundings, ignorant of his birth. Though working at the trade of diver in the East River, Philip Ames is, in reality, the only son of the oil king, Haggleton, and in the end he comes into his inheritance—quite like the whole long line of such heroes from Greek comedy to Little Lord Fauntleroy. But on this old plot Mr. Moffett has built a modern and most significant play

Long ago Philip's mother had fled from Haggleton, revolted by his greed and cruelty, and determined to bring up her child in the way of honesty and humanity. When the play opens she is dead; but the boy has turned out all she could have wished. Then Haggleton appears on the scene and learns that the East Side diver is his son. He is old, alone in the world and without heir, and he resolves to reclaim the boy to the gospel of wealth. In this he is opposed by one Gentle, Philip's foster father, of the slums, a man of passionate tenderness and love for the poor. It is the struggle between these for the soul of the boy, quite as much as the struggle between the opposing creeds as to wealth, that gives the play its title.

The local fancy in New York has long exercised itself in wondering what would be the morality and religion of the parishioners of Trinity, one of the oldest and most aristocratic churches in the land, if they were obliged to live in the tenements from which the parish derives a large revenue. Mr. Moffett has worked out the problem in the terms not of religion but of wealth.

The first act shows the dirt-incrusted living-room of Moran's tenement. Moran, once a prosperous oil merchant, has been crushed out by what Miss Tarbell has called predatory competition. He is now a common workman in an East Side bakeshop. The grind of poverty has forced his daughter, a pretty Irish lass, into the life of shame, and has turned his son into a loafer who spends his sister's earnings in playing the ponies. All that is left of Moran's former spirit is a fierce hatred of the man who has crushed him and his family—Haggleton.

The rising curtain reveals Moran and his lodgers rousing themselves in the gray dawn for the day's toil. Be comforted! This is no spicy bedroom scene. In Moran's tenement they sleep in their clothes. After scanning the dope-sheet the boy, Joe, reads that Haggleton, worn in health by the life of high finance, is to embark that day on his yacht, from a neighboring dock, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. But, as it happens, Haggleton has made his plans without consulting Mr. Moffett and his plot.

On the way to the yacht he stops in for a consultation with his house agent, the humane Gentle. He encounters his son Philip, who has also happened in. Philip, unaware that he is speaking to Haggleton, and quite ignorant, of course, that the man is his father, puts the question squarely: What chance in life would the millionaire have if he had to live in the same surroundings as his tenants? Haggleton answers that rich men give liberally to organized charity. Philip retorts that cold charity can never effect any deep and abiding change in the lives of men; the only real charity is that which springs from the heart—the actual spirit of brotherhood. The millionaire can give nothing, unless he first gives himself.

The idea is new to Haggleton, and it bites into him. But in his mind it takes a new form. The most effective aid he can give these tenants of his, he decides, is an object-lesson in living. He lets his yacht go hang, and starts life anew on precisely the same basis as his tenant, Moran. On the dirty mantel are two gilded marble clocks, of the kind well known in the Bowery. "What this tenement needs," says Haggleton, "is fewer marble clocks and more soap." He, himself, began life on a capital of a dollar and a half. Moran's useless ornaments, he calculates, will bring thirty dollars.

The second act shows the same room minus the clocks, but papered with inexpensive good taste and scrupulously clean. Haggleton appears as a baker, in clothes which, though well brushed, are eloquent of toil at the kneading-board and the oven.

With cleanliness a certain self-respect has dawned upon the lives of Haggleton's fellow-lodgers in the tenement. As for the trust magnate, he has already demonstrated to his employer the possibilities of modern machinery, and is perfecting an organization of the East Side bakers. Oil king in disguise has become bread king, to the great advantage of the poor, who receive better bread for less money.

Haggleton's right-hand man in all this is his own son, Philip, who, however, is still ignorant as to the identity of his chief. The boy's natural love and zeal for his fellow-men has taken a keener edge under the whetting of good works that strike deeper than mere charity ever can strike into the life of every day. Already his commercial sense is showing itself. He is seen buying flour over the telephone, and no Yankee ever bargained more sharply and effectively.

It develops that certain shiftless workmen have been discharged by the combination and that a number of shops which have resisted progress are slowly but surely drifting to ruin. Riots ensue. Philip handles the situation in his own person, like any other champion of the competitive system. He is the same manly, warm-hearted chap; but he has seen a new light. As the price of bread goes down and its quality up, the bread trust grows in strength, while the sufferings of the unfit are left to the Power that ordained the hard workings of evolution.

The spirit of reformation reaches even to the race-track idler, Joe Moran, who has become an efficient superintendent. "If you want a man to make other men work," says Haggleton, "get hold of a reformed loafer." Only old Moran resists the new order. He hates organization now, as he hated it when it crushed him, and he fights it with concentrated bitterness

Mr. Moffett's portrait of the oil king is not all high light and rose color. One act of his early

Blanche Bates in The Fighting Hope

manhood Mr. Moffett refuses to palliate—the willful crushing of Moran. This was no impersonal work of natural law, but a calculated, economic murder. Moran, though obstinate, had been an able refiner, and if left to the laws of Nature would have prospered to the end. But he was the obstacle to the quick and sure control of the industry, and Haggleton wiped him out. This was the crime which had driven his wife to flee from him with their son; and now again it confronts him when he is on the point of winning Philip.

As Mr. Moffett solves his problem, the wages of the oil king's sin is not death. "Strong men," says Nietzsche, "digest their sins." Haggleton is the true Overman. Life has punished him bitterly for his crime, but he stands up to his punishment with a courage that turns bitterness to balm. In the end, Philip takes the human attitude of forgiveness. The three sit down to the task of applying a good slice of Haggleton's millions to the enfranchisement of the slaves of poverty But just what shall they do?

The sentimental philanthropists of the slums rejoice at what seems to them an easy task. But no sooner does one propose a scheme than the others prove it impracticable. They turn to the man who is their natural leader. He smiles and produces several sheets of elephant paper covered close with calculations. "I haven't worked it out in detail," he says, "but this is the outline." The Overman of commerce has become the Overman of social advance.

Mabel Barrison in The Blue Mouse

The central theme of The Battle resembles that of The Lion and the Mouse, different as the two plays are in everything else. Mr. Moffett's love story is pale and unconvincing, where Mr. Klein's was strongly appealing, and Mr. Moffett has not succeeded in building up his dramatic scenes, promising as is his material, with anything like the ability Mr. Klein revealed in his second and third acts. Yet in his picture of actual life—granting the romantic materials of his plot—he has far excelled the earlier play. A clear, strong, intellectual purpose is sustained from first to last in scenes filled with humor and charm. I cannot now recall any play which comes so near to plucking out the heart of modern American life

A New Departure for Mrs. Fiske

THE attitude of these two plays toward the trust magnate is interesting, and, to many, disquieting. Mr. Klein represents his oil king as succumbing in the end to an appeal of sentiment, welcome to an audience, but quite unconvincing to common-sense, and probably quite false. Mr. Moffett, in effect, wins his audiences over to Haggleton. There is no doubt that the effect of the play is strongly capitalistic. Mr. Rockefeller signified his approval by writing a brief speech for Haggleton, and many another New Yorker noted for great wealth and power has gone again and again to the play with different parties of friends. Clearly, the great public, the mood of which is nowhere felt so strongly as in the theater, is indulgent to the Captain of Industry. Deal gently with the millionaire, nor beat him when he sneezes; 'tis false to say he does not care, and sneezes when he pleases!

Mrs. Fiske as Salvation Nell

The situation strikes strangely across our sense of humor. But is it really shocking to the moral sense? If it is, playwrights and public are not alone to blame. In spite of all our muckraking no trust magnate has been put in prison, or, as yet, seriously fined. The English are said to love a lord in their hearts. Is it possible that, except in political speeches, we Americans love a millionaire?

Thomas A. Wise as Senator Langdon in A Gentleman From Mississippi

When The Battle was produced the New York socialists rose in protest. Mr. Gaylord Wilshire wanted to rise as high as the stage and harangue the audience for applauding such capitalistic nonsense. Mr. Moffett and Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who is appearing as Haggleton, made the socialists a sporting proposition. They offered to include a speech of five hundred words, opposing the views of Mr. Rockefeller, if any two hundred socialists would agree on what to say.

Alas, such agreement is nowhere less likely than among the apostles of the Brotherhood of Man. The competitive system is as blindly cruel as life itself, than which nothing is more cruel—except, possibly, those who profess to be able to remedy it, when they get together to compare nostrums. On the other hand, Haggleton always agrees with himself And, if his audiences agree with him elsewhere as fully as in New York, he is likely to rival the popularity of the hero of The Lion and the Mouse

Salvation Nell, Mrs. Fiske's new production, approaches the slums from a very different point of view. The youthful author, Mr. Edward Sheldon, lately wrote it as a part of his college work in his last year at Harvard. It is, in fact, one of the most astonishing products of the much-discussed elective system. On the one hand, it exhibits the undergraduate student of economics on intimate terms with the dregs and offscourings of life; and, on the other, it exhibits him as a student of the technique of the drama. It is said on authority that Professor George Pierce Baker, who gives the course in playwriting, had a considerable part in the making of this play. Yet the piece does not in the least trouble itself with the philosophy of life, past or future, economic or moral. It may be that it has some central, guiding purpose; but after two attentive hearings I confess myself in doubt. It is little more than a moving picture of the slums. But, as such, it is a work of extraordinary novelty and ability. The lines are vivid and the characters varied and convincing. No such artistically realized pictures of actual life have ever been presented on the American stage. And the acting of Mrs. Fiske and her company is, as always, of consummate intelligence and vividness.

Wilton Lackaye as Haggleton in The Battle

The first act shows us a Tenth Avenue saloon on Christmas Eve in the most striking and amusing reality. A crowd of roughs gathers at the bar, with gossip of the life of the under half. A band of wretched musicians squeak out popular airs beneath a red Christmas bell in a corner. Little children come in to rush the Christmas growler. The more completely drunk are held in hand by the less completely drunk, or ejected by the burly and entirely sober proprietor. A Salvation Army lass walks about at her ease, jingling her tambourine for pennies. In a private room on one side of the stage Nell Sanders (Mrs. Fiske) sweeps up cigar stubs and mops away stale beer sops from tables and floor. A neighboring resort of even worse character has been raided, and one of the inmates takes refuge with Nell, clothed in a flashy evening gown. This Nell, it appears, is in love with one Jim Platt, a reckless and dissolute local bully, and has borne him a child. At the bar the half-fuddled men catch sight of Nell, and one of them pounces on her and kisses her. Platt falls on him and lays him out on the floor. The ding-dong wagon is heard without; policemen and surgeons enter and bear away the fallen ruffian for dead. Platt is arrested. The proprietor, threatened with the loss of his license, lays the blame on Nell and discharges her. The friend of the flashy evening gown urges her to take up the life of shame, and the Salvation lass begs her to join the Army. The call of religion triumphs, and Nell Sanders becomes Salvation Nell.

The second act takes place in Nell's bare, but decent, room after the lapse of eight years The child is a growing boy. Jim Platt is apparently forgotten, and a Salvation Major has fallen in love with her. He is a son of wealth from uptown who has given his life to the slums—the one unconvincing character in the play. Then Jim appears. He has served his sentence, and is about to take part in a diamond robbery. Nell tries to restrain him, but he knocks her down and makes away.

The Scene on Cherry Hill

THE last act shows a slum street on Cherry Hill, outside a Salvation corps hall. Squalid street scenes and various detached episodes of gutter life are shown with the utmost reality and no little humor. Then Jim comes on. It appears that he has not, after all, taken part in the robbery. Salvation has begun to work upon him. At the end, in a tender and almost idyllic scene, he and Nell recall the innocent and happy time when they were first in love. As the final curtain falls he is a convert to the Army.

What is the purpose of this elaborate exploitation of the slums? Or is there any purpose in it? Be it noted that Nell had two sides to her disposition—the love of righteousness and love for the father of her child. It would have been possible to show the triumph of the former in the person of the anæmic Major from Fifth Avenue. This Mr. Sheldon has, fortunately, not attempted. On the other hand, it would have been possible to show that human love, love for the father of her child, was greater than the call of religion—or, rather, that it was the true and deepest call of religion. This is a large and noble purpose, the achievement of which would justify, and more than justify, any picture of squalor and vice.

It is true that the fires of the spirit may, and sometimes do, burn their way to the heart of an utter blackguard. It is possible that they might make a permanent change in his life. It is conceivable that this is what Mr. Sheldon intended If so, it is certain that he has not succeeded. Such a theme requires a clear, logical and consecutive development. Salvation Nell is a mere collection of episodes, many of them having no bearing on the lives of the chief personages of the play, and all of them presented without apparent order or connection. What the end of the play depicts is at best a moment of tenderness and regret, and by no means a mood of sufficient power to effect any real spiritual rebirth. In all probability what the play undertakes is not a consecutive and complete personal history, but a picture of the workings of the Salvation Army, a kinematograph of external life in the mass. And it is for this reason, perhaps, that the play has seemed to the general public unstimulating and, on the whole, unprofitable, in spite of its vividness and lifelikeness and of its superficial simplicity, sincerity and truth.

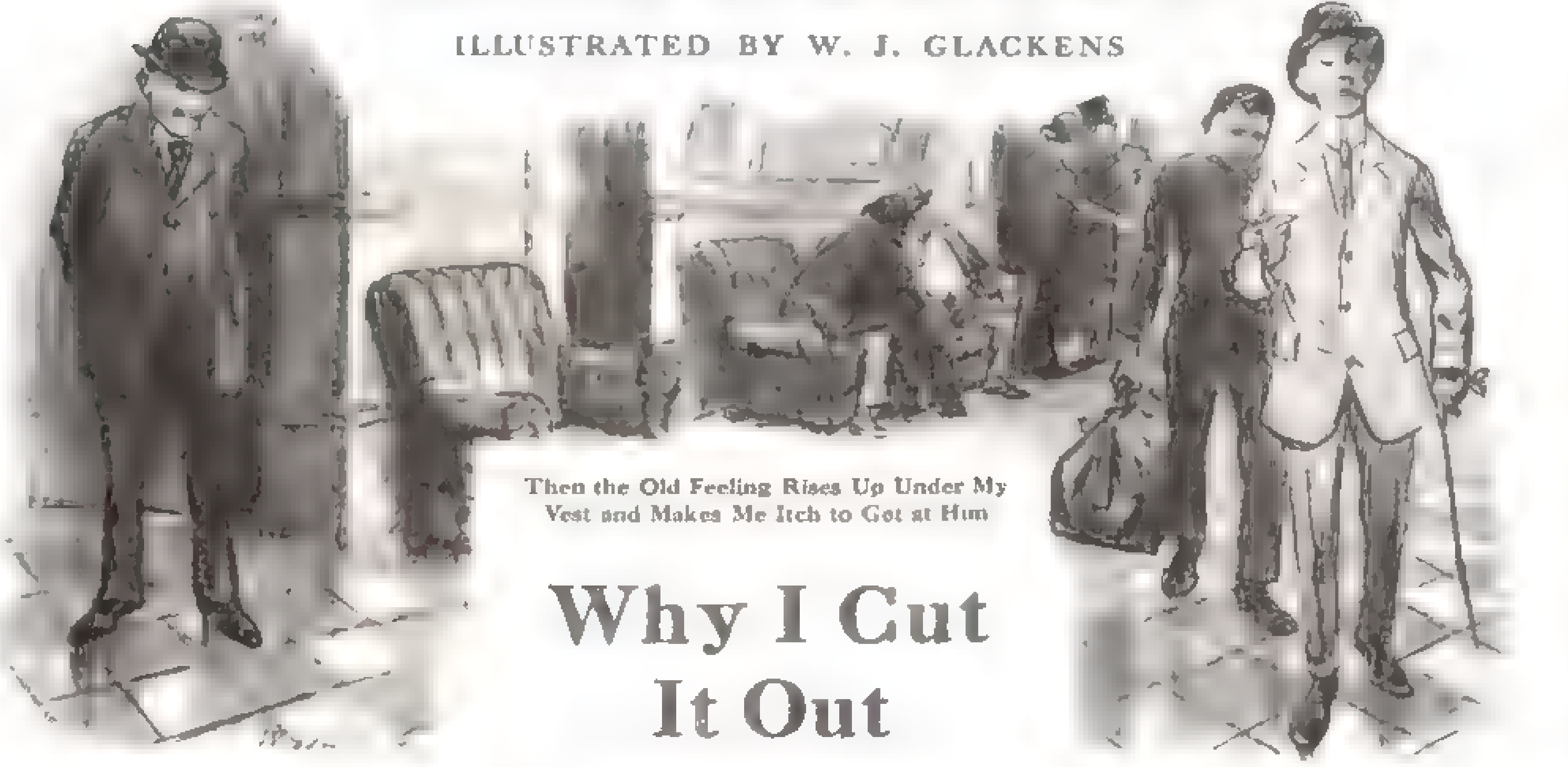
The best element in the performance is the acting in the leading parts. Mr. Holbrook Blinn's portrayal of Jim Platt is a work of the very highest talent, as simple and restrained as it is heartfelt and powerful. It is seldom, outside the artistic theaters of Germany, that one is privileged to see such a performance. Mrs. Fiske is, as always, an actress not of talent, but of genius. As to the means by which she produces her effects—her speech, her

(Continued on Page 37)

The Confessions of a Con Man

As Told to Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS



Then the Old Feeling Rises Up Under My Vest and Makes Me Itch to Get at Him

Why I Cut It Out

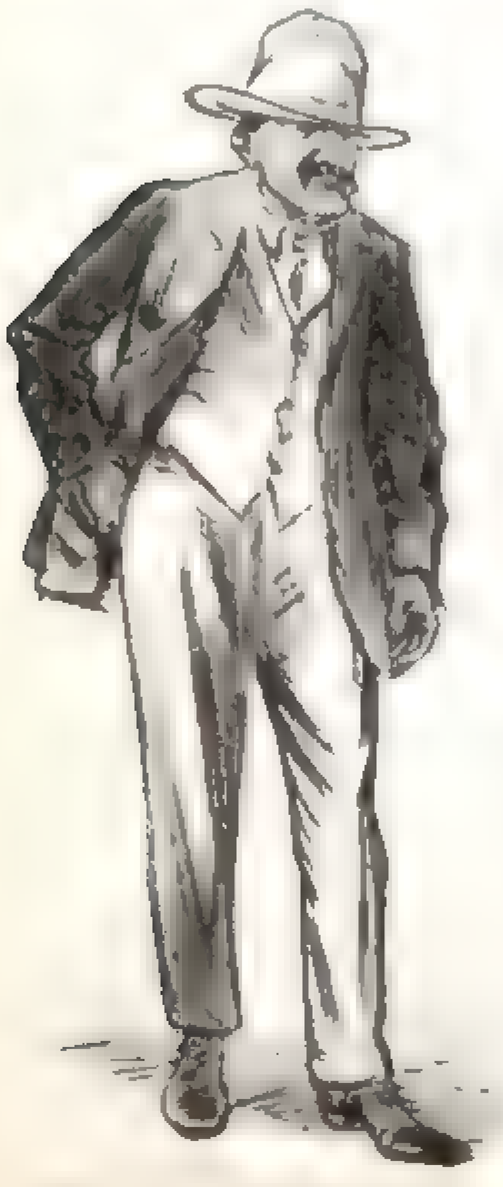
IT IS the safety of any con game that your sucker generally is your accomplice. The police have trouble in making any charge stick; and if your steerer has done his work right the police never know of it, anyway. I suppose that I have been arrested half a dozen times, but I never stayed in jail more than a few hours. Just one conviction stands against me. I was arrested and fined ten dollars for stealing an umbrella. The joke is that I didn't steal it! The judge who soaked me never suspected what he might have found if he had gone deeper into my life.

But I've been in tight places; and thinking about my escapes had a lot to do with my final change of profession. One of the narrowest occurred while I was playing assayer for the gold-brick game with old man Stallings.

That, if I remember, was about eighteen hundred and ninety-five. The gold-brick game was getting too well known for safety. "Gold brick" had already become slang for a bunco game; and when that happens you might as well quit. Stallings was one of the three best operators in the country. He stuck to it, in spite of all the danger, because he didn't know how to do anything else.

I doubt if most people thoroughly understand that game. The grafters traveled in gangs of three—the steerer, the assayer and the Indian. The play was for country bankers. When the steerer and operator, who was the most important man in the combination, had his sucker located, he spun the following yarn:

His partner in the mining business had died and left him a valuable mine, which he held in partnership with an old Indian. He and the Indian had been working it for some time, and they had taken out enough gold to make a brick worth forty thousand dollars. He had started East to sell it. But the Indian was suspicious; he had insisted on coming along. When they got to the river, the Indian would go no farther. He established camp in a lonely spot just over the river, and there he and the brick stuck tight. The Indian believed that his half of the brick was worth only ten thousand dollars, whereas it was worth twenty thousand. If the sucker would put down thirty thousand dollars, the steerer's share in full and half the Indian's share, he could have the brick, thereby making a profit of ten thousand dollars. When the sucker was worked up to the joint, the steerer would take him to the lonely camp across the river. That meeting occurred at night by the light of a dim campfire; and the sucker couldn't see that the Indian was a white man, made up. On account of their features, Jews were generally used for Indians. Ours was a man named Baum, we'll say.



He was Just Conceited Enough to Pose as a Bad Man

The assayer, my job in our team, became necessary as the game got well known. In the early days, the steerer got the Indian to loosen up on the gold brick for an evening, while he and the sucker took it to a jeweler to be assayed. The jeweler would bore into it anywhere he pleased, and put the sample filings into an envelope. Somewhere in the transaction, the steerer would change that envelope for another just like it, but containing real gold filings. So when the jeweler made the assay he would report that it was real, virgin gold.

But the jewelers all got on to the game; you couldn't risk doing business with them. So when he had the brick in his pocket, old Stallings would take his man to the leading jewelry store of the place. On some pretext or other, he would leave the sucker at the door while he went inside, and, in plain sight, held a conversation with the proprietor. What he really did was to ask the jeweler for one of his cards, saying that he might be sending down to buy a watch next week. Also, would the jeweler please write his own name on the back? He'd rather deal with the head of the firm direct. Then Stallings would go out and say to the sucker:

"This man says that he doesn't make assays; but that a government assayer named Baker is staying at the Eagle Hotel this week. He gave me this card, with his name written on it, to show that we are all right." Then they'd proceed to the Eagle Hotel and ask for Mr. Baker—me, you understand. And I'd make the assay and certify that this was the real thing in gold and that the brick, by weight, was worth forty-one thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-seven cents. Besides that, it was my duty to shadow Stallings and his sucker all through the transaction, standing ready to help in case of any emergency.

When I say that we worked this game, I mean to say that we tried it. We traveled for three months up and down the Ohio River, playing at small bankers, and never turned a penny. Two suckers bit and got as far as the assay, but they developed cold feet and pulled out. The third was a greedy Scotchman. He looked very good to us. On the morning set for the assay I was shadowing, as usual. A small boy shoved a note into my hand. It read:

"You two fellows skip. He's on, and it's all your fault!"

The Collapse of the Gold-Brick Industry

WHEN I read this note, Stallings and the sucker were just entering a saloon. I went to the front door and took my place there, thinking to enter into conversation with the sucker and keep him interested while Stallings made his getaway. After two or three minutes the banker came out alone. He seemed a little excited; and I saw that he was going toward the police station—that station was the first place we located when we staked out a new town. I figured that Stallings must have given him the slip; and it was my cue to beat it myself. I hurried across the river to the Indian camp, notified Baum, and walked over to the next town, where I took a train East. We had agreed in case of trouble and separation to meet in a Philadelphia hotel. I went to Philadelphia, met Baum there the next day, and waited a week before Stallings appeared.

He had lost the Scotchman in the saloon, had run through the back door, and had persuaded the driver of a truck-wagon to give him a ride. That took him outside the city limits. He made his way to Peoria, where a saloon-keeper who used to be a pickpocket concealed him for five days. Then, hearing nothing from the police, he dared to take a train for Philadelphia.

When I asked him how it was my fault, Stallings refused to say a word. As a matter of fact, it wasn't my fault at all. Stallings was naturally a good-natured fellow, but the responsibility of it made him a wild, irritable hound when he was on the job. I never did learn what put the sucker wise. I refused then and there to mingle any longer in his game. He'd have done well to cut it out himself; for he is in a Southern penitentiary now, serving a long term.

When I ducked from the town of the Scotch banker I left our brick in the hotel. Only last year I was in that hotel again—this time as a respectable business man. And I found that they were using our old brick as a doorstopper! It was made of brass and lead composition, with a veneer of gold leaf and a weighting of mercury. Every morning we used to take it out and dust it off and fix up all the corners, where the veneer had rubbed off, with more gold leaf.

You remember, probably, how the rush to the Klondike started. On Saturday, no one had ever heard of Dawson City. On Sunday morning the papers were full of it, and the overland trains were jammed with mushers hurrying to Alaska. At the time, Jeff Steers and I were working about Chicago, playing mainly for the truck-farmers. We hadn't been doing very well, and we decided that a mining country with a strike was just about the place for us. Steers was a friend of Soapy Smith. He figured that you couldn't keep Soapy away with a twenty-mule team. We got him on the wire. He answered: "Meet me in Seattle."

An Alliance With Soapy Smith

AT THE time we were just about broke, but we hooked a German truck-farmer, beat him out of six hundred dollars, left two hundred of it behind with our families, and started. Soapy met us at the train. He had just money enough to get himself to Skaguay. The police of Seattle were pretty strict, and we couldn't find anything to do. However, Steers and I proceeded to a lumber town near by, caught a sucker, and, by playing the card game which we call "giving him the best of it," we raised three hundred dollars—enough, with what we had, to take us into Skaguay.

A lot of foolishness has been written about Soapy Smith. As a grafter, he was nothing more than a poor fool. He couldn't manipulate, he couldn't steer, he couldn't do anything. But he had a lot of nerve and fight, and he was just conceited enough to pose as a bad man. That made him valuable wherever the grafters needed a head and protector. When we reached Skaguay we found a job for Soapy at once. The town was only a transportation point, a stopping place for the mushers who were going on into Dawson. They all had money; and most of them were reckless with it. There was hardly any city government, and the permanent citizens, who were living off the mushers themselves, didn't particularly object to our game. I played three-card monte myself, picking up my steerers from two or three excellent ones who had come up independently. Even as early as that I was acting the innocent Texan; and though I hadn't worked my spiel up to perfection yet, it was pretty entertaining. Well, I've had a gang of twenty or thirty Skaguay business men stand around and watch me work, just for the fun of the thing.

Still, there was always a Purity Brigade which wanted to stop us. Soapy's job was to act as protector for the whole gang, bribing officials who would take money, and intimidating those who wouldn't. For that he charged a sixth of our profits, after the nut was taken out. Many kicked at his price. A gang of shell-workers struck out on the trail toward Dawson and worked independently. I've heard that they made twenty thousand dollars while the graft lasted. I started once to try Dawson on my own hook. I was half-way up the pass when some Northwest Mounted Police told me that a man couldn't get out of Dawson all winter. No town for me where I couldn't make a quick getaway! I doubled back to Skaguay.

I found trouble in the air. The official who was most troublesome to us was the surveyor-general. He warned

Soapy to quit, and Soapy warned him to look out for bullets. Business men who had been my friends began to cut me on the streets. Every day you heard rumors of a vigilance committee.

I stopped one morning for breakfast at the restaurant of a Jap who stood in with us. As he laid down my ham and eggs he made a circle around his neck with his finger and pointed heavenward.

"The deuce you say," said I. "When?"

"Yesterday," said the Jap.

"How many?" said I. He counted off four fingers.

"What for?" said I.

He imitated the motion of a man manipulating the shells. And the grin of the simple-minded Oriental showed that he thought I was in bad.

I went out on the street. The people looked at me crosswise. Every one had heard that the four shell-workers who worked on the Dawson trail had been lynched. As a matter of fact, they had only been run off the trail; but Skaguay didn't know any different as long as I lingered.

I hunted up Soapy, and told him that we were overdue in Seattle

"You ain't got no nerve," said Soapy.

"No," said I, "maybe not. But neither do I want to secrete a parcel of bullets in my inside from somebody's shooting-pistol." I took passage on a steamer which left that afternoon

Two days later Soapy got his. The vigilantes were meeting on a wharf. Soapy walked straight up to them with his gun—he surely had nerve, that fellow. The surveyor-general was the man he wanted. They drew simultaneously. The surveyor-general dropped, but he shot Soapy from the ground. Both died that day.

Alaska people have talked like a dime novel about the Soapy Smith gang in Skaguay. Only lately, a paper said that our "coffee and doughnut men" used to rob and kill people, and drop their bodies into the bay. That is rank foolishness. Grafters don't work that way. Soapy wouldn't have protected any man who did. The straight money from three-card monte and the shells came so easy that we would have been crazy to take such risks, even if we had been thugs and murderers. A man who knows anything about graft realizes the rattle-headedness of such talk. And I know better than any one else, because I was on the inside.

The Yellow Diamond Game

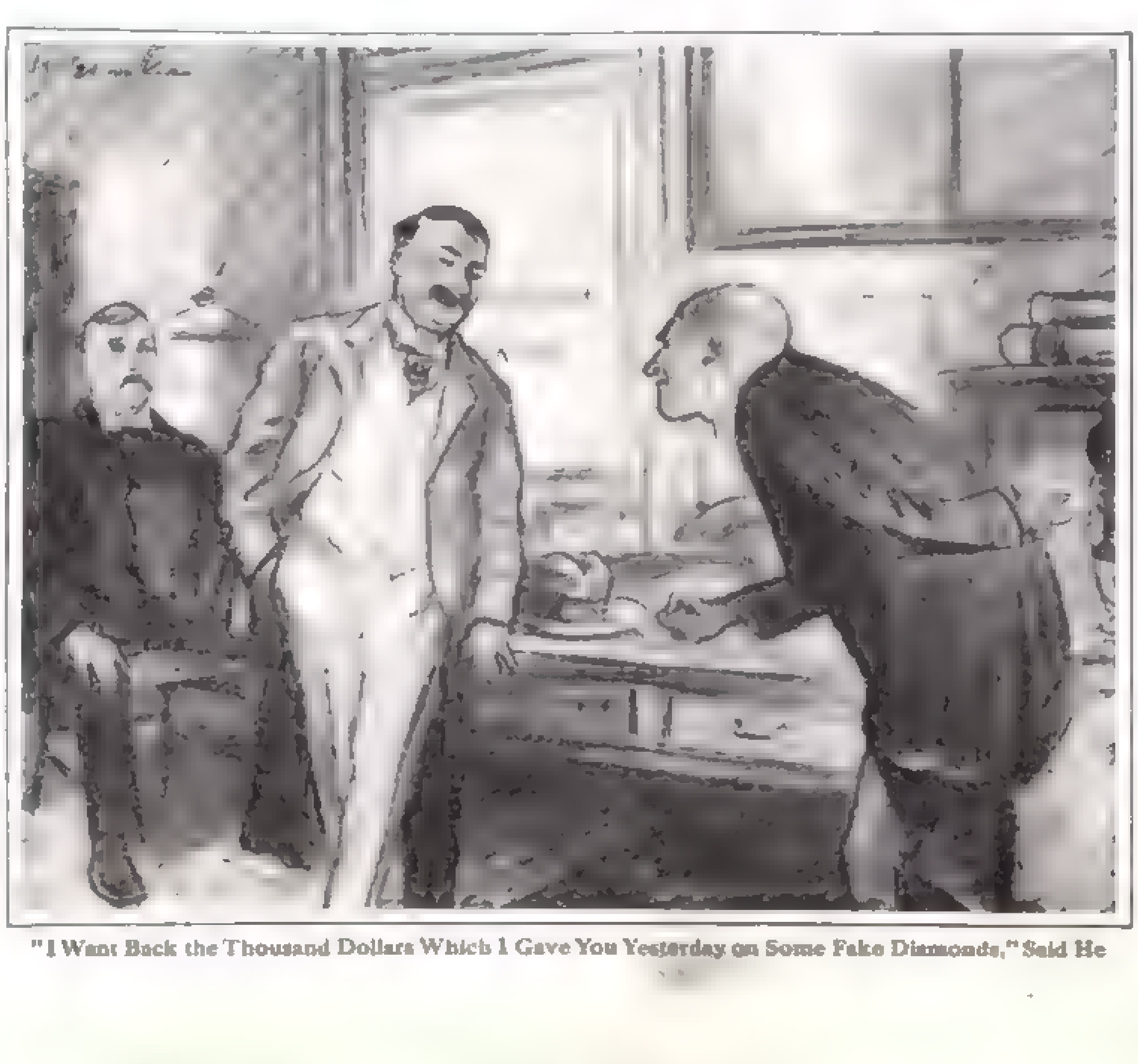
SO I WAS back in Seattle, with a little capital but with no job in sight and the town tight shut. Then I met Baum who, you remember, was Indian for the Stallings gold-brick team. He had a game which was then pretty new to this country, and entirely new to the Pacific Coast. A woman brought it over from Hungary.

You take a yellow diamond and treat it with a solution of anilin dye, and it becomes a pure, commercial white. The stuff sticks for two or three weeks. The only way to get it off immediately is to soak the diamond in alcohol. If you put it under a microscope you can see the little particles of the dyestuff. Otherwise, there is nothing by which the best expert can detect the fake. A little more anilin dye makes it a beautiful steel-blue. In a pinch, this change of color can be made by rubbing it with a common indelible pencil.

At that time, off-color, yellow diamonds were worth from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a carat, commercial whites a hundred, and good steel-blues a hundred and twenty-five. Baum and I would buy a stock of yellows, doctor them, and sell or soak them for seventy-five dollars a carat. The pawnbrokers bit like codfish. When they realized that they had twenty-five dollars the best of us on that transaction, they wanted to follow us out into the street and kiss us.

We began at Vancouver and streaked straight down the Pacific Coast, stinging three or four pawnbrokers in every large city, except San Francisco, which we left alone, and at least one in all the smaller cities like San Jose and Fresno. A trade journal printed remarks on the unprecedented demand for yellow diamonds on the Coast that fall

We struck a snag in one of the cities of Southern California. We had got so swelled up by success that we looked down on pawnbrokers; we were playing for bankers. We staked out an avaricious old sucker, whom we'll call Sylvester. He was president of a savings-bank.


"I Want Back the Thousand Dollars Which I Gave You Yesterday on Some Fake Diamonds," Said He

I called at his office with "commercial white" diamonds, worth, on the face of them, about sixteen hundred dollars, and a hard-luck story. I was a bookmaker who had gone broke on the San Francisco tracks and was making my way East. I had struck town with a sick wife, and I needed money right away. Here were her diamonds, worth sixteen hundred dollars. I wanted a thousand on them for a month. He sent them over to a jeweler in the next block. The jeweler reported that they were worth a little more than sixte hundred dollars. Sylvester gave me the thousand dollars; but he charged me a hundred and fifty dollars interest for a month's loan!

That afternoon we played for another jeweler who did a little pawnbroking on the side. He retired to his private office, came back after five minutes or so, and handed them back to us, saying that he didn't want to make so large a loan in a dry year.

That jeweler happened to be the only man on the Pacific Coast who ever heard about our game. While he was in his office he had put a glass on the diamonds and detected the specks. The trouble was that he was too blamed generous. He wrote a note to his competitor across the street, warning him of our game. His competitor remembered the diamonds which he had experted for Sylvester the day before. He beat it for the bank, tested our diamonds with alcohol and the glass, and broke the horrid news to the sucker.

The next morning the chief of police stepped up to me.

"I want to see you," said he.

"All right," said I, though forty shivers were running through my sides.

I knew, of course, that we had been caught. The chief took me straight to Sylvester. I thought Mr. Sucker would eat me up when I entered his office. But he got a grip on himself and dropped his voice to the low tone which people use when they are talking the real business.

"I want back the thousand dollars which I gave you yesterday on some fake diamonds," said he. I simply laughed at him.

"What for?" said I. "You aren't backing out, are you?"

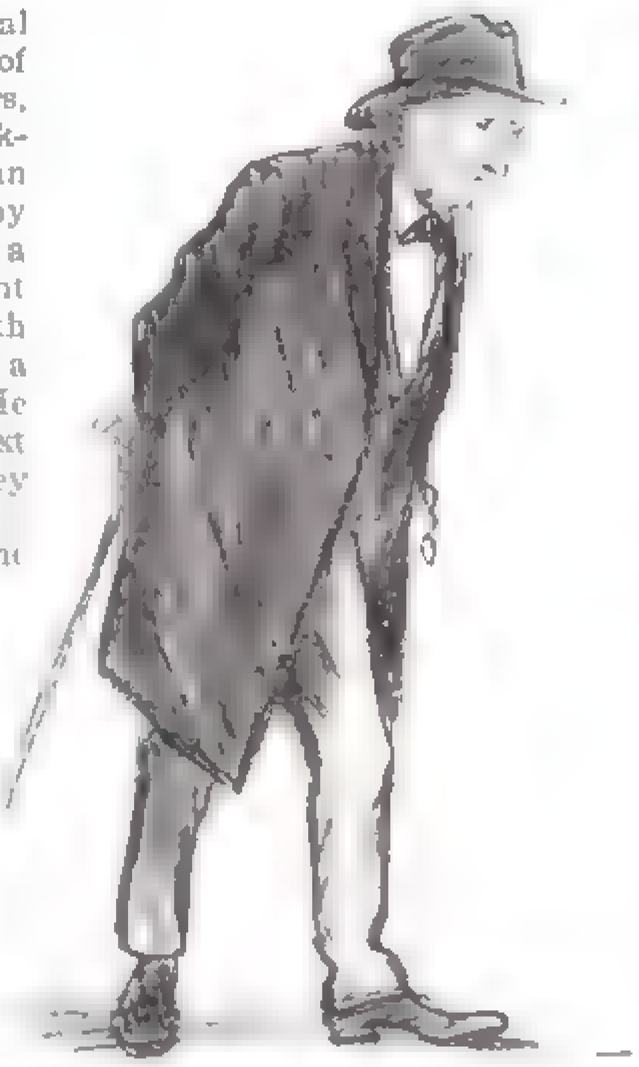
"You are an impudent rascal," said he. "Those diamonds are not worth a thousand dollars.

"Well, you had the opinion of the best jeweler in town that they were worth sixteen hundred," said I.

"He's changed his opinion, and you know it," said he. "Those are painted, yellow diamonds and worth no more than six hundred dollars.

"Well, suppose they aren't," said I, "didn't you take that risk when you got them experted?"

"I'll have no more of your impudence," said he. "You give me back that thousand dollars and take your diamonds, or you go to jail."


He Looked Very Good to Us

"I can't," said I; "I have made other use of the money." That was true. Baum and I had found a faro game the night before

All this time I was keeping my face straight and steady, and thinking like a dynamo inside. And as soon as I saw that he was more eager to get his money back than to put me in jail, I formed my plan.

"Will you give back that money or go to jail?" he said. I answered:

"Oh, you won't put me in jail."

"I will, in two minutes unless you give up that money."

"Now see here," said I, "we're both business men together. Let's have a little talk. It will do you no manner of good to put me in jail. My first visitors will be the reporters, and I always make it a point to favor the gentlemen of the press. It will look great, simply fine, in the papers. The president of the savings-bank is loaning his depositors' money on fake diamonds. The president of the savings-bank is charging a hundred and fifty dollars interest on the loan of a thousand for a month. I've got the loan slip to prove it. I won't be the star feature of the valuable reading articles in their publications," I said. "The star feature will be *you*."

I thought he'd explode. He yelled:

"Chief, take that man to jail!" And I swept out.

The chief was a good fellow. He said, as we got a car:

"If you did him, I'm glad of it, for he's robbed more widows and orphans than any other man in town."

"I guess that's about the straight of it," said I.

"Yes, you've got my sympathy—say, who are you, anyway, and where do you come from?" said he.

"Many thanks for your sympathy," said I, "but I don't want to pay for it too heavy. Call me Clarence Smith, of Duluth."

"I guess he's got you," said the chief.

"Oh, no," said I. "You will never see me through the bars this trip. There will be a telephone message waiting for you at the station." The chief only laughed at me.

Cutting it Out for Keeps

AT THE station the desk-sergeant asked:

"What is the prisoner's name?"

"Clarence Smith," said the chief. The sergeant entered my name and looked up like a man who remembers something suddenly, and said:

"Oh, Chief, I forgot. There's a telephone message in the office for you. Mr. Sylvester, of the savings-bank, wants you to be sure to call him up, right away!"

Five minutes later Baum and I were at the hotel.

As I got older I got to looking about me, and to remembering the finish of the grafters I had known. One or two had pulled out into business and done well. The rest had died drunks and hoboes, opium fiends, or convicts, or just cheap bums. And about that time I saw an opening into a legitimate business. I had left the road for a few days to attend to a small private transaction for a relative. Something that happened brought on an attack of sourball. Such things are rare with me; I have a pretty happy-go-lucky nature. I lay awake all one night in a little Iowa hotel, looking facts square in the face. Next morning, as soon as the office opened, I wired Louis:

"Get another spieler. Am cutting it out."

I took a train home to my family, and I have never grafted since. You may not believe me, but, whether this business turns out a fortune or a fizzle, I am never going to graft again.

But seeing as I'm trying to tell you the whole truth I've got to put in one thing more. Sometimes I see a stranger who looks like easy money. Sometimes a fellow, with good-thing printed all over him, struts into my hotel. Then the old feeling rises up under my vest and makes me itch to get at him. Perhaps I can make it clear to you in this way: You like hunting? You know your sensation when a buck steps out of cover and you lift your gun to cover him? Well, it's like that, only a hundred times stronger.

Editor's Note—This is the last of The Confessions of a Con Man.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1909

The Investor and the Tip

THE following little news item appeared in a financial paper early in February: "The Steel Corporation will make allotments of eighteen thousand shares of preferred and fifteen thousand shares of common stock to its employees, the preferred at 110 and the common at 50. The privilege of subscribing expired yesterday. The amount offered was largely oversubscribed."

Three weeks later, at the close of the week, an "open market" for steel products, with heavy cuts in prices, was announced. In that week some six hundred and fifty thousand shares of Steel stock were sold on the Exchange, the preferred declining four and the common seven dollars a share, both dropping below the above-mentioned subscription price. Whereupon, a Wall Street news agency remarks that, at the very beginning of the week, it accurately tipped off the forthcoming cut in steel prices, which announcement "was emphatically and repeatedly denied by other news services, the denials being echoed by nearly the entire press."

A fluctuation of 13 per cent in the value of a property within a week is surely of some moment to the investor in that property.

He would certainly prefer to buy his Steel stock at 46 rather than at 53; or, if he were realizing, to sell it at 53 instead of 46. But he must ever rest in a sad uncertainty of getting the right tip.

The number of stockholders in the Steel Corporation has substantially increased the last two years. It looks to us almost like a mathematical certainty that, as the number increases by the addition of small "outside" holders, the proportion of holders who are likely to get the right tip must decline. In short, when Steel shares are no longer used as counters in a vast game, we shall think better of them as a conservative investment.

The Indian on the Cent

NOTWITHSTANDING President Roosevelt's order, we earnestly hope that the head of the Indian will be retained on the one-cent piece—precisely because, as everybody now admits, it is not the head of an Indian at all.

"If my people are to be represented on the currency," writes a college graduate, who has been sojourning with relatives in Dakota ever since graduation, "it should be on the paper money, because there the Indian can be depicted as he is—with a brown, glazed straw hat, calico shirt, Prince Albert coat, moccasins and spats."

Obviously, however, nobody would stand for a real Indian like that. The image on the cent is really that of a nice young lady of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose fetching headgear of feathers was devised by a leading Boston milliner, and is fastened on, as microscopic examination will show, by nobby Alaska diamond hatpins. She is not only prettier than an Aborigine, but her views of the marriage relation are infinitely fitter to be associated with the coinage of a respectable nation. Thus the image on the cent really represents the romantic Red Man whom we admire and celebrate—a Red Man that never was

Our early forefathers rejoiced to see an Indian's head almost anywhere except on his shoulders. We mostly hated him and killed him so long as he had any power to interfere with us. If he had that power now we would be shooting him up with the utmost gusto

Sentiment about the Indian seems to us a trifle belated. But of sentiment for the Cambridge young lady in a chief's war bonnet we heartily approve.

Glimpses Behind the Bars

ONE boy of seventeen, slender and frail in appearance, was found chained to the iron wall of a dungeon. He explained that he didn't know much about digging coal, and the coal often caved in on him, so he had been able to get out only a little over two cars in a day, instead of the three cars which the prison authorities required of each convict; hence the chain and the dungeon—as a salutary incentive to become more expert in the digging of coal.

This is one of the gentler items in a long and gruesome prison report which has finally induced Oklahoma to stop farming out her convicts to Kansas. Under the farming system Oklahoma was spared the bother of looking after her own convicts and Kansas made a neat profit on them. So the arrangement looked satisfactory to everybody except the convicts.

Surely both Kansas and Oklahoma will assay very high in humanity and democracy—might fairly stand as banner States in general regard for the rights of man. This is why we mention the case. New York very recently was a bit aghast over a report on the criminal code as it relates to children. Chicago is agitated periodically by a discussion as to whether the primary object of the county jail is to enable the sheriff to make a fine profit on feeding the prisoners. From time to time comes word — not suitable to be read before breakfast—of conditions in some Southern convict camp, where the leasing system flourishes.

Lincoln's opinion that no man is good enough to govern another without the other's consent is pretty well borne out by the history of public institutions in which people are turned over, without recourse, to the control of men who have no personal interest in them

We have little hesitation in saying to any community that its institutional inmates are abused unless the community is making a business of seeing that they are not.

The Republican Mix-Up in Illinois

WE HAVE been hoping all winter to contribute a helpful word of advice, or at least of sympathy, to the Republican party of Illinois in its deep and protracted affliction. But any person who, with intentions of benevolent intervention, has watched a dog fight in which there were some half-dozen participants will appreciate that the difficulties confronting us have been fairly insuperable. The combatants, so to speak, lose all individuality and become a mere kaleidoscopic composite; there is never a moment when one can be entirely certain whether the ribs within reach are those of defensive innocence or aggressive guilt.

When in a comparatively pure state, we should explain, the Republican party of Illinois is composed of Deneen Republicans, Lorimer Republicans, the Federal crowd. Mayor Busse, of Chicago, and several minor ingredients But of late, owing to circumstances which we have never seen fully explained, it has become sadly adulterated with Roger Sullivan Democrats, Bryan Democrats, certain disintegrated particles of the Carter Harrison Democracy, and an opulent legacy of hate from the late gubernatorial campaign. When the legislature met, in December, the party, as thus constituted, earnestly addressed itself to the election of a United States Senator. To say the least, the result to this writing has not been happy. Just before going to press we wired a trustworthy correspondent for the latest developments.

"The uppermost party at this moment," he replied, "is wearing Billy Lorimer's vest and one of Roger Sullivan's shoes, but as his nose and an ear are gone I cannot be sure of identity."

The Gentle Art of Snobbery

WE GET rather tired of hearing of the bad influence upon colleges of rich men's sons.

"Learning is on the defensive among college men," the president of Princeton remarked the other day. Scholarship brings no distinction. All the distinction is for athletes or those with social advantages. The colleges are full of "snap" courses through which students may pleasantly idle for four years — with great applause, too, if they excel at football or pull a good oar

Such criticisms are familiar, and the condition which they describe with more or less accuracy does doubtless, meet the convenience of "loafers from the gold coast" — rich men's sons who, on the whole, prefer playing ball to studying Greek, and who have no particular motive for not following their inclination, since their future is secure, anyway

But it is foolish to lay the blame on the rich youths who are really a decided minority in every university. Every one is more or less familiar with the sociological fact that, for the joy of writing to the folks at home on the stationery of a hotel which is known to be patronized by members of the highest society, many thousands will cheerfully pay extortionate prices for cramped quarters, ordinary food and indifferent service. But the blame doesn't rest with the society persons. It rests with the snob who yearns to be near them

If rich youths have too great a share in fixing the conditions of college life, the fault isn't theirs. No one, not even a university, has to be a snob simply because he is invited to. The choice is in his own hands

The Rage to Print

UP TO 1907 the Government Printing-Office had turned out nearly ten thousand tons of literature which nobody would take as a gift. That vast quantity of surplus volumes was discovered in storage at Washington by the Printing Investigation Committee, and the committee condemned some three million volumes to sale as waste after vainly offering them to eight thousand public libraries The committee's intervention saved the printing of nearly three hundred million pages in 1907 which would otherwise have gone to swell the rubbish heap or provide bargains for the junk man

From 1840 to 1905 printing-office expenditures rose from two hundred thousand to seven million dollars. Since then there has been a decrease, and the grosser waste has now been stopped. Yet it appears that, since 1840, there have been twenty-one investigations of public printing by Congressional or Executive order. Conditions which this latest one disclosed show how much net good the preceding ones accomplished.

The saving as a result of this investigation is estimated at more than two and a half million dollars for last year.

That sum may be ten or fifteen or only five per cent of the amount annually wasted in printing in the United States, where a totally erroneous notion as to the virtue of the printed page is sadly prevalent. A yearning to see one's piece in print is one of the least eradicable of human weaknesses

Our institutions of higher learning, like the Government Printing-Office, publish much that is of the highest value. Also, as a whole, they produce much barren literature which should never get beyond the typewriter stage. The charitable, scientific or other society which does not print its honored president's annual report for the purpose of distributing it to people who couldn't be hired to read it is an exception.

Flapdoodle About the Fleet

FROM the cabled report of Ambassador Reid's speech upon the return of the battle fleet we select the following characteristic excerpts: "In the whole history of our navy it has never spoken in more thrilling tones than it has this day. . . . When those much-traveled battleships saluted President Roosevelt today the thunder of their guns was another shot heard around the world."

Now this, from the beginning, was the principal objection to the voyage of the fleet—it was bound to be made the occasion of a depressing lot of flapdoodle.

The fleet sailed around the world without getting wrecked or lost, thereby performing a feat which almost any seaworthy craft would undertake. The flapdoodle simply raises a presumption that the fleet wasn't really expected to accomplish this feat.

Freezing Out the Farmers

IN FIVE weeks, recently, May wheat at Chicago advanced ten cents a bushel, and was then twenty-two cents a bushel higher than at the corresponding period of last year This fine rise was due largely to the powerful intervention of a big operator on the Board of Trade who had secured practical control of "May" by purchasing some twenty or twenty-five million bushels of that option.

One might suppose that a rise of nearly ten per cent in the price of a staple commodity, lifting it to a level twenty-two per cent above that of last year, would bring joy to the producers of that commodity, no matter by what means the rise was brought about.

But, alas, in the five weeks, while the price was going up ten cents a bushel, the receipts of actual wheat at Chicago were only four hundred and fifty-five thousand bushels, and at all Western markets only twelve and a half million bushels. The producers, in short, had mostly sold their wheat before the rise began. Otherwise there would have been no rise.

The farmers, generally speaking, will have no more wheat to sell until after July, and while the May option was going up ten cents, the September option went up less than three cents.

The bull manipulation is poignantly significant to a number of persons who had the misfortune to be caught short of "May." To farmers it brings simply the dubious joy of reading about a feast to which they are not invited.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

And He Wears No Whiskers to Deceive You

The Art of Noiseless Speaking

DOWN in Show-Me Land they speak of him, with tears in their voices but none in their eyes, as Gum-Shoe Bill, but here in Washington we get a little closer to the march of progress and call him Rubber-Tired William.

It used to be said of the late Senator Allison, of Iowa, that if somebody would build a piano keyboard from the Capital to Dubuque, Allison could walk all the way out on the keys and never strike a note. But Mr. Allison had nothing on Rubber-Tired William. He could walk all the way from Washington to Jefferson City on an omelet soufflé and never dent the froth. The one thing Senator Stone cannot abide is noise. This playing politics with a brass-band accompaniment may suit others, and does, apparently, but not for Stone. S-s-s-h-h, for him—silence, but get the votes.

And he gets them. Last fall he fought it out with Joseph W. Folk for the primary nomination for Senator—fought it out to a finish that was so close that it was hard to tell, for a time, whether the gum shoe or the megaphone was rampant; but in the end the gum shoe won, the soft pedal predominated, the rubber tires made the other side tired. It was not so wide as the Eads Bridge nor so deep as the Log Cabin Club, as Mercutio says, but it was enough.

Thus, William Joel Stone is returned for another term as Senator from Missouri, returned to continue his marvelous art of noiseless speaking, to practice his famous specialty of elocution without either sound or fury. We have in the Senate many orators who can calliope through their paragraphs, and do; who emit loud cries, and who chase up and down the gamut of noise with heavy tread; but we have only one orator who orates without any perceptible disturbance of the atmosphere or any visible or audible exhibition of his declamatory powers except the occasional moistening of his lips, and he wears no whiskers to deceive you.

A hoarse whisper is a screech for Stone, a sibilant hiss, a loud and orotund pronouncement. "Mr. President," he says, and trails off into a "whisp-sp-sp-sp-sh-sh-ush-sh-h." "Mr. Pres-sh-sh-sh sish-sish-sh-sh-ssh shis-s-s-s-s-s." And John Kean, sitting over on the other side, rises and says: "Mr. President, I am listening intently, but I cannot hear the Senator from Missouri." Whereat the Senator from Missouri smiles genially at John Kean and continues: "S-h-s-s-h s-h-s-s-h s-s-s-s-s-s-ish-ish-s-u-s-h h h."

There was that time, last May, when, after Senator LaFollette had contributed nineteen pounds of speech to the filibuster against the Aldrich Currency Bill, in eighteen hours—a trifle more than a pound an hour, which is going some, even for the Senator from Wisconsin—and had retired with the proud consciousness of a duty well pronounced, and full of milk shake, Senator Stone, rising negligently from his desk, whispered amiably: "Mr. President——"

"I desire to discuss the conference report," he said to himself.

"I have not yielded the floor," replied Senator Aldrich tartly, who had been sitting there all night listening to Mr. LaFollette's few extemporaneous remarks.

"Parliamentary inquiry," whispered Stone.

The Imperturbable Whisperer

WELL, Stone got the floor, but he hadn't been going a minute before Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, the former Black Eagle of Fergus Falls, but now of St. Paul or Minneapolis, or both, remarked: "We cannot hear the Senator. I trust he will speak a little louder."

Mr. Stone appeared amazed. "The impression seems to have gone forth ——" he obscured.

"I have no doubt the Senator is saying something important," put in Senator Scott, of West Virginia, "but we cannot hear it."

Bestowing a kindly smile on Scotty, Stone again took up the whisper of his discourse. And he rambled—didn't he ramble—for six long hours, never once saying a word that could be heard five feet from where he stood.

There were cries of "Louder!" and many interruptions. Through it all Stone whispered imperturbably. According to Senate procedure, when a Senator desires to interrupt a Senator who has the floor the Senator who is speaking must yield, else he can continue on the floor as long as he chooses. Thus inquiries from the Vice-President: "Does the Senator yield?" became very frequent, and Stone, looking beneficently at his colleagues, said: "Let it be understood that the Senator from Missouri yields to everybody at all times."

He read editorial articles from various newspapers, or the Record says he read them, but nobody heard him. All the Senate got out of it was the picture of a tall, thin man standing by his desk and occasionally moving his right hand in a little gesture. After the editorial articles he switched to reports of hearings on the Currency Bill then before the Senate and read interminably, while the weary Senate chafed and protested.

Finally he paused. "Does the Chair understand the Senator from Missouri has yielded the floor?" snapped the presiding officer. "Not yet," whispered Stone. "I have some important matters that I desire to place in the Record." He held up a bunch of papers, and the sleepy Senate cursed and settled back. The sleepy Senate did not know what was coming. "I hold in my hand," said Stone, "some consular reports concerning the monetary systems of foreign countries that seem very pertinent to this discussion. I shall read them."

He read them. He read long, involved, detailed reports on the financial system of the Argentine Republic, from time to time saying softly: "This is a very important historical statement. I will read it again so it will not be overlooked." He whispered through long reports about the financial systems of all Australasia, Bolivia, Brazil, Cape Colony, China, Hongkong, Denmark, India, Japan, Persia, Peru, Portugal, and some other places, interrupted, from time to time, by complaints that he was not speaking so anybody could hear him, and delayed by a lecture from Senator Gallinger and another from Senator Hale and one from Foraker about the outrage.

"It would be very unfortunate if we permitted matter to get into the Record that we cannot hear because the Senator is whispering a speech," stormed Gallinger.

"Ah, Mr. President," said Stone, beaming on Gallinger, "if I am using language that ought not to go into the Record it seems to me that I am doing a very proper thing to whisper it, to speak it with bated breath."

And then he went on. There was six hours of it, the long-distance record for continuous whispering anywhere in the known world, for not once did he raise his voice to an ordinary conversational pitch, not once did he say anything that could be heard five feet from where he stood. It was fun, of course, and part of the LaFollette filibuster, but it got nowhere except to cinch Rubber-Tired William's reputation for silence, for after he had finished and Senator Gore had made his speech, Senator Aldrich grabbed the floor and the conference report was adopted.

That was not needed to establish the Senator's fame as a confidential conversationalist, but it served to solidify it. Any man who can whisper for six hours while a lot of Senators with wilted collars and heavy eyes, who have been up all a long, hot night listening to a speech that is merely words strung together for the purpose of holding them there, are yelling at him to quit, deserves all medals and all the fame that may come from the performance. And the joke of it is, he is there, at this moment, waiting to repeat if necessary, for the world at large does not contain his equal.

Stone is on several important committees in the Senate, including Cuban Relations, Commerce and Indian Affairs. He is popular with his colleagues and has a great deal of influence, even if he does not make much noise. He was in the House of Representatives for three terms from Missouri, and Governor of that State from 1893 to 1897. He was born in Kentucky, but went to Missouri when he was a child.

He has whispered his way up through the wrack of Missouri politics until he has a commanding place in that State. His fight for reëlection to the Senate was the hardest he ever had, but he won it, which is what he went into it for. He is tall and thin and hawk-faced and silent. If he had to turn in a fire alarm he'd whisper it.

Rubber-tired? Sure! Sound-proofed in every direction. Language, you know, was made to conceal thought, and going one step further, Senator Stone's abiding thought is to conceal his language.

Private Allen's War Record

WHEN "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, and Colonel John R. Fellows, of New York, were in Congress together they were continually twitting one another about their respective war records.

"I know this man Fellows perfectly," said Allen, at a dinner one night. "He was born in York State and went South before the war with a Bible, a schoolbook and a bridle. He hoped to be able to get a place to preach, but, failing that, he thought he would teach school, and, failing that, he had determined to steal a horse and ride back North.

"He did get a place teaching school in Arkansas, and while he was there the war broke out. Learning that a large number of Southern troops were about to start North, with a commissary attached, he enlisted. He was captured and taken to a Northern prison.

"Three separate and distinct times our exchange officer, Colonel Hatch, made all arrangements to exchange him, but each time he refused to be exchanged or even to budge from his prison, remaining, fat and contented, in captivity until the war was over."

"It is true," replied Colonel Fellows, "that Colonel Hatch tried to effect an exchange for me three separate times, but I was a poor man and could not meet the Colonel's terms.

"But, referring to 'Private' John Allen, I will say that he served in the war and was captured. After a brief experience the Yankees turned him loose, saying they would rather fight him than feed him. Now, it is not meet for me to speculate on the processes of a man's mind. I do not care to go into motives, but, after years of thinking on the reason why Mr. Allen advertises himself as 'Private' John Allen, I am as far as ever from a satisfactory explanation as to why any man should be proud of the fact that he was the only man among six hundred thousand men who was unfit for promotion."

The Closed Season for Ice

IN THE summer of 1900 when J. W. McLoud had a party of surveyors working through the State of Arkansas, surveying and locating his Midland Valley road, the surveying corps stopped at a farmhouse and shouted for the farmer.

The Arkansan came out and the surveyors asked him if they could get a drink.

"Certainly, boys," he said; "I'll give you the best I've got, and the best I've got is buttermilk."

"That will be fine," the surveyors said, and the old farmer gave each of the gang a glass of buttermilk.

"It's mighty good," said one of the surveyors to McLoud.

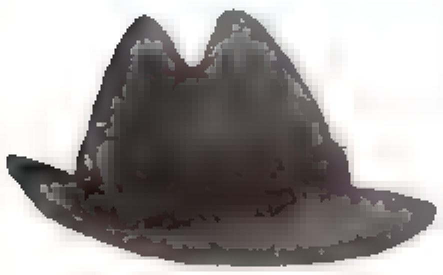
"Yes, indeed," McLoud replied, "but it would be better if we had some ice to put in it."

Turning to the farmer, McLoud said: "Have you any ice?"

"Ice!" shouted the farmer, tugging at his whiskers. "Ice! Who in blazes ever heard of ice in July?"

These styles and many others can be obtained of the dealers here mentioned.

IS YOUR DEALER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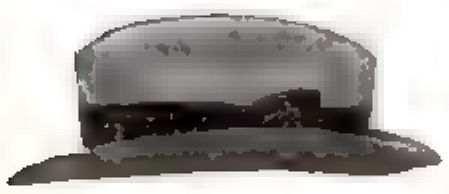
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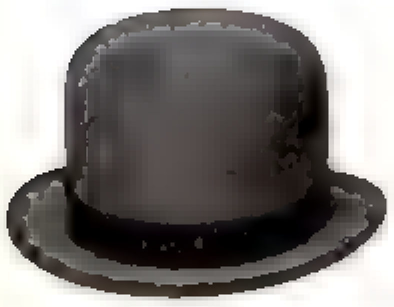
HIGH SPEED

FELTAT

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Antwine-McGuire & DeShazo
J. M. Hayes Co., Jasper
Langan Hat Co., Mobile
Simon & Simon, Montgomery
Brown Stone Co.
North Birmingham
H. Lilienthal & Co., Selma

ALASKA
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Chas. Goldstein, Juneau
A. L. Levy & Co., Valdez

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Scott & Thornton, Douglas
Babbitt Bros., Flagstaff
Old Dominion Com. Co., Globe
P. A. Tharaldson, Phoenix
Bashford-Burmister Co., Prescott
Armstrong & Co., Tucson

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J. L. Mitchell & Co., Fayetteville
W. A. Johnson Clo. Co., Ft. Smith
Patterson & Co., Hope
Gans Clo. Co., Little Rock
Isaac Dreyfus Co., Pine Bluff
Brewer & Sanderson Co., Texarkana

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N. J. Cohen, Auburn
Herbert Jones, Berkeley
Mountain Com. Co., Campo
Max, The Clothier, Colton
J. Lowenthal, Eureka
Arthur McAtee, Fresno
E. B. Prettyman
McCourt & Newport, Hanford
King L. Kendal, Holtville
The Mercantile Co., Long Beach
Manhattan Clo. Co., Los Angeles
Pacific Outfitting Co., "
Powell Bros., Marysville
O. M. Oliver, Merced
Dozier & Leiter, Modesto
S. Charmak, Monterey
A. L. Voorhees, Napa
Miller Clothing Emporium,
Nevada City
Phillips & Tough, Petaluma
Albert Shatsky, Placerville
W. S. McRacken, Point Richmond
Booth-Vaughn & Sons, Pomona
R. M. Norvell, Red Bluff
Craddock & Norton, Redding
Fabian Fisher
McCormick Saeltzer Co.,
Geo. N. Reynolds, Riverside
Albert Elkus, Sacramento
Hale Bros., Inc., "
The Hub, San Bernardino
Price & Price, San Diego
W. H. Dodd, San Francisco
The Hastings Clo. Co.
LaTouche Stott Hat Co.,
Ellis Lewis,
Nichibei Bussan Co.
San Jacinto Merc. Co., San Jacinto
K. Green, San Luis Obispo
David Jonas, Santa Cruz
Keegan Bros., Santa Rosa
M. S. Arndt & Co., Stockton
M. G. Denton & Bro.,
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The Felter Clo. Co., Canon City
Evans & Gorton, Colorado Springs
The May Co.,
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., Denver
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O'Brien Hat Store,
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Morris Freedman, Naugatuck
Tate & Neilan, New London
J. C. McPherson, Norwich
The Finnegan-Phillips Co.,
Waterbury

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Frank O'Donnell, Wilmington

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Jacksonville
The Stuart Bernstein Co.,
J. Hubbard Cheatham, Miami
The John White Store, Pensacola
Elgin B. Davis, Tampa
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Woolf Bros.
Ramon Sierra & Sons, Ybor City

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A. E. Marcus, Atlanta
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M. Marcus & Bro.
A. C. Chancellor Co., Columbus
Fe. Cohn
Fitzgerald Haberdasher Co.
Fitzgerald
Taylor Jacobs Co., Macon
M. Dryfus, Savannah
J. C. Oliver, Statesboro
Converse Bros., Valdosta

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Thomas Davis, Genesee
Samuel & Murphy, Idaho Falls
Midvale Merc. Co., Midvale
David & Ely Co., Moscow
Moss Merc. Co., Lt'd., Payette
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O. A. Stalker, Twin Falls
Marcus Cohen, Wallace

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The Fair, Chicago
Ike S. Levin, Danville
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A. J. Kuchemau, Moline
Schipper & Block, Peoria
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Obermiller Bros., Sterling
Scharfenberg Bros., Streator
Storz & Thomson, Waukegan

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Shields Clo. Co., Ft. Wayne
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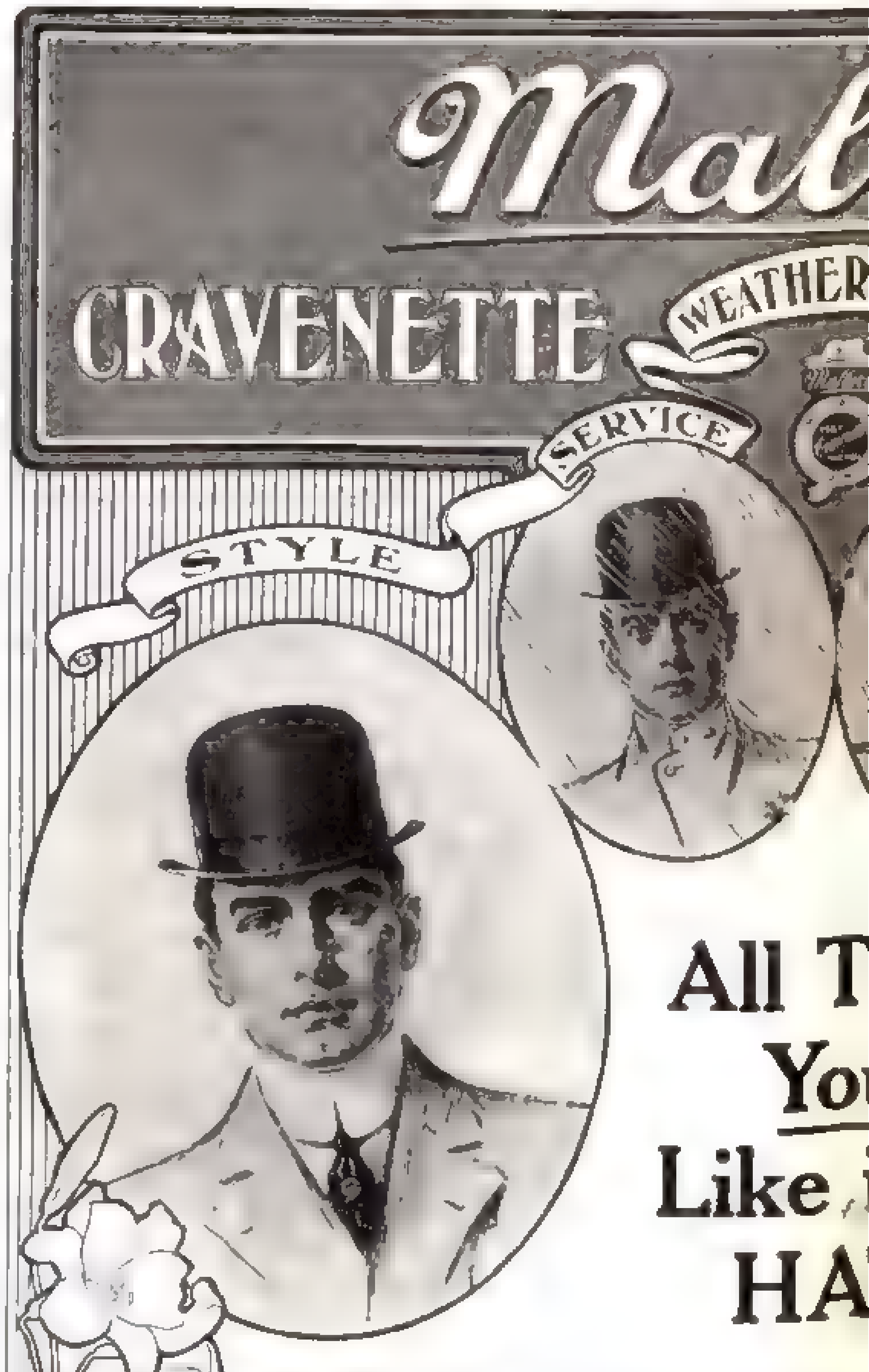

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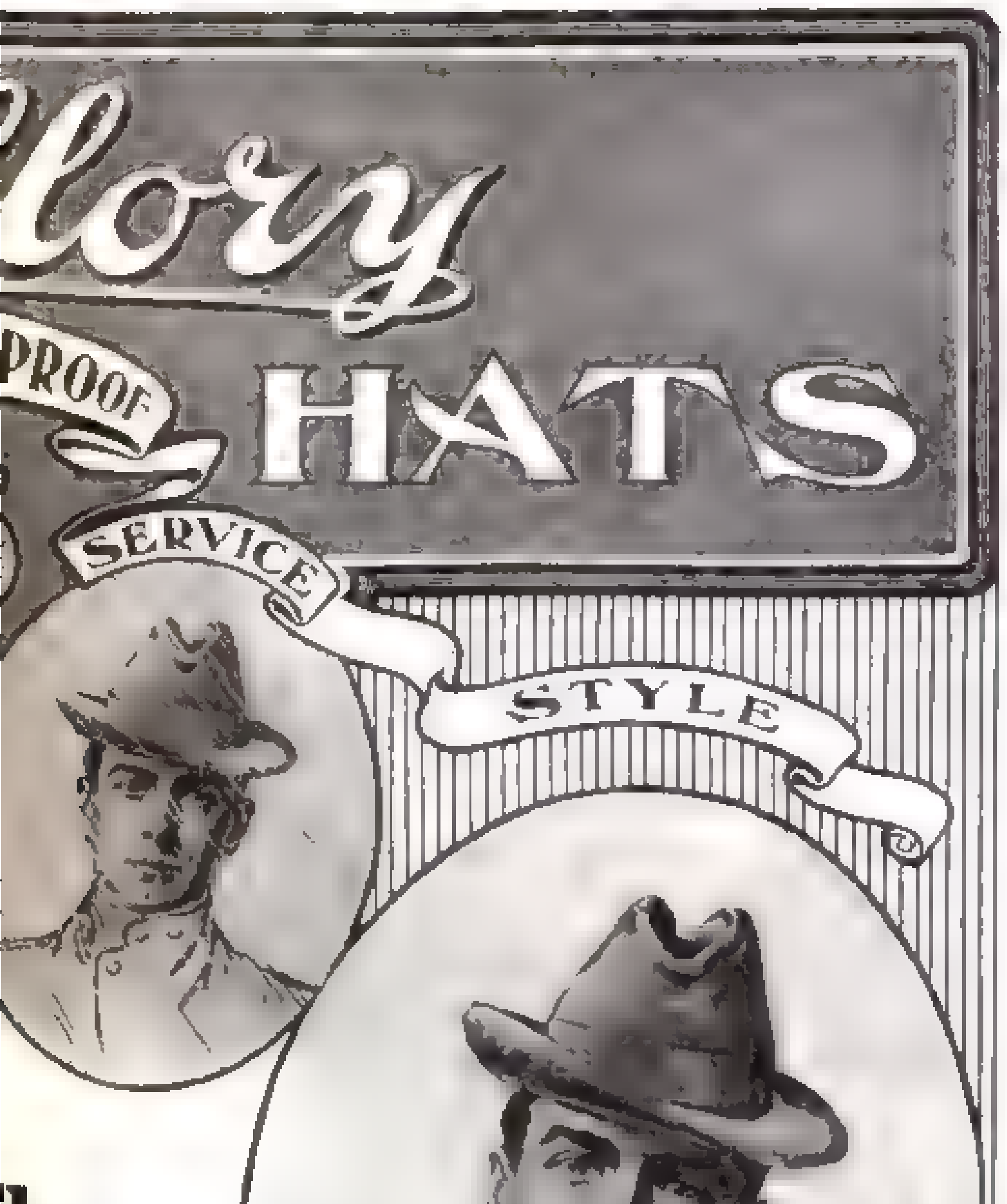

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Write for THE HATMAN

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WHO'S THE BEST BOSS?

(Concluded from Page 10)

Within an hour Mr. Hill had opened negotiations which resulted a little later in his discharged employee being appointed one of the vice-presidents of an important Eastern railroad system.

Another man, now serving as an executive officer in a large Chicago corporation, went to St. Paul to fill a place very close to the supreme head of the Great Northern system. As a protection against the sudden changes of climate common in that region he insisted on a contract for one year at a fixed and very handsome salary. For several months the sun shone brightly. The new man was doing a lot of interesting and important work, and Mr. Hill had had no visible or audible fault to find with him. Then, one morning, no unfinished business was put on his desk for handling; the other officials with whom he was accustomed to work shook their heads when he asked for an explanation. He put himself in the way of his chief, but apparently he had become invisible. Thereafter, until his contract expired, he sat each day during business hours at his desk, drawing his salary regularly, but cut off entirely from any participation in the business.

Unjust and cruel as such methods must seem to outsiders, the fact remains that an astonishingly large proportion of the managing railroad men of the United States have been turned out from "Jim" Hill's sometimes abrupt training school. No system of paper reports, no matter how exact or how complicated, has ever been devised which begins to equal the small, gray eye of the master of the Great Northern in detecting latent ability beneath the blue denim jumper of a section hand or baggage handler. The ambitious young fellow who is twisting brakes or firing an engine on the Great Northern feels that a man who wields absolute power and who is as quick as a flash to recognise and reward unusual merit is always watching him. The merits of the rough-and-ready Hill method of selecting and handling employees are also recognized by other railroad men all over the United States. The most potent credential an applicant for a railroad position can show is a record of service on the Great Northern.

A few years ago a young engineer, named Eagan, went out into the mountains to locate a new line for the Great Northern through to the coast. Eagan was a man after Mr. Hill's own heart, blunt, straightforward and fearless. He drove his work all through one of the worst winters ever known in the mountains. Already the great fight with Harriman was beginning, and Eagan represented the Great Northern on the firing-line. One day he was cut off from his men and became lost in a terrible blizzard. Hill made Titanic efforts to find him before it was too late. But Eagan lost his life. His body was finally found buried under a great drift. And from that day everything that could be humanly done to make up the loss to the engineer's family has been done by the master of the Great Northern. That sort of thing goes far toward creating a splendid spirit of loyalty in all the survivors.

On the other hand, and pointing in the opposite direction, is the story of an important official of the Great Northern, who complained to Mr. Hill that his health was being broken down by overwork.

"Very well," the president answered, in substance. "Get into touch as soon as possible with the best man you can find to do your work. Then see me again."

The official had a friend in the East who, in ability and by training, seemed competent to make a first-class assistant in his office. At Mr. Hill's suggestion the friend was brought to St. Paul for a conference. The official took the Easterner down to have a talk with the chief. He, himself, returned to his own office to wait the result of the conference, feeling certain that he would shortly be given a long leave of absence. But when the newcomer returned he brought with him a folded sheet of paper, announcing his appointment to succeed the official and the dismissal of the latter

As for the effect of such a policy on the fortunes of the road itself, the fact that the Great Northern, with no land grant behind it, has never missed a dividend and has gone straight on increasing its mileage and its sphere of influence, while the other, heavily-subsidized, transcontinental roads have gone down in crash after crash, would seem to leave small room for argument.

James J. Hill has retired from the presidency of the road and from its active management—so far as retirement is possible to a man of his force and vitality—but his son, Louis, who succeeds him as president, is following, so the railroad men say, his father's methods in dealing with the thousands of employees who work for the Great Northern system.

Mr. Harriman and his minor colleagues in the new school of corporation managers act on no such apparently sudden fits of impulse. They do not attempt any general personal acquaintance with subordinate officials. So far as possible they do attempt to eliminate the personal factor from the equation. They divide up their great businesses into distinct departments and deal with them rather than with individuals -the head of each being held responsible for results in the domain under his charge. Where Mr. Hill would not hesitate to personally discharge a section hand or raise the wages of a night watchman, the Harriman school deals with departments as a whole, and the surpassing abilities of young Jones, who is running a freight engine on the Ogden division, are hardly to be recognized in the little row of figures at the bottom of the motive power report.

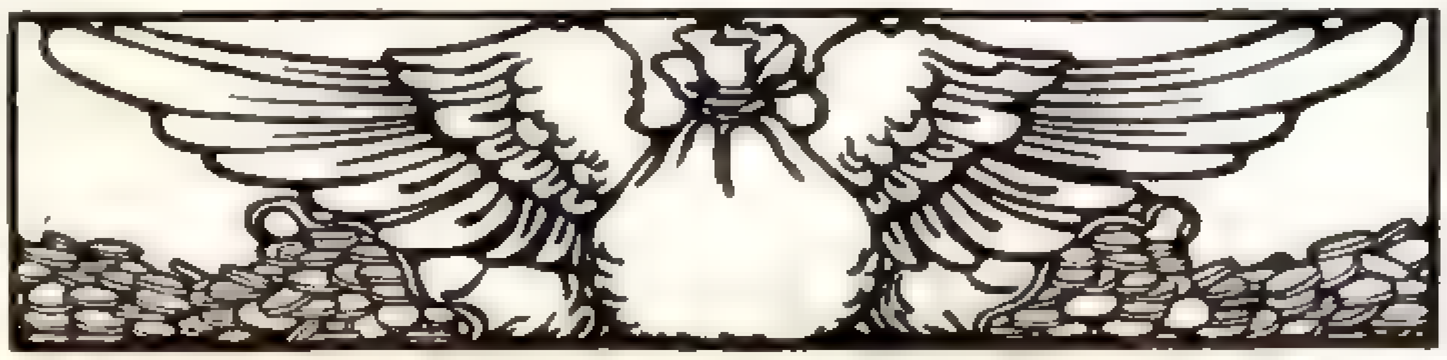
No doubt the Harriman decisions are just as sudden and quite as autocratic when they are finally made, but they do not affect Jones and Briggs and O'Brien except as they may mean a change in their superiors. Where to the rank and file Harriman remains a mysterious and distant, if all powerful, god in the machine, Hill is a very real and potent person, likely to come in at any unexpected moment with a big bag of money or a sharp lash.

Characteristic of the Harriman system of management is the establishment at Omaha of one of the largest chemical laboratories in the world. Here work, under the direction of a single chief, something like eighty anonymous young scientists. They are busied almost entirely with the analysis and testing of steel. Every time the Harriman roads buy rails they put some of the steel through their test-tubes and retorts. And, based entirely on the little slips of paper which are signed by their chief, purchases aggregating more than fifty millions of dollars in a single year have been made.

In somewhat the same way the modern manager puts his men to a test as nearly scientific and exact as human nature will permit. And when once a man has been selected for an important post under this system he is fairly likely to stick. Sudden and numerous changes are less likely to occur. When they are made it is possible to show a statistically correct reason.

The trouble with the first system is that, under its workings, it requires nothing less than a genius to maintain an effective organization and successfully manage a large business. The second tends always to become wooden and bureaucratic; to reduce men to a long row of ciphers attached to a few more or less conspicuous numerals.

The professional executive of the immediate future will keep the reports from the heads of departments and will largely be guided by them. But he will supplement these reports by some system of giving every employee an opportunity to show his individual ability.



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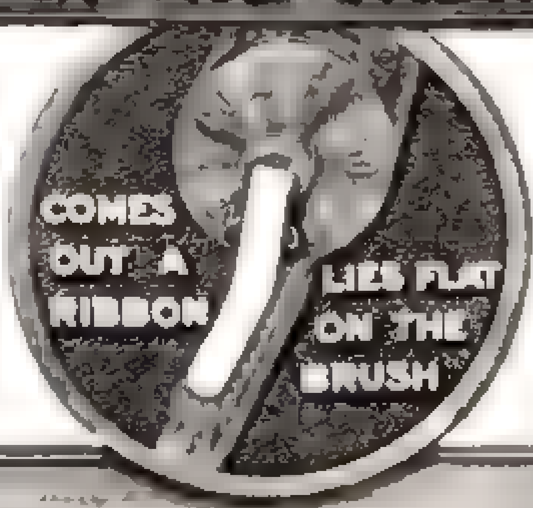

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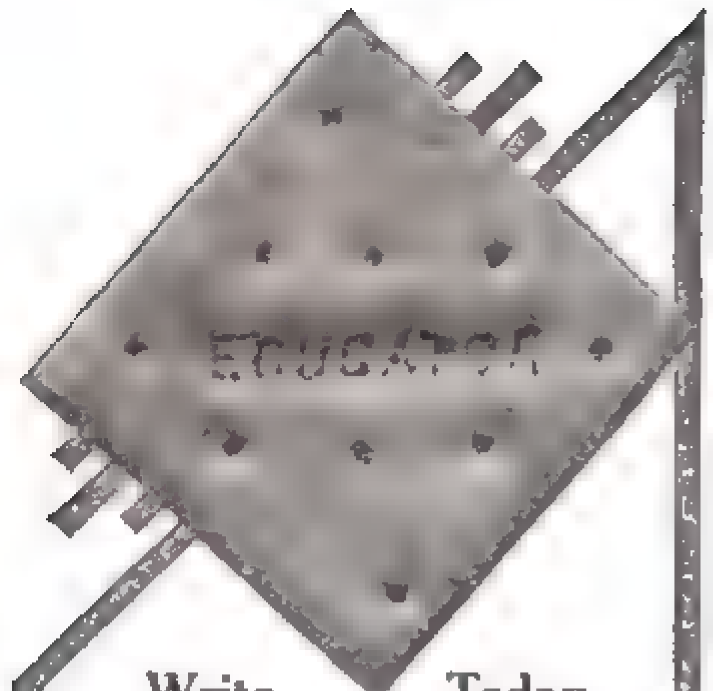

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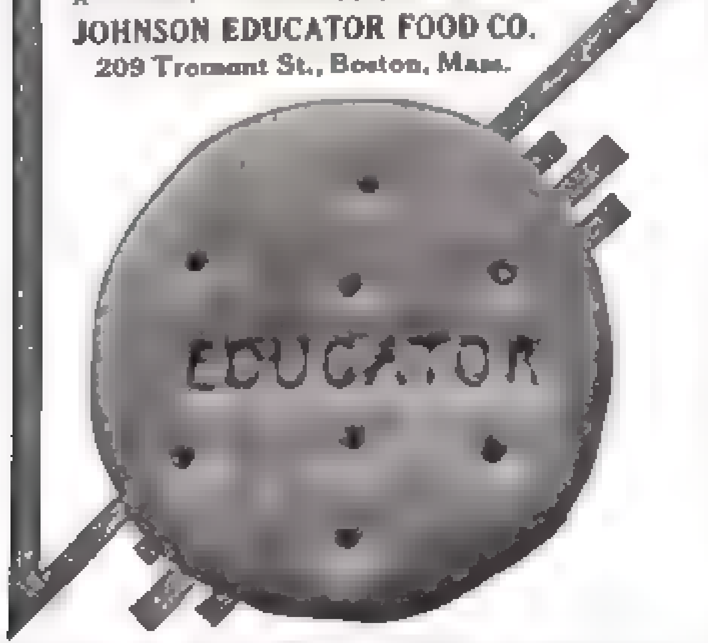

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THRIFT

Keeping Tab on the Earnings

A BOOKKEEPER'S plan of saving has been based, for ten years, on his increases in salary. At twenty-two he was earning $18 a week. He set aside $3 every week as a fund that would cover not only savings, but was a "sickness and health fund" as well. Working indoors, the way to avoid sickness was to keep well. Part of the fund went to pay for membership in the Y. M. C. A., where he worked systematically in the gymnasium. Vacations were another item in health. By saving an extra dollar weekly for two months before vacation time, adding this to his salary for the two recreation weeks, and drawing moderately on the savings fund, he paid for a real vacation off in the woods that yielded big returns in health and working energy.

About the time he got back from Colorado or New Brunswick it was his practice to think about an increase in salary in January. The boss ought to add a dollar a week, anyway. If he did, the bookkeeper bound himself to save half. But suppose the boss could be led to make it $2? That would be anticipating the following year's logical increase of pay. If he got that second dollar he could afford to save it all for a year, couldn't he?

The only thing to be done in those circumstances was to induce the boss to make it $2. So, after his vacation, while he was full of health and ginger, this bookkeeper took the boss into partnership and set out to earn the desired increase by saving his employer money. That was a growing business. Every fall its last winter's jacket became a little too tight, in the accounting sense. More work had to be done in the office, more supplies bought, and so forth. That meant more expense. The bookkeeper always found some way to make the old jacket last through the winter. He might have saved by staying down nights and getting to the office an hour earlier in the morning. But that wasn't his way. If anything, he went home a half-hour earlier and worked up some scheme whereby new detail could be handled with old by a simpler system, or simplified the method of handling some old work so a boy could attend to it, or a girl do twice as much. He devised economies in purchasing and effected other economies, and about Christmas the new "stunt" was showing up magnificently. The boss could hardly overlook it. He and the boss have always been friends, anyway, with the same tastes in play and work. When January came round it was never necessary to ask for more salary. The increase came without asking, and was usually a little more than his estimate.

The Ten Per Cent Plan

This bookkeeper is now thirty-two years old, and earns $45 a week. Every year since he was married, at twenty-five, he has saved a straight ten per cent of his salary, taking last year's salary as a basis. In addition he saves fifty cents of the first dollar increase this year, and all the increase over the first dollar. That saving on increase is adhered to one year only, however. Then the increase goes on to his regular salary, of which ten per cent is set aside, and it is up to him to hustle for another increase by saving some more money for the boss.

His net savings out of regular salary in ten years have exceeded $2000. The family gets vacation money out of this ten per cent, as he did when single, and part of it is invested in life insurance for their protection. Savings on the salary increases have run to another $1200, not counting interest. The boss now has the habit of raising his salary about $5 at a time, so his saving on this item is more than $200 a year. The bookkeeper says it was well worth while taking the trouble to teach the boss to do this, and well worth while working for a salary increase each year, not for the purpose of living in better style immediately, but to put into the bank as profit.

Two clerks opened a notion store in a small city, after talking it over two years. Dick had good mercantile ideas, he thought, while Henry was the penurious partner whose savings made two-thirds of their capital.

They disagreed the first year. Dick wanted to buy small lots even at higher prices, keep a wide range of stock moving, and sell some things below cost to draw trade. Henry, who kept the books, liked to dicker with drummers, get a low price on big lots, and charge straight percentages of profit. It did little good to show him that one article sold below cost as a means of selling five others at fifty per cent profit was better than forty per cent on the six. It just hurt Henry to hear people ask for the "leader." Dick assumed that a woman came downtown with $2 in change. Some thirty-cent article at eighteen cents would bring her into the store, and five or six other articles at regular profits got all her money. Henry wanted to sell her some big article for $2. Dick aimed to draw all the people who bought shrewdly because of slender means or economical ways, whereas the sort of customers Henry had in mind were people with too much money and very little sense. There were more of Dick's kind of customers than of Henry's, naturally, and Dick had about six chances of getting them to Henry's one.

A Good Bargain for Henry

They quarreled, and Henry sold out to Dick, taking notes for $2000 at six per cent on the stock of $2500. A good bargain — for Henry. Dick had never saved money. Turning stock three times a year on forty per cent profit, or four times on thirty-three per cent, he could make net profit not exceeding $1800, figuring fifteen per cent as cost of doing business. Out of that he had to live and pay Henry $120 interest. The first note for $500 came due in a year. The whole stock could hardly be turned more than four times, he thought, nor any profit added. Cost of doing business was already low. Some minor savings might be effected by closer scrutiny of credit accounts with customers.

Dick's sister-in-law, a dressmaker, had some savings in the bank at three per cent. He borrowed $500 of this at five per cent, insured his life for $1000 in her favor on a short-term policy as security, and put her money into a special department called the "mortgage-payer." Everything bought for the mortgage-payer was of seasonable character, cash purchases, taking discounts. The first $100 was put into merchandise to sell at absolute cost, the second $100 in goods to sell at cost plus store expenses, the third $100 to make five per cent net profit, the fourth $100 fifteen per cent net, and the last $100 twenty-five per cent net. Thus nearly half the goods were sold at prices so low that they would attract with no advertising, while each time the whole mortgage-payer turned stock it yielded a net profit of almost $50.

Ten Thousand Dollars Saved

Starting out with the determination of turning that department over every month, Dick actually turned it fifteen times the first year, with a total profit of nearly $700. This not only took care of his first note and paid interest to Henry and the sister-in-law, but reacted on regular stock, as advertising, to a degree that made it possible to turn over everything in the store five times that year, instead of four, at about twenty per cent net profit. Thus the extra turnover on regular stock yielded more than enough to pay the second note, and Dick took this up six months in advance.

During the second year Henry was paid off, the sister-in-law got her money back, and there was a snug surplus. This mortgage-payer's chief value, however, was in teaching Dick how to save. After working with it two years to make profits that he could not touch for his own use, it was a simple matter to continue the plan and set the profits aside as savings. Dick now has two stores with about $10,000 capital in both, and his savings invested outside the business aggregate $10,000 more.

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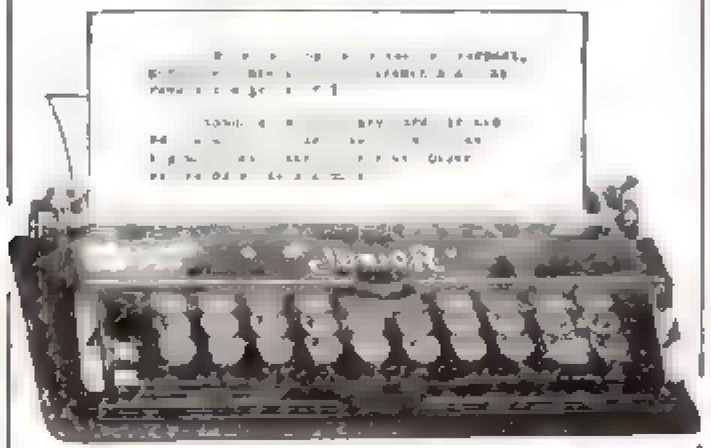

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How They Do Business in Turkey

(Continued from Page 7)

effects of which it took me a week to recover, and the memory of which has made me chary of accepting invitations to Turkish dinners ever since.

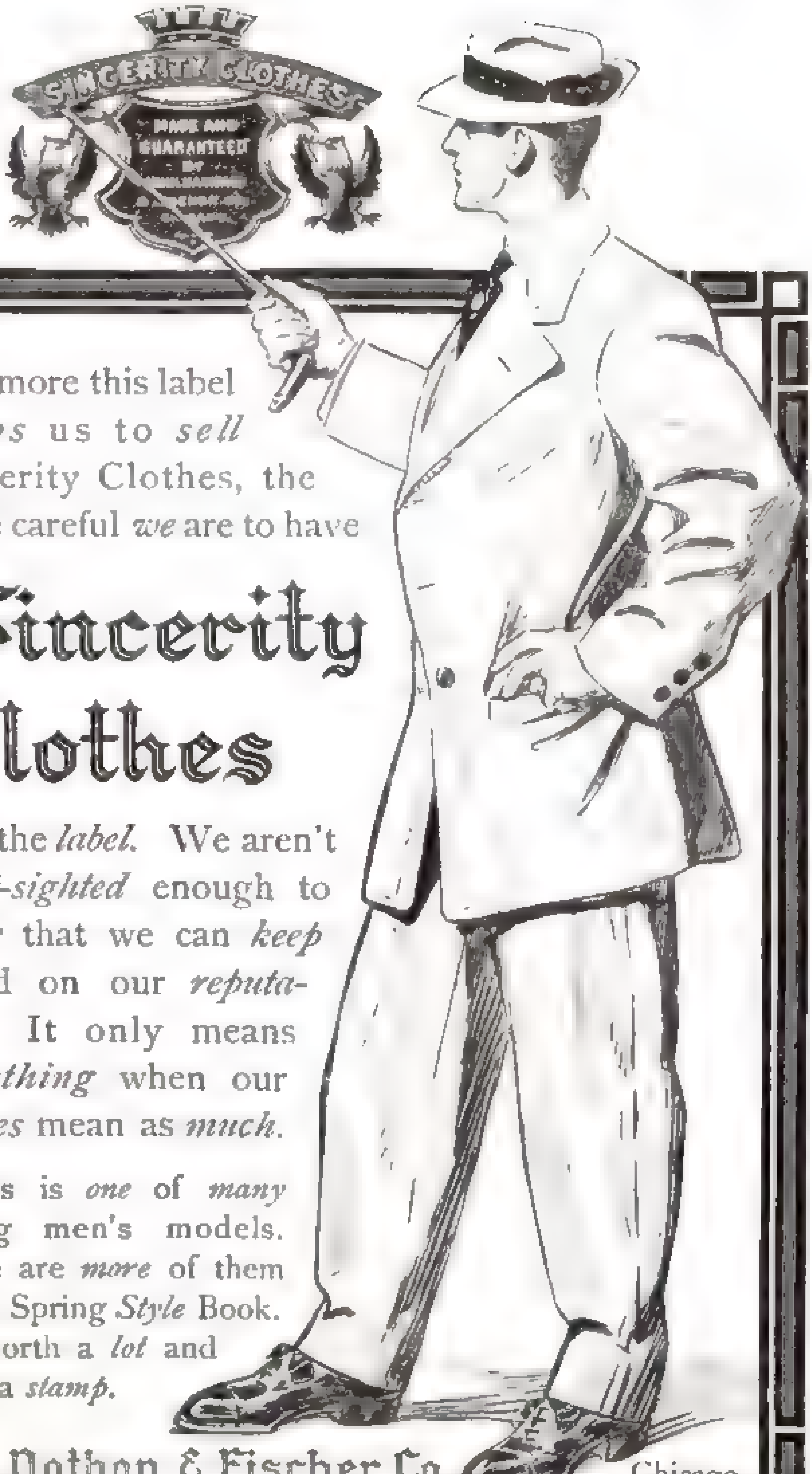
Last year an American concern decided to extend its operations into the Near East. Being at a loss for a suitable man to handle the Oriental trade they chose for the position — Goodness knows why! — a young man who, up to that time, had held the position of shipping clerk in the company's New York office. He had never been farther away from home than Jersey City. It was this youth, very lonely and very homesick, that the Messageries steamer dropped on a Turkish quay one morning. He had started out equipped with a limited letter of credit, an unlimited trust in Providence, and a thousand posters made originally for a bankrupt light-opera company, portraying a young woman in very abbreviated skirts crossing a muddy street. I verily believe he was the most wholly unsophisticated person that ever landed on that forsaken coast.

His first question was as to the whereabouts of the local Y. M. C. A. — an institution which the city in question did not boast. Then he asked for the Consulate. He had never sent a cablegram, he told me, had never drawn a draft and had never made out a bill of lading in his life. I did all three for him. Then I found him a dragoman of reasonable honesty, bought him a pith helmet and a revolver — although he insisted that he believed in moral suasion — had an Arabic inscription explaining the merits of his goods printed across the bottom of his operatic posters — and turned him loose. From time to time during the next six months returning travelers told me of the Broadway posters they had encountered pasted to the mud walls of Arab villages far in the interior. Then one day my friend came back. I had to look twice before I recognized him. He looked as hard and wiry as an Indian. His legs were encased in breeches and puttees, his helmet was tilted rakishly on the back of his head, he had grown a very creditable mustache, and a cigarette drooped from his lips as he talked. "Had enough of it?" I inquired. "I should say not," he answered. "I've only just begun. Came in to bank my money. Sold all my stuff and have cabled for five thousand cases more. Arabs can't get enough of it. It was the posters that did the trick." And, will you believe it, that boy had literally plastered all Western Asia with his outrageous pictures. Even the walls of the mosques were not immune. He had created a demand among the simple children of the desert for his pills which has not abated yet. He was the kind that made good. I wish for the sake of American commerce and American prestige that there were more like him out there in the East. I still smile when I think of him, with his big, loose-knit figure and his innocent, baby face trying to convince a grave-faced *mollah* that his pills spelled the sure road to Paradise.

Packing for the Camel

The European manufacturer not only recognizes and conforms to sectional and tribal predilections, but, in order that he may keep in constant touch with the fluctuations in native taste and fashion, he sends out representatives who, in addition to being experienced and energetic salesmen, are intimately acquainted with the languages, manners and customs of the East. These agents are fully supplied with samples and are authorized to extend such terms of credit as the merchants can meet.

A serious drawback to the introduction of American goods into Turkey is the fact that Turkish merchants buy nearly all goods on credit. European manufacturers, especially the Germans, grant long terms of credit, doing business on the principle of "nothing ventured, nothing gained." By means of local representatives and agents they have a better knowledge of the reliability and solvency of local dealers than would be possible for the American merchant who conducts his business wholly by mail. If an association of American manufacturers would establish agencies in the chief distributing centers of the Levant, a large amount would be saved in commissions, the question of terms of



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payment would be solved, and a vast and profitable market would be opened to our products in Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt and the Soudan.

If it is intended to secure a fair share of the business of these regions some concessions must be made on the part of American firms to get it. Superiority of goods will not alone influence the markets of Asia in our direction. Our exporters must conform to the requirements of the trade. Shipments for Turkey should be packed with regard to space rather than weight, so as to prevent excessive transportation charges; packing must be faultless to avoid damage in transit. It must be borne in mind that much of the interior transportation in Turkey is by camel and donkey, and goods should be boxed accordingly. Merchandise must at all times be as good as represented, and, considering the increased inconvenience caused by the longer distance of shipment and the unavoidable delay in receiving consignments from the United States, it is necessary to compete with Europe on the one other ground left to us, that of satisfactory terms of payment, and, in cases where the purchasers are trustworthy, to extend such credit as would be offered to substantial merchants and commission houses in any other land.

The Oriental Outlook

Generally speaking, the disposition of the American exporter to wait for the Oriental customer to come, and, if he does come, either in person or through the mails, uncompromisingly to dictate terms, does not promise satisfactory results. Oriental usages and tastes are entitled to consideration, and some catering to them is necessary if any business of importance is to be transacted and successfully continued. If we want the business of these people it must be assiduously sought and cultivated. It is our proud boast that we are the most progressive nation in the world, but in the matter of foreign trade our merchants and manufacturers stubbornly adhere to antiquated and inadequate methods which are rapidly alienating our Oriental customers and consequently giving supreme satisfaction to our European competitors.

Opportunity with a capital O is beckoning from Turkey. Think of it! A vast empire, stretching from Albania straight away to the Indian Ocean; from the Mediterranean to the hills of Persia; eight hundred thousand square miles of fertile but undeveloped territory inhabited by forty millions of people who are demanding with ever-increasing insistence the necessities and the luxuries of modern civilization. Think of Constantinople—larger than Boston, St. Louis and San Francisco put together – which has no electric lights, no electric street cars, no ambulance service, no automobiles, no telephones, and no pavements worthy of the name.

But with the establishment of the Constitutional Government there has come a new order of things. Turkey, the last of all the nations to respond to the summons of civilization, has at last opened her jealously-guarded doors. The ban on electrical and mechanical appliances has been removed. Concessions of enormous value are being granted in every portion of the Empire. Engineers and architects, mechanics and miners, prospectors and engineers, contractors and concession hunters, are flocking in ever-increasing numbers to a land which holds more of promise than did ever Rhodesia or China or the Yukon.

In Armenia and Crete and Macedonia the rattle of the machine-gun has been drowned by the rattle of the harvester; in Damascus the roar of electric tram cars echoes in the winding ways of that "street which is called Straight"; in the Great Mosque an electric arc-lamp glares and splutters over the marble shrine which is said to contain the head of John the Baptist; power-boats plow the waves of Galilee on which the Savior trod; railways are reaching out across the fertile plains of Mesopotamia to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, down the lonely desert to the Holy Cities, inland from Scutari, from Smyrna, from Jaffa, Haifa and Beirut. The waste places of the wilderness resound to the shouts of workmen and the clank and clang of tools; the warring Bedouin has retreated before the onward march of the prospector and engineer; from the mountains of Albania to the sands of Hedjaz indolence has given way to industry, hopeless poverty to undreamed-of prosperity.

"People need to be reminded more than to be taught."

Get the dust out of your home—it's *dangerous*

The Santo Vacuum Cleaner—Easy to Use
No Vibration—Practically no Noise

No member of the family is wholly safe from disease until every particle of dust and dirt is removed.

You cannot have your home as *clean* as you want it, nor dustless and sanitary as it *should* be, until you adopt mechanical means designed for this purpose.

Ordinary cleaning methods are futile. You may use broom, sweeper and dust cloth as often as you like and there still remains quantities of man's worst enemy—DUST AND DIRT.

It can be removed *only by air suction.* The most effective means to this end is a **Santo Vacuum Cleaner.** It makes your home a safe dwelling place—clean, sanitary and *dustless.*

How Contagion is Spread

One of the commonest sources of contagion is street dust. You carry the germs home on your shoes and clothing. They find a breeding place in carpets and rugs where they grow and multiply.

Every time you sweep you fill the air with poisoned dust. People breathe it and become infected. The heavy dirt is driven down into the carpets by broom and sweeper, so children at play are doubly endangered.

People sicken and die, even in homes *seemingly immaculate.* Baby has diphtheria; another member is stricken with scarlet fever, or small pox; still another may fall a victim to the dread tuberculosis.

You wonder why it happened and regard this [illegible] as an unsolvable mystery. In the majority of cases the direct cause was DUST.

We are supported in the above statements by the most advanced physicians, including Dr. T. M. Pruden, of New York. Dr. Pruden's book—*"Dust and its Dangers"* is well worth reading.

Use a **Santo Vacuum Cleaner** and these dangers will be eliminated. It is the simplest, fastest working, most efficient and economical cleaning device for home use that the world has ever seen. All that we ask is an opportunity to prove it.

The Santo Means Easy Cleaning

Besides making your home dustless and sanitary, the Santo Cleaner saves you several hours of work, worry and time every day. It makes house cleaning the lightest of all your duties.

It takes the place of broom, carpet sweeper, brush, dust-cloth and all other methods of cleaning. It removes every particle of dust and dirt from carpets, rugs, furniture and draperies, walls, floors, ceilings—everything, from cellar to garret.

Disease germs and all other objectionable matter is instantly sucked into the heavy canvas bag, where it is safely held until emptied and destroyed.

Machinery All Enclosed

Clean as carefully as you can in the old way and then go all over your home again with our cleaner. The large quantity of extra dirt it removes will surprise you very much.

No dust left to settle on *anything;* no more floors to wipe; no more carpets and rugs to be beaten; and no more topsy turvy house cleaning, because the Santo prevents the accumulation of dust and dirt *under* the carpets and rugs.

You can use the Santo twice a week and your home will be cleaner and sweeter than if you swept every day. It is so much easier and quicker than the old way you will not mind cleaning at all.

The advantages of using our cleaner are so many and great, and the price so reasonable, no home need be without it.

Know Who Makes It

We make the largest and most complete line of cleaning devices ever put out by one concern. Our two large manufacturing plants in Philadelphia and Chicago enables us to make and assemble every cleaner under our own roof.

Our cleaners are made under the personal supervision of Mr. Julius Keller, who is the pioneer inventor and manufacturer of compressed air and vacuum machinery, and the foremost authority of this great industry.

For years our commercial vacuum cleaners have been recognized as the best in existence. Our Santo Family Size Vacuum Cleaner holds a similar position.

The machinery is all enclosed. No exposed parts to tear your clothing or cripple inquisitive children. No mechanical skill is required to operate it.

The Santo is distinctly a cleaner for [illegible]

Nothing More to Buy

The suction is created by a wonderful new rotary vacuum pump, which was invented and perfected in our own factory. It cannot be duplicated elsewhere, because we have applied for patents. *It never requires oiling.*

Our cleaner is operated by a high grade electric motor of one-eighth horse power, which draws from the standard lamp socket *only the amount of current permitted by the insurance companies.*

The dust separator is very simple. No screens or water-tanks to clean – just a heavy canvas bag which is easily accessible. It can be emptied without the slightest inconvenience.

The suction of our cleaner is *continuous* and powerful enough to clean thoroughly without harming even the most delicate fabric. This is what makes it the *best* cleaner. "Jerky" suction cleans only in spots.

The Santo runs without vibration and no more noise than an easy running sewing machine.

And it is made so the exhaust air can be used for airing your closets, bedding, etc. A blowing hose is furnished for this purpose.

The Santo is beautifully finished—top and base are of aluminum. The case is covered with rich maroon pantasote leather. It is mounted on ball-bearing casters. It is easy to carry up and down stairs without assistance, as the weight is only 30 pounds.

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If you pay *more* than our price you are paying for experimental work. If you buy a cleaner that's *cheaper* than the Santo you will be greatly disappointed.

If you buy a *Santo* you will be as well pleased with it as we are.

We guarantee the Santo to be free from defective material and workmanship, which is the standard guarantee on all high grade articles. We further guarantee it to do all we claim.

We want you to test our cleaner with any other and keep the best one. It will be the Santo. Try it in your own home and see for yourself what it will do. For price and free trial offer—

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THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 13)

They looked like Kriss Kringles in white duck. In continental fashion they raised their Panama hats and bowed profusely. They congratulated the young men on so soon having found their way to the Café Ducrot, and that Mr. de Peyster, whose name appealed to them, had pronounced the cooking excellent, afforded them personal satisfaction.

Von Amberg told the young men he had just left cards for the club at their hotel, and hoped they would make use of them. His launch, carriage and he, himself, were at their disposition.

When Roddy invited the two merchants to join them Von Amberg thanked him politely and explained that his table was already laid for breakfast. With another exchange of bows the two gentlemen continued up the twisting path and disappeared among the bushes.

"*That's* what I mean!" exclaimed Roddy approvingly. "Now they are *our* people. They have better manners, perhaps, than we have, but they're sensible, straight-from-the-shoulder men of business. *They* aren't spying on anybody, or sending black-hand letters, or burying old men alive in prisons. If they saw a revolution coming they wouldn't know what ——"

He was interrupted by the sudden reappearance of the men of whom he spoke. They were moving rapidly in the direction of the gate, and the countenance of each wore an expression of surprise and alarm. While his companion passed them quickly, Mr. Von Amberg reluctantly hesitated, and, in evident perplexity and with some suspicion, looked from one to the other. The waiter had placed the coffee and bottles of cognac and of curaçao upon the table; and Roddy hospitably moved a chair forward.

"Won't you change your mind," he said, "and try some of the stuff that made this island famous?"

"I—I should be very pleased—some other time," Von Amberg stammered, "but now I must return to town—I find today it is not possible to breakfast here. There is a large party ——" he paused, and his voice rose interrogatively.

"Yes," Roddy replied with indifference. "We found them here. They took all the waiters away from us."

"You—you are not acquainted with those gentlemen?" interrogated Von Amberg.

In the fashion of his country, Roddy answered by another question.

"Who are they?" he asked. "Who is the one whose health they are all the time drinking?"

For an instant Von Amberg continued to show complete bewilderment. Then he smiled broadly. For him, apparently, the situation now possessed an aspect as amusing as it had been disturbing. He made a sly face and winked jovially.

"Oh! You Americans!" he exclaimed. "You make good politicians. Do not fear," he added hurriedly. "I have seen nothing, and I say nothing. I do not mix myself in politics." He started toward the gate, then halted, and, with one eye closed, whispered hoarsely, "It is all right. I will say nothing!" Nodding mysteriously he hurried down the path.

Peter leaned back in his chair and chuckled delightedly.

"There go your sensible business men," he jeered, "running away! Now what have you to say?"

"You can subpœna me," Roddy sighed. "Why should they be afraid of a birthday-party? Why!" he exclaimed, "they were even afraid of *me!* He didn't believe that we don't know those Venezuelans. He said," Roddy recapitulated, "he didn't mix in politics. That means, of course, that those fellows are politicians, and probably this is their fashion of holding a primary. It must be the local method of floating a revolution. But why should Von Amberg think we're in the plot, too? Because my name's Forrester?"

Peter nodded. "That must be it," he said. "Your father is in deep with these Venezuelans, and everybody knows that, and makes the mistake of thinking you are also. I wish," he exclaimed patiently, "your father was more confiding. It is all very well for him—plotting plots from the top of the Forrester Building—but it makes it difficult for any one down here inside the firing-line. If your father isn't

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Just address me

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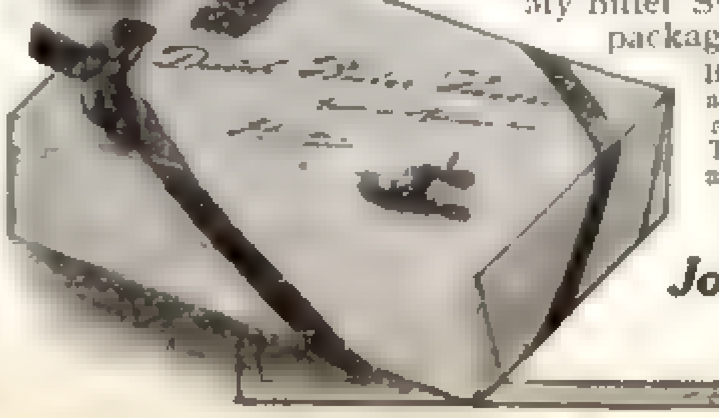

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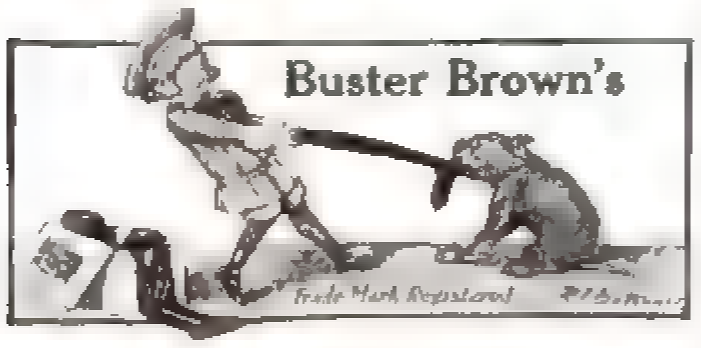

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more careful," he protested warmly. "Alvarez will stand us blindfolded against a wall, and we'll play blindman's-buff with a firing-squad."

Peter's forebodings afforded Roddy much amusement. He laughed at his friend, and mocked him, urging him to keep a better hold upon his sense of humor.

"You have been down here too long yourself," he said. "You'll be having tropic choler next. I tell you, you must think of them as children; they're a pack of cards."

"Maybe they are," sighed Peter; "but as long as we don't know the game——"

From where Peter sat, with his back in their direction, he could not see the Venezuelans; but Roddy, who was facing them, now observed that they had finished their breakfast. Talking, gesticulating, laughing, they were crowding down the path. He touched Peter, and Peter turned in his chair to look at them.

At the same moment a man stepped from the bushes, and halting at one side of Roddy, stood with his eyes fixed upon the men of the birthday-party, waiting for them to approach. He wore the silk cap of a chauffeur, a pair of automobile goggles, and a long automobile coat. The attitude of the chauffeur suggested that he had come forward to learn if his employer was among those now making their departure; and Roddy wondered that he had heard no automobile arrive, and that he had seen none in Willemstad. Except for that thought, so interested was Roddy in the men who had shown so keen an interest in him, that to the waiting figure he gave no further consideration.

The Venezuelans had found they were too many to walk abreast. Some had scattered down other paths. Others had spread out over the grass. But the chief guest still kept to the gravel walk which led to the gate. And now Roddy saw him plainly.

Owing to a charming quality of youth, it was impossible to guess the man's age. He might be under thirty. He might be forty. He was tall, graceful, and yet soldierly-looking, with crisp, black hair clinging close to a small, aristocratic head. Like many Venezuelans, he had the brown skin, ruddy cheeks and pointed mustache of a Neapolitan. His eyes were radiant, liquid, brilliant. He was walking between two of his friends, with a hand resting affectionately on the shoulder of each; and though both of the men were older than himself, his notice obviously flattered them. They were laughing, and, at what he said, nodding delighted approval, and he was talking eagerly and smiling. Roddy thought he had seldom seen a smile so winning, one that carried with it so strong a personal appeal.

As Roddy, mildly curious, watched him, the young man turned his head gayly from the friend on his one side to address the one on the other. It was but a movement of an instant, but in the short circuit of the glance Roddy saw the eyes of the young man halt. As though suddenly hypnotized, his lips slowly closed, his white teeth disappeared, the charming smile grew rigid. He was regarding something to the left of Roddy, and above him.

Roddy turned and saw the waiting figure of the chauffeur. He had stepped clear of the bushes, and, behind the mask-like goggles, his eyes were fixed upon the young Venezuelan. He took a short step forward, and his right hand reached up under his left cuff.

Roddy had seen Englishmen in searching for a handkerchief make a similar movement, but now the gesture was swift and sinister. In the attitude of the masked figure itself there was something prehensible, menacing. The hand of the man came free, and Roddy saw that it held a weapon.

As the quickest way to get his legs from under the table, Roddy shoved the table and everything on it into the lap of Peter. With one spring Roddy was beside the man, and as he struck him on the chin, with his other hand he beat at the weapon. There were two reports and a sharp, high cry.

Under the blow the masked man staggered drunkenly, his revolver swaying in front of Roddy's eyes. Roddy clutched at it and there was a struggle—another report—and then the man broke from him, and with the swift, gliding movement of a snake slipped through the bushes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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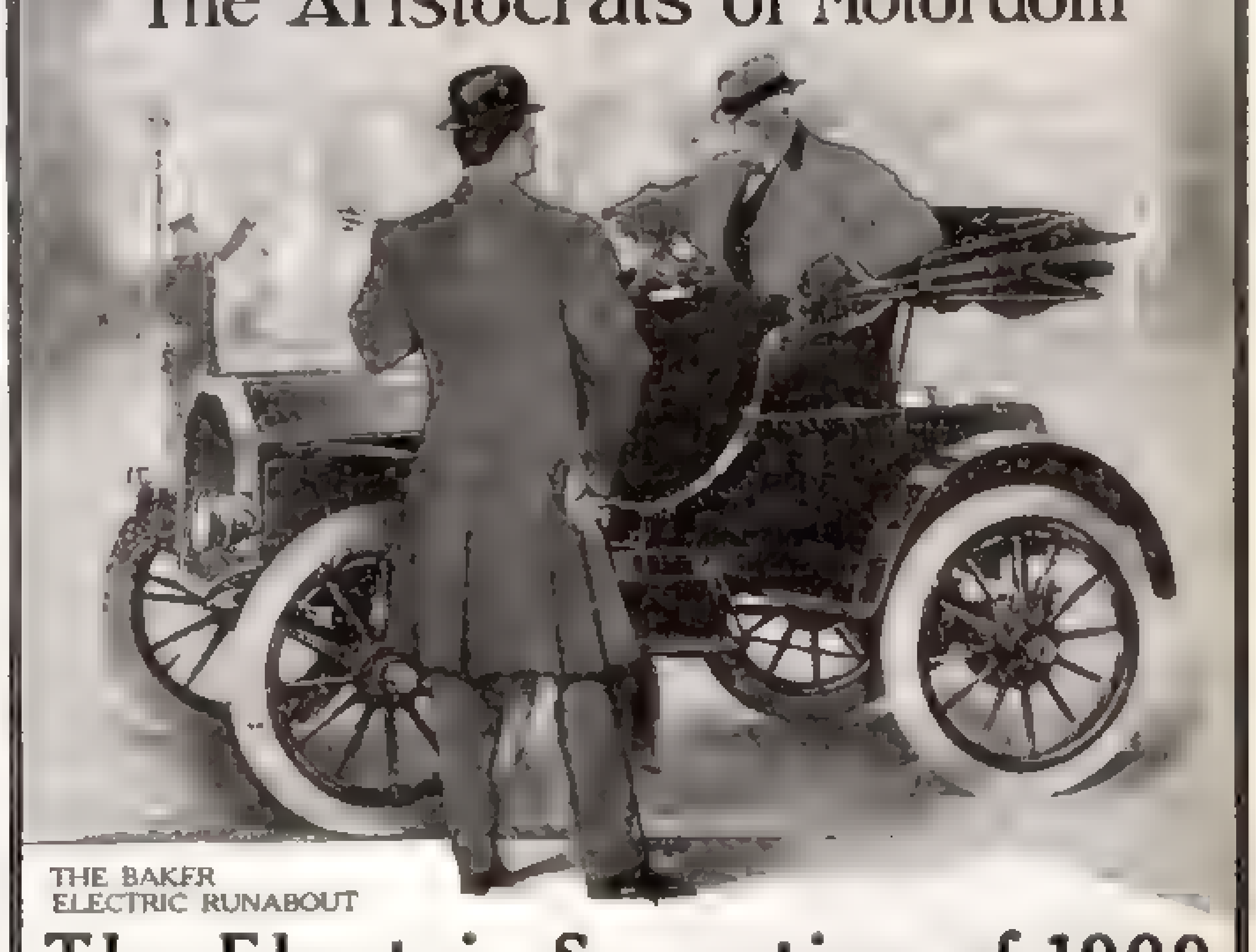

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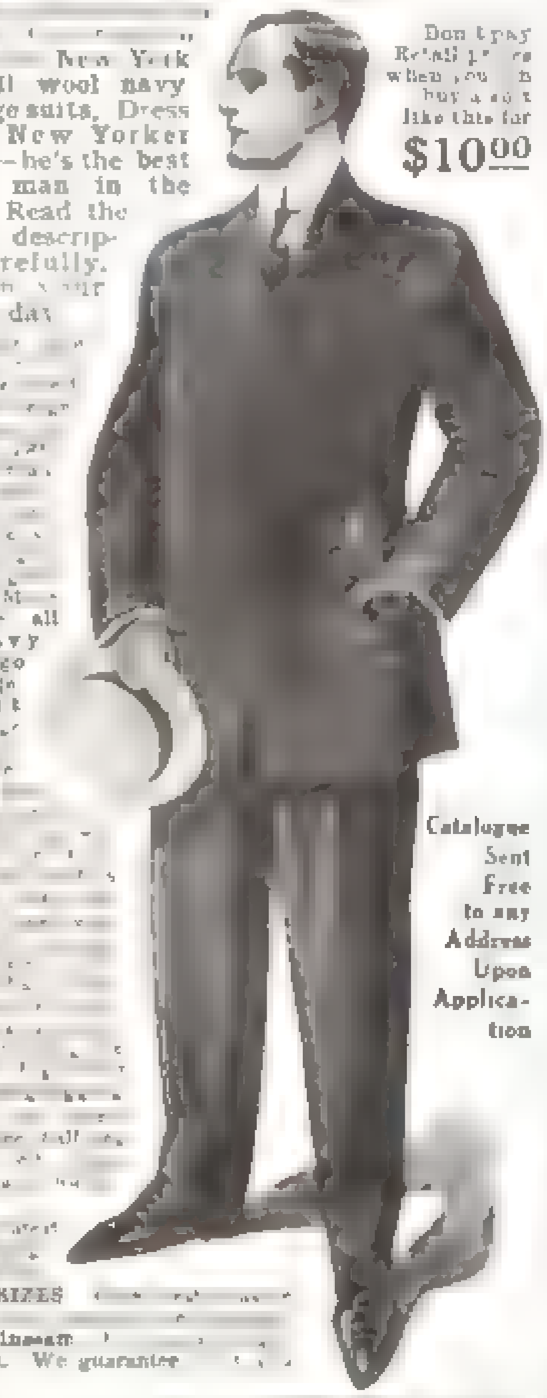

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IN THE SHADOW

(Continued from Page 9)

"It is kind of damp; yes, sir, a [illegible] damp"—his teeth chattering. "But I must sleep here, Mr. Dave."

"It's rainin'," continued Dave. "She's liable to come down pretty mean in a minute. She always does when the clouds git to playin' round that ol' mountain."

"I cain't go inside. No, sir, it's dangerous. Some of the boys might take the asthma. I tell you it's dangerous, Mr. Dave."

"Hell!" said the cook. He stooped his mighty bulk, moved back the blankets and picked up the sick man as though he were a child. Thomson was shaken from head to foot with a paroxysm of coughing. Dave carried him inside and set him upon a bench.

"Now, you sit thar an' I'll spread your bed on that ol' table. You'll be comfortable as a flea in a rug."

To Uncle Henry, and such as might be awake and cared to listen, Dave confided later that he had once slept, inadvertently, with a Mexican who had smallpox, and he couldn't figure how a cough could do any of them harm. If it did, he added, they deserved it—it would teach them to quit gambling and drinking, and to save their money. Happily blind to the fact that he owed Uncle Henry fourteen dollars and had not a penny in the world, the cook composed himself to slumber.

A refreshed country smiled upon them as the outfit rode away at break of day, Ford and his twenty-six riders in advance of the chuckwagon—a prairie-land struggling hopefully to show some green through its wild tangles of yellow beside the white stretches of its alkali. Where yesterday an *arroyo* gaped dry, with the bones of half a dozen cattle whitening in the sun on its rim—grim reminders of the final desperate pilgrimage to water that presages an animal's death—there now ran a turbulent, brick-red stream. The rain had fallen in a torrent, and a creek-bed, that ten hours before had been parched sand, now presented a small whirlpool, across which Dave guided the work-horses, hauling their huge load, only by consummate skill and the exercise of a happy disregard of consequences which characterized all his actions.

Thomson rode close beside the boss, his mount shuffling along at a hopeless dog-trot, with his head sunk toward the ground and his hoofs kicking up the dirt at every step, so great was the effort to lift his feet. Three times he stumbled, and the third time his rider slouched forward so that Ford feared he would fall. He was trembling with weakness, and his body shook convulsively in the throes of an attack.

"My asthma's shore gittin' bad," he gasped in his high, wheezy voice.

"You ain't in any condition to work," broke in Ford. "If you did get a job at the Two Diamonds how could you hold it?"

"I'm a fair cowhand, Mr. Ford. An', of course, I'll soon git well agin in this climate, won't I?"

"Thomson, if you ever roped a steer he'd drag you an' that ol' hoss of yours over into Mexico without stoppin' for breath."

The sick man shook his head with gentle obstinacy and patted his mount's neck. There was a wealth of affection in his gesture. It was plain that he considered the boss had greatly underestimated them both.

"He's some played out. Yes, he's tired, he is. You see, Mr. Ford, I done got lost in a bad storm. No, it was over in them mountains to the east. I—I reckon I must have been out of my head for a spell, because we wandered round most of two days, him an' me."

"Didn't you have anything to eat?"

"I don't remember. No, shore we didn't. I hadn't carried none, so we couldn't have eat. Ol' Pete, here, grazed a bit with me on his back, I reckon."

"It's a wonder ——" began Ford, and stopped.

"Well, sir, an ol' nester done found me an' carried me to his shack. All of a mile it was, too, Mr. Ford. There Pete an' me rested up a whole day."

Throughout the recital of his illness and his misfortunes the range boss had not heard one word of complaint. Any references Thomson made to the disease's onslaughts were in a tone of gentle wonder that Nature should be so hard on one frail mortal. Ford began to marvel, far back

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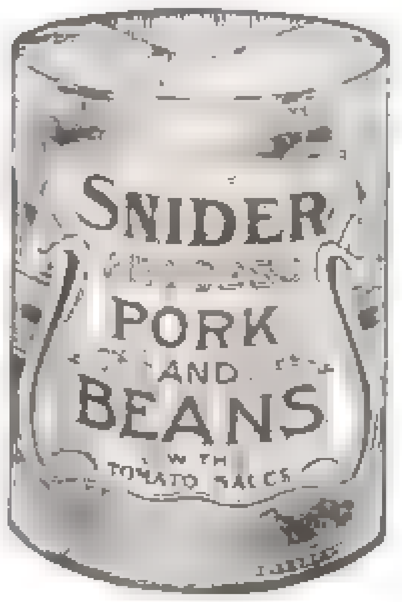

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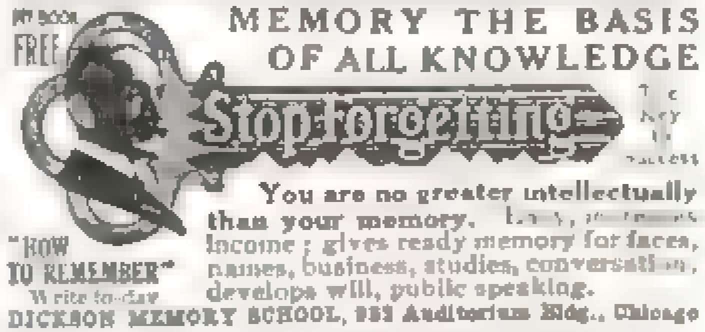

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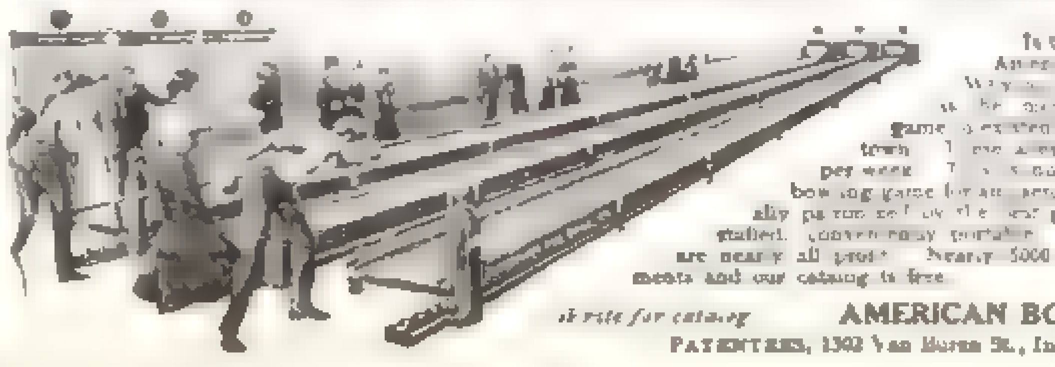

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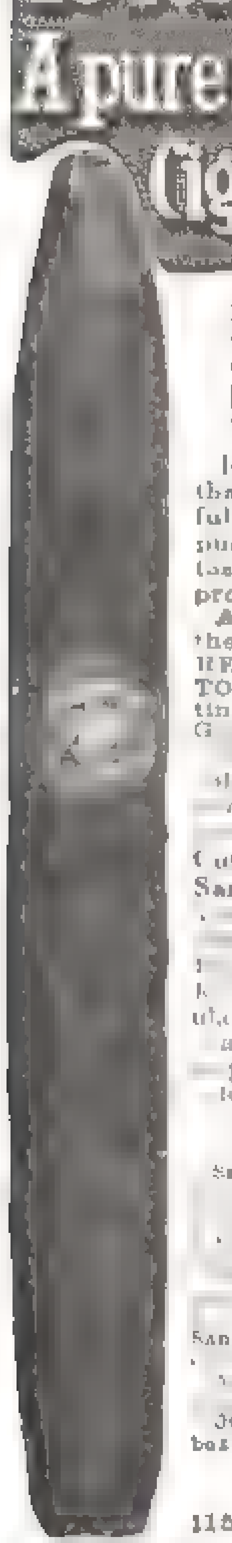

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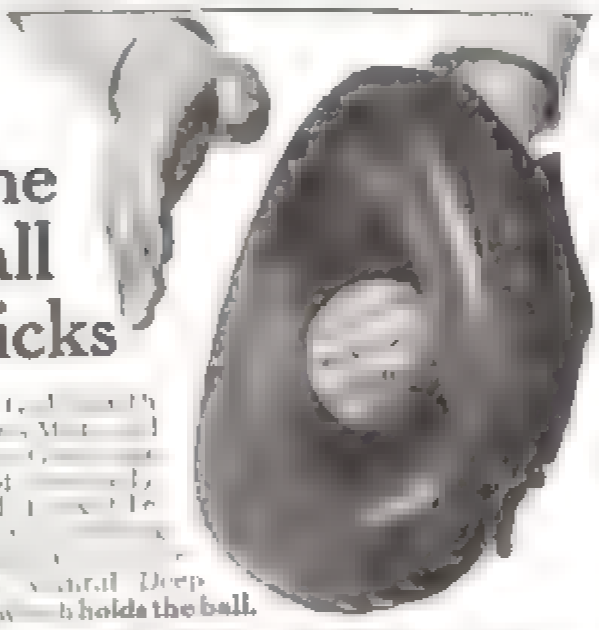

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in his inner consciousness a vast respect waking for this wisp of humanity.

"Yes, sir, it's some queer how everything will go agin a man sometimes. But I've had good luck, too. I was crossin' the Brazos jist after startin' for here, an' I met up with a man who shot at me."

"Shot at you? What for? [illegible] gun-fight?"

"No-o-o, I reckon not. I don't carry a gun. This man made a mistake an' took two shots at me before he noticed. Funny, wasn't it? Lucky thing he didn't hit me, though, eh? I might have been killed."

"Mighty lucky," said Ford gravely. "I tell you what, Thomson, when we get into camp you turn that ol' hoss of yours loose an' take one out of the *remuda*. We kin spare one, I reckon. The *remuda'll* be there to meet us. Then, after dinner, you kin go on to the Two Diamonds."

"Thanks. You-all are shore good to me. Say, you ain't never seen anything of my brother 'round, I suppose? You look kind of like him."

"No, I have never seen your brother."

When camp was reached the stranger made a brave attempt to help unload the bedding from the wagons, but the effort proved too much. Old Dave profanely besought him to desist, and he tottered on to a tarpaulin and lay down to rest, while preparations went forward for dinner and the punchers dawdled about, making ready against the afternoon's work. He was so quiet that everybody would have forgotten his presence but for the terrible fits of coughing, and it was only when Reb walked over with a vague desire to proffer assistance of some sort after one of these that they learned he was eating nothing.

"Why don't you git into this hyar beef?" called the cook. "Wait a minute an' I'll bring you some."

"All right. Someways I ain't hungry today. But I'll go a cup of that coffee."

While the others ate he sipped his coffee, and, that finished, tossed about on the bedding. Had there been anybody to see he would have detected the unnatural gleam of the eyes; had there been anybody to hear he would have caught the disconnected mumblings, the vagaries of a fever-stricken mind; not to say that the Circle Bar outfit did not see, did not hear. They both saw and heard, but the symptoms were entirely lost on that healthy aggregation, and suggested nothing serious to their minds. Once he rose and made a tour of the diners squatting on the ground, their plates between their knees, their cups set carefully at their sides, and by each man he stooped and, after the usual silence of formality, inquired whether he had seen his brother around there anywhere, his brother Ed.

"I must go an' find him," he muttered for the hundredth time; "I shore must."

"I'm goin' to bring up the hosses in a minute. They're just over that lil' hill," said the wrangler, his mouth full of beef. "Wait a second an' you kin pick one."

The next moment the attention of the entire outfit was focused on a moving dot far back along the trail they had come. Uncle Henry was sure it was the manager; the figure couldn't be more than four miles away, and Uncle Henry knew the horse. Dave opined it was one of the two bronco-busters from headquarters, while Reb and twelve others were convinced the traveler was a stranger. The dispute waxed warm, and trifling bets were laid while they awaited the rider's advent with all the speculative interest the appearance of a human being never fails to arouse in dwellers of the plains.

"Uncle Henery wins. It's Gifford."

The manager rode up just as the wrangler, with whoops and loud cracks of his rope, drove his band of three hundred horses over the brow of the hill into camp. Gifford dropped stiffly from the saddle and walked to where the range boss was gathering up his rope. His men paid the manager no attention beyond curt greetings, but eyed him curiously. What was the matter with him today? And why had he come?

"Ford, have you got a man named Thomson with the outfit?" he asked.

"No," said the boss. "Why?"

"Well, here's a letter came in the mail this morning addressed to James Thomson, Circle Bar Ranch."

"Do you mean to say you followed us to bring that? Why didn't you let it wait, or send Claude?" asked Ford in astonishment.

"I know the writing," Gifford tapped the letter slowly with one finger; "I know

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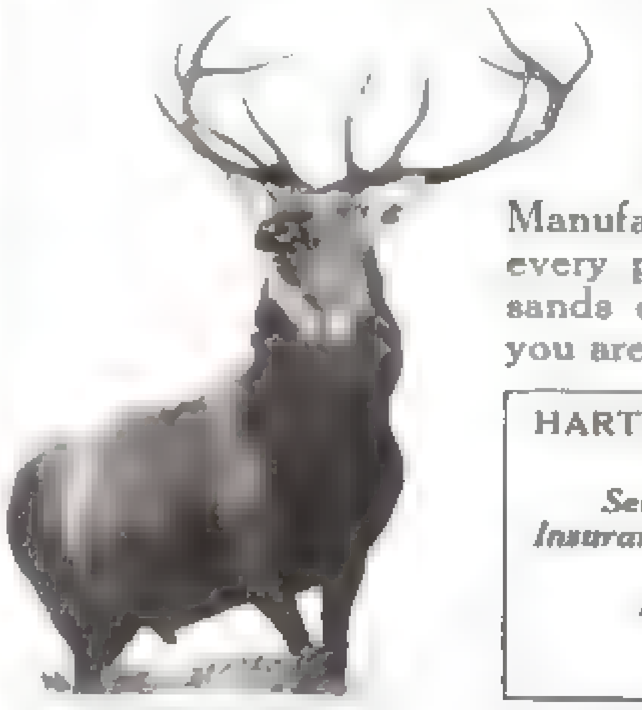

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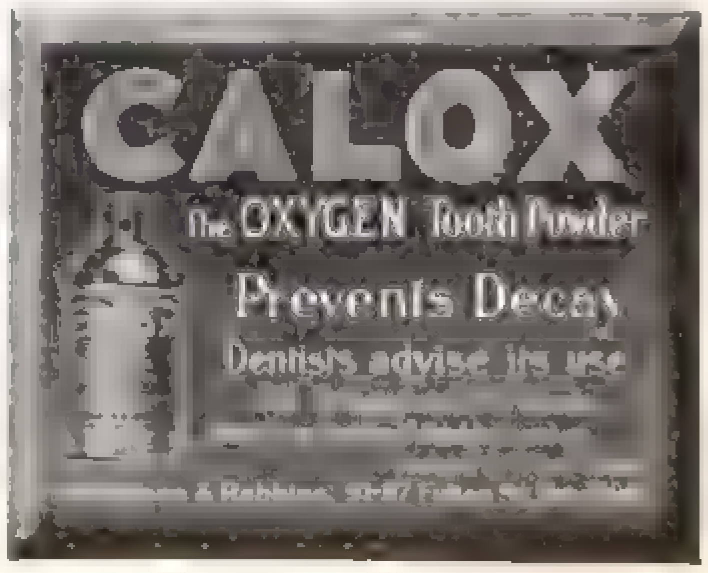

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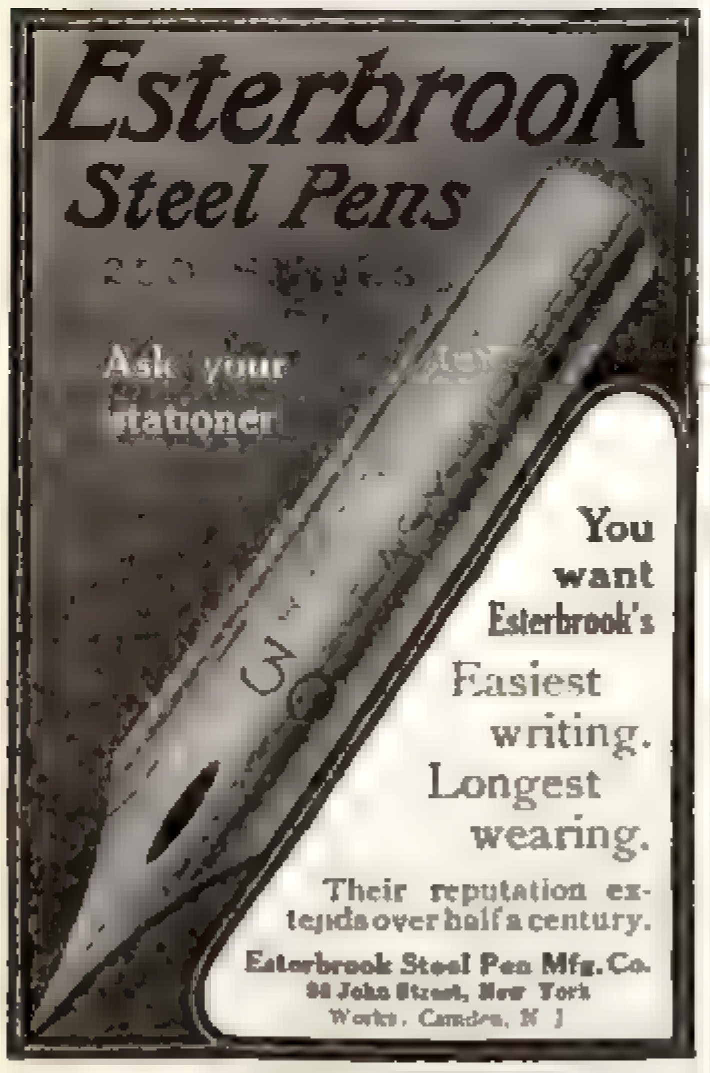

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that writing, and I know the postmark, too. So I wanted to see who this man Thomson might be."

"I reckon we cain't do anything for you, Alec. There ain't any Thomson — hold on though; hold on a minute. Why, shore we have. That sick man you sent over; his name's Thomson. Hi, Thomson!"

There was no answer: there was no trembling figure on the bedding where the stranger had cast himself down. Fat Dick remembered that he had glimpsed him going over the hill while they watched the manager's approach; the sick man was carrying his rope in one hand, dragging his saddle with the other.

He had gone — gone to get a job with the Two Diamonds, and to get better, and to make enough money to bring the children over.

The manager made no comment, but his jaw set tighter and he sat himself down to eat without unsaddling. The boys were getting their mounts from the *remuda*, Reb and Dick doing the roping.

"Here's Thomson's hoss," called Dick.

"He's got the Gourd; he's done taken the Gourd," screamed Reb suddenly.

There were gasps of amazement. The Gourd, whose brand was ◯, was an outlaw who had wandered down from The Hatter during the previous round-up in a fit of spite, apparently. He wasn't wanted with the *remuda;* he was not a Circle Bar horse, and after every man in the outfit had hopefully essayed to add the Gourd to his string, he had been given up as a bad horse. They could ride him on occasion, of course, but none of them cared to work him.

However, the Gourd chose to run with the *remuda*. They couldn't shake him; and now, with months of free roaming in his mountain retreats to make him doubly savage, fiercely untamable, the stranger had taken the outlaw.

"Why, Henery Crawford himself couldn't stay with ol' Gourd, an' he kin ride without cinchin'," said Dick, gazing into Reb's face with startled eyes.

"P'raps—p'raps it's the best way," said Reb slowly.

"No, it is not the best way," snarled a voice, and the manager whirled on Reb so savagely that he fell back.

"Come on, boys, let's go git him," called Ford.

They came in sight of Thomson on the ridge of a hill five miles from camp, and they pulled up for the wonder of it. Horse and rider showed for a moment cut clear against the sky. He was riding aimlessly, at random, his hands grasping the horn of the saddle, his head fallen forward on his breast, while the Gourd arched his neck and picked his way daintily over stony ground.

As they watched, the sick man appeared to crumple up. He suddenly slid asprawl to the ground, and the outlaw, the terror of five counties, stood with lowered head and mildly questioning eyes, waiting for him to rise.

"Ef he was me," observed Uncle Henry in a hushed, religious tone, "that ol' hoss would throw him into Arizona an' back agin. Yes, sir, ol' Gourd is givin' him a square deal."

The manager led the rush to the hill. With the approach of the horsemen the Gourd raised his head, his eyes glared white, and with a blaring neigh of defiance he dashed off.

"Somebody catch him," commanded Ford.

The sick man lay on his side, breathing heavily. His eyes were closed, his cheeks were flushed, and on his lips were red stains. As Gifford knelt above him the lids fluttered and he gazed straight into the manager's face.

"Ed!" he whispered—"Ed, I been lookin' for you. They asked me—they asked me to come. The ol' woman's kind of hankerin', Ed. She says to me: 'Tell him he wasn't hurt bad.' Yes, sir, that's what she done told me."

The speech ended in a gurgle. Gifford held a flask to his lips, and when the light of life came again into the eyes he stood up.

"My name's Falconer," he said in an emotionless voice. "Ford, I'll take the hoodlum wagon for a couple of days to move my brother to the Fort sanitarium."

"Yes, sir!"

"And after that I'm going to Texas to bring my wife and children. You'll be manager while I'm gone and Uncle Henry will boss the wagon."

"Yes, sir," said Ford.

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5c Per Square.—We will guarantee to put any old leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, steel, paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition, and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year.

Roof-Fix

The Perfect Roof Preserver makes old, worn out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our free roofing book tells all about it. Write for it today.

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68 Elyria, Ohio

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know

Now we will not give you any grand prize — or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning,
313 Kingmoore Bldg. Cleveland O.

6% Guaranteed Certificates of deposit $100 and Multiples.

Interest check mailed every six months. $2,000,000 legal deposit security. Method in operation 16 years without a dollar of loss to our depositors. Write for "Sulky Dollar" booklet and get details – Double your interest income NOW (5% on Savings Accounts—Payable on Demand.)

Georgia State Savings Association,
175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent, containing list of inventions wanted and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C. Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance,* and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1909 Ranger bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1909 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer.

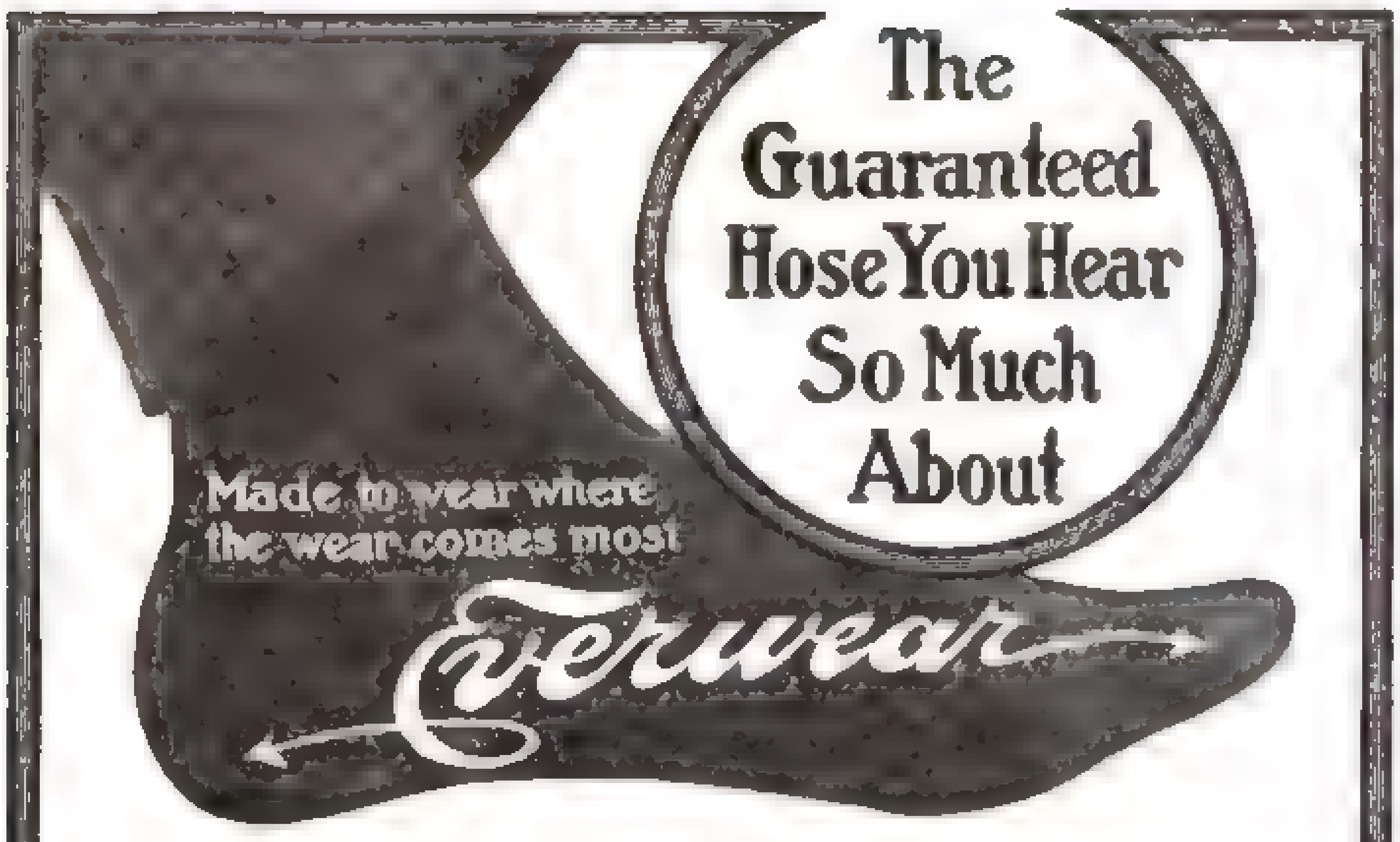
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. P-55, CHICAGO, ILL.


The Guaranteed Hose You Hear So Much About
Made to wear where the wear comes most
Everwear

Everwear Hose are immensely popular with both men and women because there is [illegible] wear out [illegible], because they are so easy on the feet, and because they retain their shape and color through all their long wear and many washings.

We guarantee six pairs of Everwear to wear six months and we give new hose FREE for any one or all of six pairs that shows a hole, rip or tear within that time.

Many other hose are sold under a similar guarantee. It's really not a hard matter to make hose that will wear six months.

But why make your feet endure heavy, stiff, coarse, ill-fitting hose? Why put up with this discomfort? Everwear, though made to withstand hard wear, are as fine, soft and smooth as any hose you ever wore. [illegible] other hosiery.

You wonder how we make Everwear durable yet so comfortable. There's a [illegible] reason.

The cotton we use is of an especially fine quality [illegible] may look well, but one that resists great strain and hard wear.

Then the knitting is done by a special process. At the heel and toe the stitch is uniquely [illegible], but [illegible] that these parts retain the same soft texture as the balance of the hose.

They are shaped to the feet in the knitting, [illegible] why they fit right as long as you wear them.

You will see at once how this feature adds greatly to their comfort and wearing qualities.

In appearance they are equal to the more expensive kinds—as neat, and stylish a hose as anyone could ask for. The colors are absolutely fast, and will not crock or grow dingy.

We feel certain that you will enjoy more real satisfaction in wearing Everwear than [illegible]. Aren't [illegible] worth trying? Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Read the description below and order accordingly.

Send for our free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

DESCRIPTION

Six pairs of one size in a box—solid or assorted colors

SILK LISLE

MEN'S—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, London smoke, two shades of blue, gray and green, light and dark.

LADIES'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

MEN'S—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green and burgundy, two shades of gray and tan, light and dark.

LADIES' $2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A Texas Fruit Farm for $1.00 a Day

and 8 Per Cent Interest Paid You on Every Installment

How can we afford to sell you a $4[illegible] tract of fruit land for $40 down and $31 a month and pay you 8% interest for every penny of your installments? Simply because we know this "El Chapote" land is earning and will earn far more than [illegible] of its cost. It will earn for us until your payments are complete and the deed in your hands. Then it will earn for you. It will [illegible] to the increase [illegible] the value of the [illegible] land, due to the improvement we are putting in it. It will [illegible] both by the increase in value and by the [illegible] you can raise from it.

$40 Down
$31 a Month

A large family can be supported comfortably on one ten-acre tract. We do not ask for one penny of your money until we have proved this in such a way that you can not doubt it. We must prove to you that this land will earn an average of $220 per acre in figs, $360 in [illegible] fruit, $[illegible] in [illegible]. We must prove to you that it will earn an average of $3[illegible] per acre in Bermuda onions, $450 in strawberries, $[illegible] to $850 in garden truck. Then we must prove to you the [illegible] advantages of the "El Chapote" region in regard to shipping facilities. We [illegible] show you how the St. L. [illegible] & M. R. R. [illegible] right through the center of our [illegible].

One 10-Acre Tract Will Support a Family

A Railroad to Your Door

And not until you are [illegible] fully convinced of [illegible] things will we expect you to even so much as look up our references.

And even when we have convinced you of them, we will not make your payments direct to us. You will deposit them with a strong bank of Chicago, whose capital, surplus and deposits are $[illegible], and whose officers will look after your interests.

This bank will hold the deed to your land in trust for you until your payments are completed. The very day your first deposit of $40.00 is received the deed will be executed and placed in the bank. It will pass entirely out of our hands. It will be yours—held in trust for you until you have made 12 payments of $31.00 each. And think of it—all this time, without moving from your present location, you will be earning money from your fruit farm. You will be earning 8%—the full legal rate of interest in Texas, from every penny that you put into the bank. That is almost three times as much as you can earn from ordinary bank deposits.

A Strong Chicago Bank Safeguards Your Interests

Other men have sold farm tracts on [illegible], but none have ever offered to pay 8% interest on the installments from the date they were received. With an opportunity like this before you, how can you afford to go on putting your money in the bank at 3% or 4% interest? How can you afford to go on spending on pleasures or luxuries, the dollar per day that would make you independent for life—that would give you a farm of your own, in one of the richest and most productive sections of the greatest fruit-bearing country in the world?

Don't be Satisfied With 3%

This is your time to turn impulse into action—to bring true your dreams—to become an independent land owner.

But you must not delay. We had only 171 of these 10-acre tracts when this ad was planned and 20 of them were sold before a line was published. I should dispose of the other 151 this month.

In order to encourage immediate action I offer with each 10-acre plot [illegible] through the advertising of this month—one lot in the townsite of "El Chapote" FREE. The town is on the R. R. in the center of our tract.

A Building Site in Town Free

This does not mean that you have to be rushed in your final decision. It means simply that you must hurry your inquiry.

Special Free Townsite Coupon

Texas Coast Development Co.
(Not Inc.)
165 La Salle St., Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

With the understanding that if I finally decide to purchase one of your ten acre fruit farms in Texas, [illegible] coupon will entitle me to a free [illegible] "El Chapote" please send me full particulars of your offer and your figured proof of what this land can earn.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Patents Trade-Marks Designs Copyrights

YOUR ability to protect your patent from infringement depends largely on the presentation of the original application.

The market value of your patent depends on the manner in which the invention is set forth in the claims. Let me tell you more about it.

Send for my booklet on Patents, Trade-marks, Designs and Copyrights.

LANGDON MOORE, Washington, D. C.
Ex-Asst. Examiner U.S. Pat. Off.

THROW AWAY PICK, SPADE

Quit the old, back-breaking, hand-blistering way of digging—use the new, up-to-date, low-priced Iwan Digger—goes through gravel, clay, sand or gumbo—no matter how wet or dry. Pulls out and unloads quick and easy. Anyone can

Dig a Hole in a Jiffy With

Iwans' Patent Post Hole Auger

Write Now For Our FREE BOOK

Learn about this great tool

It pays for itself in one job. A simple pipe extension permits going down to 40 feet—deep enough for wells. The blades of Iwan Augers are double, tempered steel. [illegible] for years, never out of order. Write now for our free book called "Easy Digging" and learn how easy it is to dig—nowadays. We will also tell you where you can see one of these low priced implements—write to

Iwan Bros. Dept. 105 South Bend, Ind.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM
208 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

PERNIN SHORTHAND

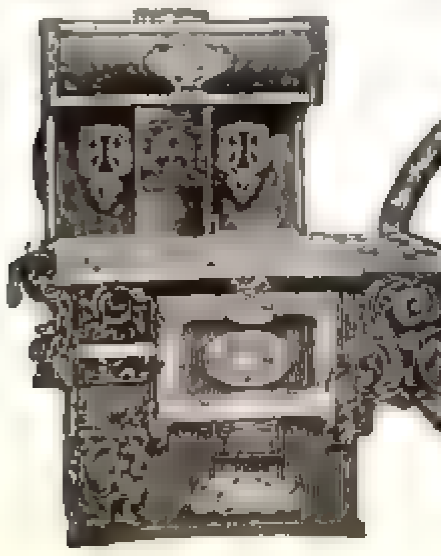
Makes Expert Stenographers

It is the simplest, most legible and rapid shorthand in existence. It employs no shading, no positions, no hundreds of brain-taxing rules and exceptions, no thousands of word signs to be memorized. I enroll with one of the highest grade stenographic training schools in the United States. No failures. Textbook on approval. Write for free booklet No. 2.

The PERNIN SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Detroit

Earning Money

Any one—man, woman, boy, girl—can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. All you need is faith in yourself. If you think you're going to amount to something, write to **The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.**



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

We have more than 100,000 satisfied customers in more than 17,000 cities, villages and towns in the United States who have each saved from $5 to $40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on

360 DAYS' APPROVAL

direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove or range has a higher reputation or gives better satisfaction. You run no risk. You save all dealers' profits. We pay the freight.

Send a Postal for Catalogue

For Coal or Wood Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 15[illegible]
For Gas Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 808

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Our patent [illegible] thermometer makes baking [illegible] easy

---

EASTER SPECIAL $20 SUIT to your measure $13.50

Easter is the "*coming out*" time for Spring apparel. *You*, like thousands of other men, will *want* your Spring clothes in time for Easter. *Don't decide* on your new suit *before* you send for our *handsome catalogue*, illustrating the *smartest* Spring *fashions* and showing fifty (50) rich, *classy fabrics*. We will *prove* that you can not only *save money* by letting *us* make your clothes, but also get the most *exclusive New York* styles and the *best* possible *custom tailoring*.

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

Catalogue of the Smartest New York Styles and Samples FREE

We'll Make You a $20 Suit for $13.50

For $13.50 we will make to your *special measure* a positive $20 suit. It is the *same* quality suit that we have sold year after year through our *agents* for $20.

We have done away with agents, because they were a hindrance to our growth. They misrepresented things, and in some cases *charged* $5 and $10 *more* than they were supposed to get for a suit. Their poor way of handling the trade *forced* us to *discharge* them *all!*

We are now selling *direct* to you at the *same* price at which we had sold the agent. *We* make the *same* profit on these clothes that we always made, and *you* make the *agent's* profit.

This move will *save* our clients many dollars and enable us to render a service that will make a *steady* customer with *each* sale. The *good* influence that a *pleased* patron can create will bring us *more* trade than we could *possibly* secure through any other channel.

The suit we sell you for $13.50 is the *same* garment that we *wholesaled* to our agent for $13.50. It is the *same* garment in *every* respect that our agent *retailed* for $20. The *fabrics* used are the products of the *best* mills in the land. The *tailoring throughout* will be as *painstakingly* done as if you were watching over it. The *fit* will be "*mold-like*," and the *fashioning* the *newest* and *smartest*.

Our system of tailoring makes it possible for you to sit right in your own home, no matter how many miles you may be from this great metropolis, and get the "nattiest" New York styles, the most accurate fit and thoroughly tailored clothes built to your individual measure.

Style Book and 50 Samples FREE

If you are going to buy a suit for Easter, or if you are interested in a suit for any other time, don't fail to send for our handsomely illustrated style book and 50 cloth samples FREE. We particularly dwell on Easter, because if we get your *order* soon, we'll have time to carefully make the clothes for you. *Write tonight* for Catalogue and Samples.

The Bell Tailors of New York
120-128 Walker St., New York City

Mail this Coupon Or Send a Postal

Please send Style Book, Samples and Full Tailoring Outfit FREE

M________________

Address ________________

2

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

An Extra Servant For Two Cents a Week

The Thor Electric
Washes and Wrings by Electricity

[illegible]

the THOR Power with gasoline engine

30 Days' Free Trial

[illegible]

Put It to Every Test for 30 Days

[illegible]

Send a Post Card for our Free Booklets

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY
163 S. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
1010 Flat Iron Building, New York City

The KADY Suspender

Rest with the Best

The problem of an easy, comfortable suspender that will allow freedom of the body without chafing shoulders or creating a strain on the trousers buttons is solved in

The Kady Suspender

With The Kady a man can stoop, kneel, lounge, or recline without being conscious he is wearing suspenders.

The Double Crown Roller

a patented device found only on The Kady Suspender, is what makes this possible.

Finest elastic webbing, handsome patterns.

Sold everywhere for 50c and 75c a pair

If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, write us. We will tell you where to get them and send "Suspender Booklet."

The Ohio Suspender Co.
334 North Park Street, Mansfield, O., U.S.A.

The Only
Ledger That Protects

Strength Without Weight or Bulk

Flat Opening Simplicity and Durability

You should know that but one key (Yale) is needed to lock, unlock, open and close the binding mechanism of the Mann Yale Lock Ledger. A leaf cannot be inserted or removed without the Yale key, and it is the only loose leaf ledger that protects. You should make sure to get a

Mann Yale Lock Ledger

from your stationer. If he does not have it you had better deal direct with us. Those interested in the "loose leaf idea" ought to read our copyrighted booklet "The Interchangeable Leaf Ledger." It is full of information, and free. Send for copy.

William Mann Company, 527 Market St., Phila.

Do You Write Fiction? [illegible] stories based on [illegible] a new field now; it will be the largest, the most fascinating and the most influential field in literature. Send for free booklet and particulars today.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY, 515 Rand McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Greider's Book on Poultry Only 10c., post paid. Tells about Pure Bred Poultry. Illustrates sixty varieties, prices low, [illegible] Greider's [illegible]. B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

STOCK MANIPULATION

(Continued from Page 5)

This faculty, I may say, is not as common as one might imagine. Take the bad break following the publication of Grover Cleveland's Venezuela message. At the time the stock market was bullish. Wall Street read the message and thought nothing of it. A newspaper man who happened to be calling on James R. Keene expressed his surprise that the Street took it so calmly. Mr. Keene was long about 50,000 shares of various stocks. He asked why the President's message should have any effect. The newspaper man looked at the great stock speculator in blank amazement and asked: "Have you read it?" "I've read the headlines," replied Keene impatiently. He had not shaken his mind's position toward the stock market, which had made him buy 50,000 shares. How was today different from yesterday? What new market condition had been created? "Read the message; read the last paragraph. *The sting is in the tail!*" said the newspaper man.

They sent for the message. Keene read it carefully from beginning to end.

"Well?" he said, his mind still clinging to its previous position.

"Well? You mean 'hell,' don't you? That's what will break loose tomorrow when London begins to sell American stocks by the shipload! You'll see nothing but WAR!! in the English papers tomorrow. And the same here!"

Still Keene hesitated. Think of it! A man of his temperament and experience and imagination hesitated! But the more he thought the more he realized that a new market condition had been created. He began by selling out the stocks he held. Freed from the handicap of his market commitments, which so often fetter the minds of operators, he then and only then grasped the situation clearly. And then, and only then, did he begin to sell short. From bull to nothing; from nothing to bear. Even the great Keene had to take these two steps. All that day he sold and sold, up to the close of the market. From being long 50,000 shares in the morning he went home at three o'clock short 75,000 shares. And the next day hell broke loose—first in the newspapers, then on the Stock Exchange. And Keene made a fortune. *Did he earn it?*

The newspaper man who saw clearly with his journalistic mind what great speculators did not perceive at all, is still working for a living.

Five Points for Speculators

Watts makes the point, in his essay on Speculation as a Fine Art, that his five qualifications for a successful speculator must be in a well-balanced combination, which is, of course, uncommon, as the lamb ought to realize. There are not many unrecognized geniuses who think themselves the equal of Shakespeare, but nearly everybody thinks he can beat the game in Wall Street, and, failing, blames the failure on the Harrimans and the Rogerses and the use of loaded dice. Watts gives a few rules for speculation, which he says are really laws, applying to any kind of speculation. Thus he calls the following, LAWS ABSOLUTE: *Never overtrade.* To have interest larger than the capital justifies is to cause an unfavorable fluctuation to unnerve the operator, making his judgment worthless.

Never double up; that is, because you are led to think you have been wrong, never completely reverse a position (except, of course, when confronted by an accident, such as the Venezuela message).

Run quick or not at all. When doubtful reduce the amount of the interest. A man told a friend that he could not sleep on account of his position on the market. The friend—perhaps Watts himself—replied: *"Sell down to a sleeping-point."*

Then he gives RULES CONDITIONAL, subject to modification according to circumstances and the individual temperament of the operator. They are a sort of guide of conduct, and he shows why, such as: It is better to "average up" than to "average down"; to stop losses and let profits run. Do not ignore public opinion; act cautiously *with* public opinion; *against* it boldly. Keep your hand on the pulse of the market, the operator being the physician and the market the patient. Quiet,

Wherever there are children,
There is need of a Camera

For always there are little expressions—little unconscious poses of graceful childhood, which make the most interesting pictures for father and mother.

PREMOGRAPH NO. 2

Makes such pictures as no ordinary camera can.

It's so constructed that you can see at all times a reflection of the subject, right side up and of the exact size which it will be in the finished picture.

You can watch through the hood every gesture of little hands, every changing expression of little faces—no need to pose them or ask them to "hold still"—but when you see just the gesture, just the expression you want, turn a key and the exposure is made.

Premograph No. 2 possesses the same advantage for street pictures, landscape and amateur photography in general. It works for time, instantaneous and retarded exposures; has rack and pinion for focusing and loads in daylight with the Premo Film Pack. It costs only twenty dollars.

Catalogue of these and fifty other styles and sizes of Premos at the dealers, or write us to send it to you, postage free.

IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalog.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
51 SOUTH ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Crawford Shoes

FOR MEN
$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

No. 12528.—Soft, durable Vici Kid. Sent, prepaid, for $4.25.

In New York, the fashion centre of the country, Crawford Shoes are sold by Crawford Shoe Makers, at

[illegible]
1004 Broadway, Brooklyn.

Today, Chrome tanned leather represents the highest point of excellence known to scientific tanning. Chrome leather costs more. It is firmer, much more durable, and at the same time smoother, softer and more waterproof than any other kind. Chrome leather takes and retains a mirror-like polish.

It is because I use the best of everything that you find Chrome leather in Crawfords—ordinarily it is used in shoes costing twice as much.

Write for interesting booklet telling *why* Crawford Shoes are *good* shoes. Prove their value—buy a pair!

Charles A. Eaton

CHAS. A. EATON CO., Brockton, Mass.

CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

SUMMER VOYAGES

TO NORWAY, ICELAND AND SPITZBERGEN

A Series of Ten Cruises, leaving Hamburg during **June, July, August** and **September**, by magnificent twin-screw steamers, ideally adapted for cruising, on which

Every comfort has been considered.
Every practical safety appliance has been installed.
Every feature conducive to the complete enjoyment of a perfect trip has been provided.
The cruises vary in duration from 14 to 25 days, and cost from $62.50 upward.
Excellent connections from America by our splendid trans-Atlantic service.

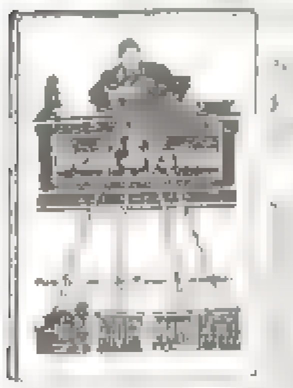
Let us send you our new book, "A Summer Holiday at the top of the World," containing full particulars.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 BROADWAY
Boston, Phila., St Louis, Chicago, San Francisco

How to Double the Day's Work

47 [illegible] that will increase the working efficiency of *any* desk man, *general manager* or *clerk*, from 20 to 50 per cent.

Packed with short cuts and time-savers. Makes the desk a model work bench on which every paper has its place, nothing [illegible] make a desk keep itself [illegible] save from 5 [illegible]'s dictation

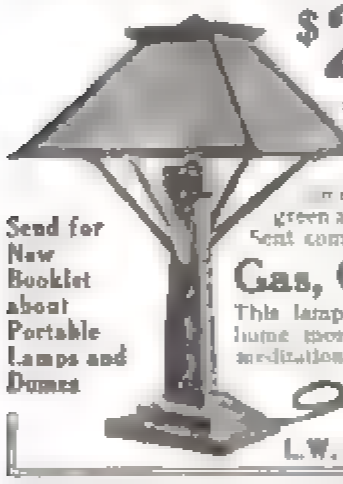


It describes in detail [illegible]

[illegible] gives a complete [illegible] the desk [illegible] on bad [illegible] pages, are actually bound in vel[illegible]

FREE The [illegible] full year [illegible] a copy of [illegible] charges [illegible] prepaid. Dept 28

SYSTEM [illegible] Wabash Avenue, Chicago.


$2.90 Buys This Fine Lamp

Send for New Booklet about Portable Lamps and Domes

[illegible] green and white, 15 in square. [illegible] Sent complete, ready for use, for either

Gas, Oil or Electricity

This lamp is a lasting ornament, makes home more homelike, inviting rest and meditation. Order today for your library or sitting room. Fully guaranteed at our special low price, $2.90. Address

L. W. Gillespie, Dept. B, Marion, Ind.

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to [illegible] wear shoes a size smaller [illegible] to them. Just the [illegible] Shoes, [illegible] Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. [illegible] where, 25 cts. Sample [illegible] Address, Allen S. [illegible] Le Roy, N. Y. Remember the name, Allen's [illegible] *substitute.*

6%

Do not fail to investigate the Certificates of Deposit issued by this bank, before you invest your funds. Please write for booklet "S" which explains how we can safely pay 6% per annum

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS MONT

good markets are good markets to sell, because they ordinarily develop into declining markets; but when a market has gone through the stages of quiet and weak to active and declining, then on to semipanic or panic, buy it freely. *Vice versa*, after a quiet and firm market develops into an active and strong one up to a pitch of excitement, sell it confidently. Never fail to omit the element of chance. Napoleon in his campaigns always allowed a margin for chance. Calculation must measure the incalculable. Act on general rather than on special information—the state of the country, condition of crops and industries, rather than on the "inside tip." Statistics are valuable, but must be kept subordinate to a comprehensive view of the whole situation. Canning once said: "There is nothing so fallacious as facts except figures." Another has observed: "Figures may not lie, but liars often figure." And Watts says that the maxim, "When in doubt do nothing," is merely wise advice never to enter the market on half-convictions. And last, and above everything else, act so as to keep the mind clear, its judgment trustworthy. A reserve force should be maintained and kept for supreme moments, when the full strength should be put on the stroke delivered

The foregoing observations are given, not in lieu of a manual for speculators—which is another story—but with a desire to show the difference between *gambling* and *speculation*. It so happens that for one speculator there are one thousand gamblers. Manipulators have not been blind to this disparity. Hence much of the manipulation concerns itself necessarily with the psychology of gamblers.

The Real Names of "They"

Manipulation is that which the "big men" of Wall Street declare exists only in the imagination of newspaper writers. It is also that which the newspaper-reading public declares the "big men" indulge in incessantly—to their own profit and the public's loss. Both are inaccurate. Mr. James R. Keene, probably the greatest manipulator of stocks in our time, once told me that I was responsible for the popularizing of that hateful word, and that in calling him a master manipulator I had done him a great injury. He had in mind the public's notion of what a manipulator stood for—a sort of arch-robber, a picker of pockets by the thousand. He declared that there was no such thing. .

Not long afterward Mr. Morgan intrusted to him the manipulation—he called it market-handling—of the United States Steel stocks! Mr. E. H. Harriman not only admits but even defends the practice of certain methods and manipulative devices, such as "wash sales" and "matched orders," by calling them, I believe, "circular sales." Students of the stock market, with much care and ingenuity, prepare statistics of sales calculated to show that certain stock transactions at certain times cannot be *bona fide* by reason of their great volume; and thereby prove mathematically that there is such a thing as manipulation. There is a well-known type of man who inveterately discovers what everybody knows. A Wall Street "bromide" is the man who speaks of "They" in awed tones or, as the case might be, with much profanity—the mysterious "They," whom Thomas W. Lawson nicknamed the "System," whom the American passion for labels now calls the Harrimans and the Morgans and the "Standard Oil group," and the "Rock Island crowd." We give them names in the magazines and newspapers, but to the lambs they remain "They," whose will is law, who are going to put up this or that stock, who are behind one or another movement, or who are doing nothing and, therefore, the lambs also should do nothing. "They" are the great manipulators.

Manipulation is both an art and a science. Manipulation is the process whereby are produced certain stock-market defects designed to yield a pecuniary profit directly or indirectly to the manipulator. Indeed, in most cases, it is merely a peculiar method of advertising a peculiar business. It has, therefore, become a sort of "custom of the trade." It is a necessary evil, as advertising through some medium or other is a necessity in the business life of today. Some advertisements call attention legitimately to the merits of the article advertised; so does certain manipulation. Other

A Day's Work In An Hour!

The same work that takes a good clerk all day with pen or typewriter can now be done by an office boy in 60 minutes! And with unerring accuracy.

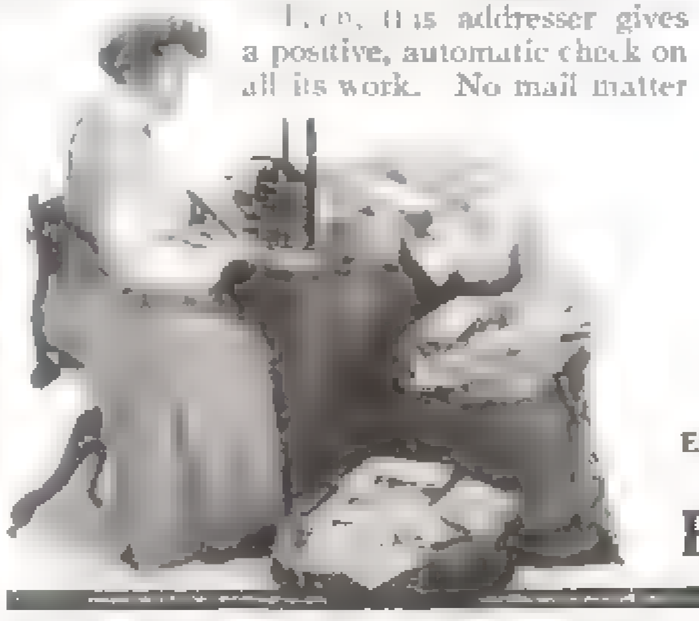
For he can print, on an Elliott Addressing Machine, any list of names and addresses, of any nature, at the rate of 1,000 to 3,000 an hour.

A good clerk could write not more than 1,000 a day. And at that would make mistakes.

So this simple machine makes an office boy, or girl at $6.00 a week, equal to 8 or 10 clerks in handling any kind of names by lists.

Think what this Elliott Addresser would save in your office. Think how pay-roll, mailing, and similar work would be facilitated.

[illegible], this addresser gives a positive, automatic check on all its work. No mail matter returned for "better address." No omissions to cause "mixups." No illegibility.



A Hundred Uses for the Elliott Addresser

Pay-roll lists, names and addresses on bills or statements, notices or acknowledgments, envelopes or any mail matter, time cards, pay-roll envelopes or sheets, shipping-tags, laundry routes, collectors' or salesmen's routes, etc.—all handled on this machine

The names are printed from stencils (good for ten to twenty thousand impressions), which serve as card-indexes—printed in the order the stencils are filed; alphabetically by names, by towns and states, by account or pay-roll numbers, by salesmen's routes, or in any other classification

Complete changes in name and address [illegible] at a cost of only 1-5 cent each.

The sole cost of operating is the value of an office boy's time. The machine will outlast any typewriter and without needing repairs.

There are s[illegible]

We will gladly [illegible] Addresser will do in your office, and what it will save, if you will write us the nature and amount of your work

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory

Elliott Addressing Machine Co.
South Purchase St., Boston, Mass.

Elliott Addressing Machine

Make Money Making Extracts

I teach you the Synthetic Process for manufacturing Domestic Flavoring Extracts. No ageing necessary; no machinery required; very inexpensive. Easy to learn and the kitchen of evenings your "laboratory"; big profits; my plan is a winner.

GEO. L. COLBURN, Pekin, Ill.

Save Half Your Laundry Bill

[illegible] LACLEDE CUFF GUARD, [illegible] in an instant. Can be carried [illegible] prepaid on receipt of 50 cents. Agents [illegible] wanted everywhere. A Libera[illegible]

LACLEDE SALES COMPANY
522 Merchants-Laclede Building, ST LOUIS, MO.

Get this $8.50 Dictionary Free

And this Astounding Free Trial Offer

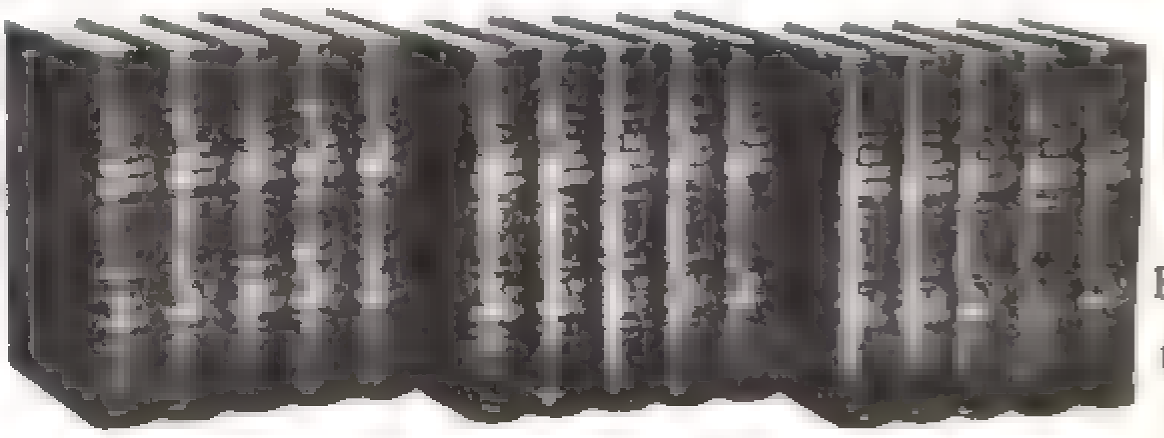
You who have always wanted to get an encyclopedia [illegible] No longer need price prevent you from obtaining [illegible]

In all the history of book bargains never has there been [illegible] bargain as this

Think what it means to secure the latest, the greatest of encyclopedias at the lowest price, the easiest terms ever quoted. Other books tell you about one thing. The new **1909 New Americanized Encyclopedia** tells you *everything*.

Other encyclopedias give you information up to five or ten years ago. This records every step of human progress right up to *now*. It is worth twice the price of the next best encyclopedia. Yet you can have the 15 [illegible] volumes brought to your home or office for examination free of charge

If you decide to [illegible] set a first payment of $[illegible] Moreover with each of the first hundred orders we will give you Webster's New $8.50 Encyclopedic Dictionary FREE. See the necessity for ordering IMMEDIATELY.



$1.00 Secures the Set

Sent Free for Examination

New Americanized Encyclopedia

Let us send you today this superb set of books. Look them over at your leisure. We shall abide by your decision.

Here are fifteen massive, magnificently bound volumes, 10,000 double column pages, 100 superb maps, 37,000 biographical references, hundreds of illustrated color plates of the rarest beauty. You will marvel at the beauty, the skill, the unapproachable perfection of it all.

Every phase of human knowledge, of discovery, experience and belief is included in this stupendous work. It covers all epochs of literature, all forms of government, all systems of religion. All gallant deeds and stirring scenes, all victories of war and brain, all marvels of science and invention, all the glorious achievements that have made history luminous and civilization possible are found in the ten thousand teeming pages of these magnificent volumes. Think what it means to have an inexhaustible storehouse of the richest knowledge and invaluable information. And to have it always at hand.

Its Scholarly Authority

The classic literature of the world [illegible] characteristic feature of this work. Here are some of the [illegible] tors: Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, John Morley, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Canon Farrar, Edmund Gosse, John Stuart Blackie, Leslie Stephen, Edward Freeman, Lord Kelvin, Robertson Smith, Sir Norman Lockyer, Thorold Rogers, Saintsbury, Swinburne, Simon Newcomb, John Fiske, Cardinal Gibbons, John Bach McMaster, Admiral Melville, Thomas B. Reed, Carroll Wright, and these with hundreds of others equally famous give it an authority so overwhelming, so incomparable that it reigns without a rival in the realm of scholarship.

Limited Half Price Offer

We are making for a limited time only a special introductory offer at just ONE-HALF the regular price. The cloth set we [illegible] Moreover [illegible] FREE Webster's Huge New Encyclopedic Dictionary [illegible]

[illegible] selling regularly at $8.50. It is [illegible] edges, gold stamped and index[illegible] world's most famous Cyclope[illegible] gives you a magnificent reference library of enormous extent and unmatchable value

How to Get the Books

Send No Money. Sign and mail the attached coupon and we will ship you a complete set for five days' FREE examination. You can return them AT OUR EXPENSE if they fail to give you entire satisfaction. We pay all transportation charges. Should you decide to purchase, then send us $1.00 as first payment and pay the balance at the rate of $2.00 per month for the cloth and $2.50 per month for the half morocco

Do Not Delay— Sign Coupon Now

At these phenomenal prices the introductory sets will [illegible] purchase only [illegible]

The Booklovers Society
156 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

COUPON
THE BOOKLOVERS SOCIETY
156 Fifth Ave. New York

Please send me for examination prepaid a complete set of the **New Americanized Encyclopedia** in half morocco binding at your SPECIAL HALF-PRICE offer of $46.00. If the set is satisfactory, I agree to pay upon the purchase price the sum of $1.00 in cash within 5 days after receipt of goods and $2.50 each month thereafter for eighteen months. Title to remain in The Booklovers Society until full purchase price has been paid. If the books are not satisfactory I am to notify you promptly and hold them subject to your [illegible]. Also send me **Webster's New Encyclopedic Dictionary**, which I am to receive absolutely FREE should I retain the set.

Name

Address

If you prefer the cloth edition alter $46.00 to $37.00 and $2.50 each month to $2.00

Suit Made to Measure $15

EXPRESS PREPAID

SUIT CASE — FREE —

Fine tailor made cash mere or worsted suit Your choice [illegible] made especially for you, [illegible] finished garment The suit is [illegible] serge and [illegible] al trimmings [illegible] high grade merchant [illegible] and order [illegible] guaranteed. [illegible] product of high-priced city tailors.

We Pay All Express Charges

Once a customer of ours—always a customer. W[illegible] to lose a little to get your first [illegible]

You take no risk [illegible] guarantee satisfa[illegible] We [illegible] pay all express charges, and [illegible] suit isn't satisfactory [illegible] Samples of [illegible] style are [illegible] styles and [illegible] $15 to $25. Our [illegible]

Samples of Cloth Free

will be sent the same day your request reaches us. W[illegible] and no con[illegible] Our [illegible] Write [illegible] free [illegible]

MEYER LIVINGSTON SONS
90 Livingston Ave., South Bend, Ind.
Reference: Citizens Nat'l Bank, South Bend, Ind.

BONDS

How To Buy Bonds

[illegible] subject formerly known to only [illegible] mostly bankers. Our book "[illegible] and How to Buy Them" gives facts on investments everyone should know. Tells you how you can invest in the same safe securities earning 4% to 6% in which banks invest their own trust funds.

Our selected list of Municipal and Corporation Bonds and this Bond Book should be in the hands of everyone interested in investments.

Both will be sent on request.

OTIS AND HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
200 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND

To The Man With A Steady Job

I offer you an opportunity to add to your salary $5, $10 or $15 each month whichever you may select [illegible] Special Plan No. 18." Better still, include [illegible] pay all charges and I will send you full eq[illegible] you may begin adding to your income without delay
E. M. NOLEN, Manager, Room 920, 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed [illegible]
Visiting Cards [illegible]
THE ESTABROOK PRESS 181 S Tremont St Boston Mass

PATENT$ FOR YOUR IDEA$ Send for FREE Book
H. S. HILL, 32-84 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D. C.

advertisements misrepresent the goods, so does other manipulation. There are quack remedy "ads"; so is there certain evil manipulation. In short, manipulation is not always misrepresentation, nor is it always unnecessary or evil. It is well to consider first the so-called legitimate or indispensable manipulation—the appeal to the investor.

Francis D. Carley, a genius, who always talks with a picturesqueness of genius, was the first man to my knowledge who formulated the truism that: "STOCKS NEVER GO UP; THEY ARE PUT UP!" That is, widespread recognition of real values is necessarily so slow that, left to itself, the best stock in the world appreciates imperceptibly from day to day—far too slowly to pay underwriting syndicates. High-class firms, dealing in high-class securities on a very large scale, are merely wholesale distributors. The small investment house may take a million or two of a stock or bond and peddle them. But J. P. Morgan & Co., or Kuhn, Loeb & Co., or Speyer & Co., who sell hundreds of millions a year, can't peddle. They sell in bulk to the smaller jobbers, and the stock market does the rest. The Stock Exchange is their big market place. It is where buyer and seller meet; where ten sellers and ten thousand buyers meet. Mr. Morgan advertises in the newspapers entire bond issues for sale. Investors who want safety—and four per cent *per annum*—read and subscribe for a part of the issue; and the underwriters place the rest among banks and estates and trustees of estates the country over, either directly or through jobbers—bond and investment brokers who do an over-the-counter business and send out bond drummers to canvass institutions throughout this country and Europe—a cash business with investors and semi-investors and with widows and orphans and old maids.

Turning Water Into Gold

The law specifically states what investments are proper for trust funds, savings-banks and insurance companies; and these buyers can, and do, absorb certain securities of companies whose fiscal agents are such firms as Mr. Morgan's or Mr. Schiff's or Mr. Speyer's. But, in addition, there are stock issues to float: issues of good stocks and bad stocks and worse-than-bad stocks. There are laws against swindles. Let those laws be invoked when worse-than-bad stocks are issued in order to prevent their sales to the fools. The law does not concern itself with warning the fool or enlightening the ignorant or pitying the unfortunate. It has no sympathy with the gold-brick buyer nor the bucolic investor in green goods. The buyers of gold bricks or the investor in "just-as-good" banknotes or the listener of "sick miner" tales are always men who want something for nothing. They probably deserve what they get. But the law says money must not be obtained under false pretenses. It is a mooted question whether the eventual abolition of penitentiaries depends upon the abolition of criminals and stock manipulators, or upon the abolition of fools and cowards. It is similarly a vain task to ponder whether if all stock-buying people were scientific speculators instead of mere gamblers the predatory rich would stop getting richer. The fact remains that certain conditions exist, one of which is the existence of the gambling spirit in men. Stock manipulators recognize this. It therefore follows, logically, that being concerned with an immediate market, as it were, manipulators perforce utilize the gambling propensity of the mob. Such is the record of all our securities. What were once the "speculative footballs" of a decade or two ago are the "safe investments" of today. Talk to wise old investors, the inventory of whose holdings reads like a dream of marvelous sagacity and great luck, and you find that, thirty years ago, when they bought XYZ preferred, they only paid $32 a share—now worth $180—and they were none too sure of the continuance of the dividends at that time, but took chances. Guaranteed stocks were "pool-darlings" twenty-five years ago. What was called water has become solid gold. Water: the intelligent optimist's capitalization of the future growth of the United States.

There are fallacies in some of these reasonings, to be sure, but there is no fallacy in the contention that active speculation in a security, altogether apart from the security's "intrinsic worth," is useful in

Dare You Throw Burning Coals on Your Roof?

Burning coals thrown on a roof of Ruberoid harmlessly sputter away—and die out.

They do not set fire to the Ruberoid. They do not set fire to the timbers underneath.

Yet a roof of Ruberoid is more than mere protection against fire.

It is protection against the cold of winter. Being a perfect non-conductor of heat, it keeps the warmth of the house *in*.

It is protection against the heat of summer. It keeps the building cool by keeping the sun's heat *out*.

Seventeen Years of Test

And it is more. It is wind proof, rain proof, snow proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes. Because of its great flexibility, it is proof against contraction, expansion and the twisting strains which every roof must bear.

A roof of Ruberoid is practically a one-piece roof.

For with every roll comes the Ruberine cement with which you seal the seams and edges—seal them permanently against the weather and against leaks. You will find many roofings which look like Ruberoid—but none which wear like Ruberoid.

For the first buildings ever roofed with Ruberoid—more than seventeen years ago—are still waterproof and [illegible]

These buildings are the oldest roofed with *any* ready roofing. Ruberoid was by several years the first.

And of more than 300 substitute roofings on sale today, not one can employ the vital element which makes Ruberoid roofing what it is.

This vital element is Ruberoid gum—made by our own exclusive process.

It is this wonderful Ruberoid gum which gives Ruberoid roofing the life and flexibility to withstand seventeen years of wear where other roofings fray out in a few summers.

These substitute roofings are made to resemble only the uncolored Ruberoid.

Ruberoid can also be had in colors. It comes in attractive Red, Brown and Green—suitable for the finest home.

The color is not painted on. It is a part of the roofing. It does not wear off or fade.

Get This Free Book

Before deciding on *any* roofing for *any* purpose, get our free book which tells what we have learned in twenty years of tests about *all* kinds of roofing. This book is frank, fair and impartial. It tells all about shingles, tin, tar, iron and ready [illegible]

RUBEROID
(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

[illegible]

To get this book, address Department [illegible], The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, Bound Brook, N. J.
New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Memphis, Denver, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris, Hamburg

2c a Week Does Washing!
We Prove it at OUR EXPENSE

1900 Electric Motor Washer
Can be connected with any ordinary Electric Light Fixture

Forget all you know about washing machines—for there never was one like this. It's the 1900 MOTOR WASHER—*absolutely self working!* It *does it all*. It does it *right*. It does it for *2 cents a week*. And it does it so *quick* that it shortens the time to MINUTES instead of HOURS.

Washes in Six Minutes!

We mean it. Seeing is believing! It seldom takes longer than [illegible] minutes. *Never* longer than *six!* And the *clock* will verify our claim. You can read or sew or play with the baby while the machine is doing the washing.

Does Both the Washing and Wringing
Self-Working Wringer Furnished Free

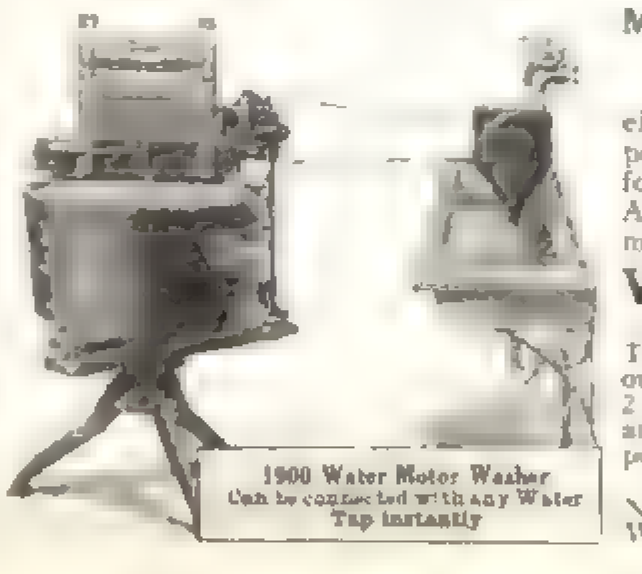
The Motor Washer operates the Wringer, too. No crank to turn—no handle. The Wringer works itself, just as the Washer does. Cog wheels cased in steel to prevent danger of soiling clothes or mashing the fingers.

The Wringer comes FREE with every 1900 Motor Washer.

The 1900 Motor Washer

Sent Anywhere on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

Surely you are willing to be *convinced* that this Washer will do all we claim. We offer to send a 1900 Motor Washer on absolute FREE TRIAL for an entire *month* to any responsible person. Not a cent of *security*—nor a promise to *buy*. Just your word that you will give it a test. We even agree to *pay the freight*, and will take it back if it fails.



1900 Water Motor Washer
Can be connected with any Water Tap instantly

Machine Can be Run by Electricity, Water-Power or Gasoline Engine

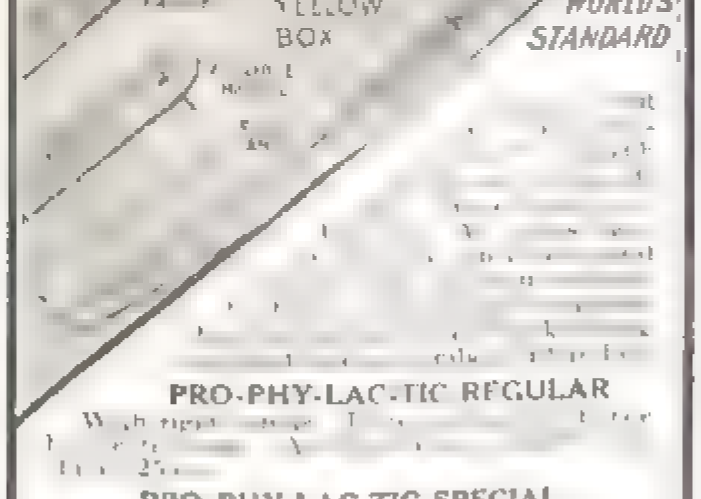
The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Washer with either Electric Motor or Water Motor. You turn on the power as easily as you turn on the light, and back and forth goes the tub, washing the clothes for dear life. And it's all so simple and easy that overseeing the work is mere child's play.

Which Free Book Shall We Send?

We publish an "Electric" Book and a "Water-Power" Book. Tell us *which one* to send you. Learn how to make electricity or water-power do all the washing and wringing at a cost of only 2 cents a week. Why not get one of these wonderful machines and snap your fingers at the bugbear of Washday? Send a postal NOW for one of the FREE BOOKS.

Address, The 1900 Washer Co., 3318 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. [illegible] If you live in Canada, write to the Canadian 1900 Washer Co., [illegible]

Pro-phy-lac-tic
TOOTH BRUSH


ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX
THE WORLD'S STANDARD

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC REGULAR
[illegible]

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL
Handle bends as the brush is used. [illegible]

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC DE LUXE
Delicately colored transparent flexible handles—emerald, topaz or ruby. Your brush identified [illegible] Adult's size only. Price 40 cts.
BE SURE TO ASK for the Pro-ph[illegible] it in its yellow box. Any brush sent [illegible]

Florence Manufacturing Co.
32 Pine Street Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

BECAUSE your order comes direct to our mill, without any cost to us for salesmen or for jobbers' or retailers' profits, we can and do give you the biggest value in hosiery a dollar ever bought.

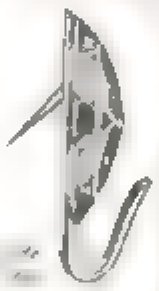
Men's—Eight pairs for $1: Medium-weight, s[illegible]less cotton socks, double toe and heel. Colors: brown, blue, black or gray. Simply enclose a dollar, stating size and color wanted.

Women's—Five pairs for $1: Medium-weight hose of fine-combed Egyptian yarn. Black only.

Delivered Free
Your money back if you are not satisfied.
Reference Second National Bank, Reading

8 pairs for $1
From the mill
Lerum Hosiery Mill
Reading, Pa.

Have you seen this wonderful little Hook?



HANDIHOOK
It's the cleverest thing in hooks ever devised. Requires no hammering [illegible]
[illegible] lerful strength. [illegible] Handihook [illegible] coats, waists, skirts, reference [illegible] Brass 25c doz. Gun Metal, Nickel and A[illegible] per doz.
Send 10c and dealer's name for sample [illegible]
A. Goertz & Co., 263 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad, but a stylish serviceable Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. Made of Genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band, trimmed with neat, narrow outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into a neat, compact roll without damaging. Unequaled for traveling, motoring, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Five colors: Black, Brown, Green, Gray Mixture, and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

Folded

State size and color desired.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Panama Hat Co., 181-A William St., New York City

SEND 10 CENTS IN STAMPS FOR
Genuine Wyoming Fossil from newly discovered beds.
W. A. KEPFORD, Ishawooa, Big Horn Co., WYOMING

giving it one of its most valuable qualities, to wit: *ready marketability*. A bond regularly traded in on the New York Stock Exchange sells at a higher price—that is, returns a smaller yield to the holder—than a mortgage on country real estate, however safe that mortgage may be. And this happens because you can, in a case of need, change that bond into cash in a jiffy whereas it is more difficult—that is, it takes longer—to sell your mortgage. The safety of the underlying collateral is a value-determining factor, but so is the *marketability* of the security or document. This fact creates the most serious problem which confronts the legislator seeking to stop the evil of stock gambling, a problem which should be considered not altruistically, but practically. By all means stop abuses; but do not handicap legitimate business disproportionately. Make gambling difficult; do not attempt to reform human nature by statute at one fell swoop. The millennium is coming; humanity is walking toward it. Do not sprint; it is fatal to the wind of humanity.

The logical, indeed the inevitable, preponderance of speculators and gamblers in the market-place, where an ideal state of affairs would be the preponderance of investors, gives us a condition and not a theory. And the Morgans and the Schiffs and the Speyers and the Moores and the Reids and the Harrimans and the Rockefellers and the Keenes and the John W. Gateses, and so on down the scale of degree and methods, take advantage, not of gambling, but of speculation; because speculation is behind most of the material progress of the world. Hence manipulation—advertising—assumes divers forms as well as various excuses for persistence in the face of State laws and Exchange rules.

The Votaries of Chance

The gambling instinct is deeply implanted in most men. There are the votaries of blind chance, but there are also the men who take certain risks, who find pleasure, not in the dangers they run, but in the exercise of those faculties which we have shown the speculator must possess. But these various types of men are all moved by the same desire to make money and make it quickly—very quickly, because life is very short. Some wish to earn it by using their minds; others by trying to use their minds and—trusting to luck. At bottom it is in all cases the recognition of what money means to each man in this money-mad day. They see themselves motoring through France instead of commuting to the suburbs; sailing in palatial yachts instead of cursing at the ferryboats; they build mansions, or control legislatures, or own thousands of acres, or see their names in the society columns; or whatever the heart's desire may be. In all walks of life men measure the value of money by the effort it costs to win it. Hence the harder a man works to make a living the more beautiful becomes the making of it with no effort—the getting of something for nothing. It is well to be honest, to admit that civilization is due to man's laziness, to the desire to live with the least possible effort, to a hope in the eventual abolition of all work.

Now, while greed may not be one of the exact sciences, it is a mathematical certainty that most men are morally vulnerable to the degree that greed has bitten into their souls. We have shown that stocks don't go up, but are put up. They are put up by means of devices all more or less commonplace, and all founded on the recognition of the prevalence of greed; hence manipulation by means of the ticker. It is the most persuasive drummer on the staff of the wholesale distributor of securities. A newspaper advertisement, with illuminating statistics, sinks, perhaps, a thirty-second of an inch into the mind of the "discriminating investor." But advertising by means of the ticker is another thing. When a man sees a stock going up, *up!* UP! something goes to the very soul of the greed-stricken man, who, visioning to himself a dazzling money-happiness, reaches out quivering fingers, clutches eagerly in the air for the fortune within his grasp. . . . Men do not read the papers with their very souls; and that is the only way they read the ticker. The mirage is so real! They buy—and, later, they curse the "manipulator" who deceived them.

Inevitably net earnings determine values, and values determine prices. It is obviously difficult for a real-estate man in

$100.00 IN PRIZES

First Prize $25.00. 102 more for your wits.

Give us a short advertising sentence. You and your family will enjoy this contest, and for a few moments of your time you may win one of the 103 prizes offered below. Read the rules carefully.

THE CONTEST [illegible] regular Pompeian Massage Cream [illegible] We want [illegible] 10 words, but preferably [illegible]

PRIZES [illegible] $10 [illegible] Pompeian Massage Cream [illegible] writer. Prizes will be [illegible] 1st [illegible]

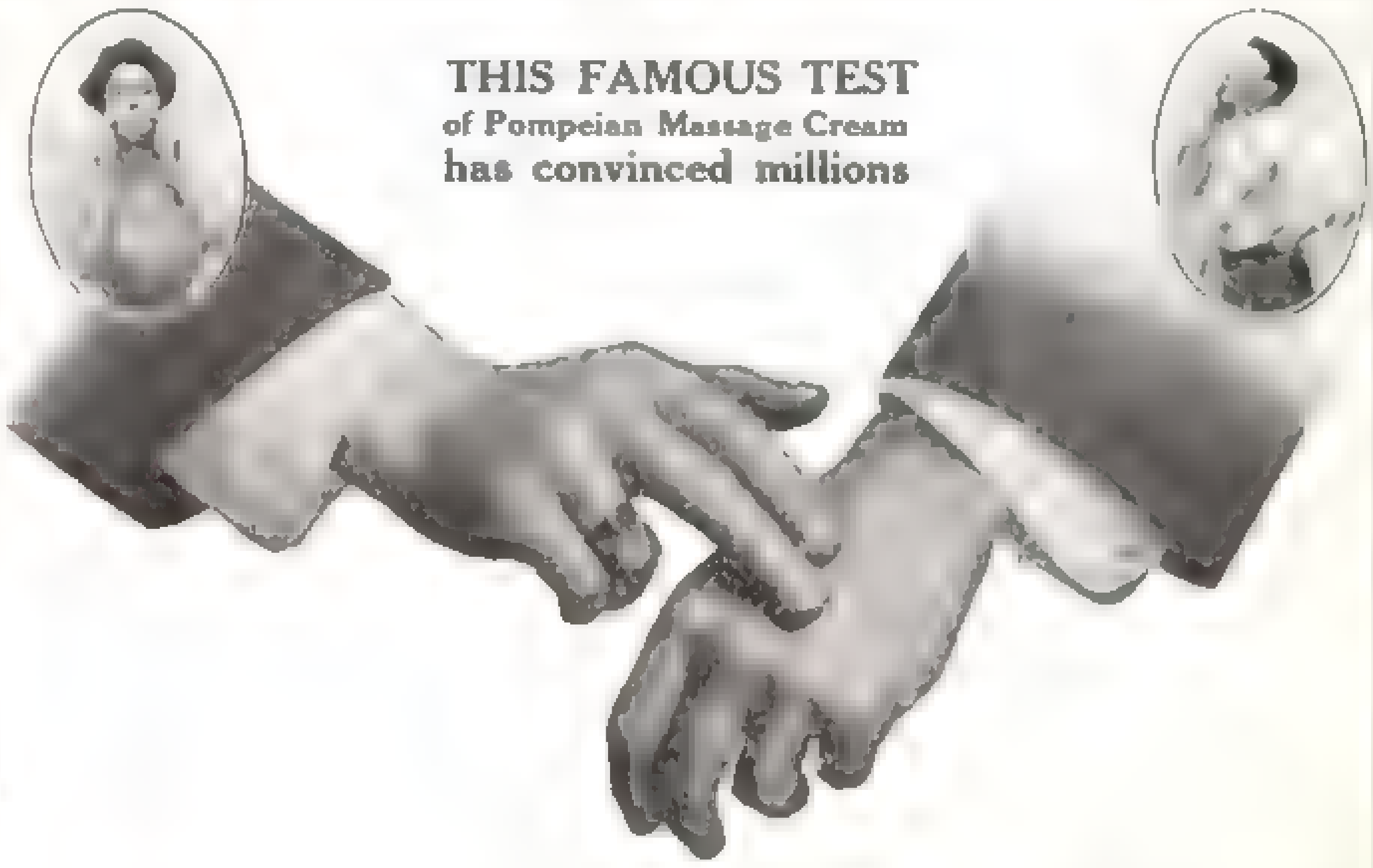
RULES. 1. Any [illegible] compete. (Better have [illegible] suggest phrases, and then [illegible]. 2. Write no long letter and [illegible] your suggestion [illegible]. Awards will be [illegible] June 1st. 5. Remember the 10-word limit. [illegible] the phrase the better. 6. Not necessary [illegible] the words, "Pompeian Massage Cream."

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS [illegible] dly. When you [illegible] Massage Cream, there is very likely a jar in your house. If not, ask several friends their opinions [illegible] ealers. It gives many valuable poin[illegible]. However, the contest does not require you to know Pompeian by personal experience, but first hand information is always the best.)

WOMEN, ATTENTION! You will do well to [illegible] the phrases we have already used [illegible] "Gives a clear, fresh, soft skin" [illegible] "10,000 jars sold daily," etc.

MEN ATTENTION! Study the following phrases we have used. Examples: "Overcomes Shaving Rash and Soreness"; "Gives a Clear, Clean, Athletic Look"; "Cleanses and Invigorates Sallow, Dead Skins," "10,000 jars sold daily," etc.

FINAL ADVICE: We want lines like the above short, crisp, clear, descriptive, truthful and original, but sensible and not funny, nor necessarily clever. If you are a man, write from a man's viewpoint; if a woman, write from her viewpoint. This latter suggestion is not a rule. Remember, two heads are better than one. Talk it over with the family or friends.



THIS FAMOUS TEST
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Pompeian Massage Cream
"MAKES AND KEEPS PEOPLE GOOD LOOKING"
($100.00 in prizes for line like above in quotation marks.) See rules at top of page.

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Razor rash and after-shaving soreness are overcome by Pompeian Massage Cream. The reason is this—the massaging strengthens tender skins, and [illegible] pores. These soap particles often cause severe irritation. Dead, lifeless skins are changed to the clean, clear, manly appearance of the athlete's skin. After a day's dusty work or sport you'll be surprised at the relief afforded by a Pompeian massage. It invigorates and exhilarates in a most [illegible]ing way. A clear, clean look is indeed a good introduction into society or business circles. At all druggists and good barber shops.

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Philadelphia to determine the value—net profits—of a railroad in Nebraska; or for a quarryman in Vermont to know the exact value of the shares of an iron company in Pittsburgh. Common-sense dictates study. But common-sense is even scarcer than greed. The manipulator has no time to educate his fellow-citizens; he must find the nearest and quickest market. This short cut leads to abuses; some of these are remediable today, while others must be relegated to the limbo of things to be improved by educational processes in a happier century. In the mean time, the manipulator studies not only finance but psychology.

The Psychology of the Ticker

When bull manipulation fails you always hear the profound platitude that a man can lead a horse to water, but ten thousand men cannot make that horse drink if it isn't thirsty. What it really means is that the manipulator probably was not also a psychologist; that he neglected to make the horse *think* it was thirsty. Example: A. C. R. stock has lain dormant for weeks or months. Conditions affecting its earning capacity have improved, thereby increasing the real value of the security in question. Notwithstanding the increase of this in the real value there has been no proportionate increase in the price; the quotation has remained stationary and the market for it quiescent.

And there also has not been the inevitable and logical and legitimate readjustment of value to price. An operator—or a syndicate—discovers that condition of affairs. He considers every factor in the situation. Whether or not it is an inside pool or a group of keen students of values, it is tantamount to the shoe manufacturer making up his mind that leather is very cheap and will probably sell higher. The stock operators load up. They buy more than they wish to hold as an actual investment. Being human, they themselves set no limit to their profit; they leave it to be determined by circumstances. Their problem, primarily, is to induce other people to buy those shares at the highest possible price. They must find a market. Finding a market often consists of making it. They know to what they must appeal—what the various classes and temperament of buyers demand. That demand they propose to supply. The best way they know is by advertising through the medium of the ticker—the ticker which Wall Street so wisely says always tells the story. If by publishing a full-page "ad" in the morning papers the public would take the goods from the manipulators' shelves, the manipulators would very promptly buy two full pages to make doubly sure. Instead, they give "tips" by word of mouth, by the newspapers, and by the greatest of all known tipsters, the ticker, which talks to gambler-souls.

Many devices are employed which will be considered later, but all manipulative arrows are aimed at the same thing—at the bull's-eye of greed in the immortal soul of man. By aiming at that point scientifically you not only bring down the gambler, but you have eloquently replied to all the questions of the ignorant as well as of the average "intelligent investors" themselves, for seldom is a manipulator asinine enough to think that, because a man is a gambler, he perforce disregards all rules of common-sense. The average stock buyer may not really demand absolutely sound reasons for buying, but he always insists upon having at least a plausible excuse for buying. Give them *reasons* if possible, but always give them [illegible].

Money talks. In successful manipulation it must be made to shriek loudly enough to drown the still, small voice; persistently enough to induce at least a temporary habit of listening. The ticker must sing siren songs—trust the ticker for that. Perhaps, instead of saying that money talks, I should say that money calls to money. There is the molecular attraction of the multitude that makes mobs grow—like the bubbles in a coffee-pot—that makes sensible men pause and listen to the street faker shouting his wares. Well, the gold coins in the millionaires' vaults shout: "Come! Come where the crowd is! Come!" And the lambs' coins precipitate themselves into the vault—where the crowd is.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles on stock manipulation. The second will be published shortly.

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TRADE MARK
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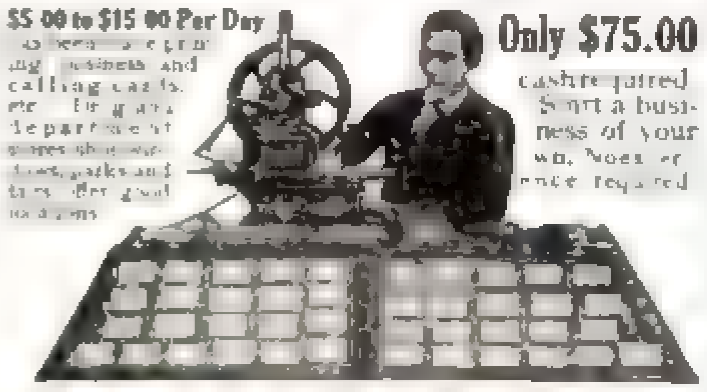

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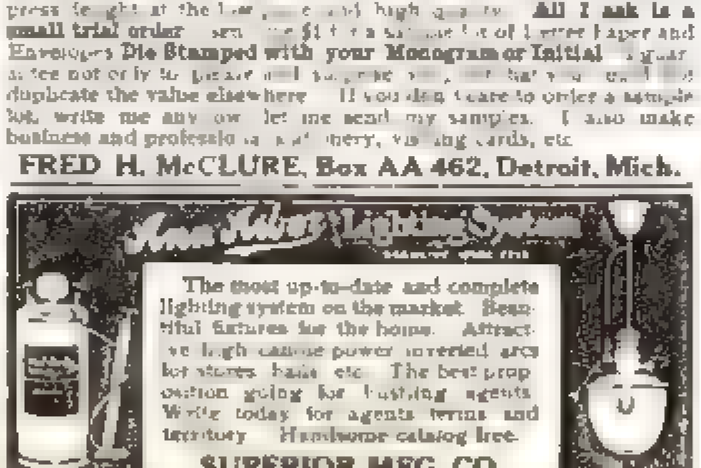

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You can materially increase your income and utilize this spare time to fine advantage by going into a side business of your own — all your own. Requiring no contact with your customers, yet one in which you employ no help and handle all money yourself. All you have to do is to place a number of Automatic Cigar Vending Machines in good locations and each day collect the money from them and see that they are kept supplied with cigars. One man or woman can easily look after a plant of 100 machines in a short time per day. A moderate investment (or even one of from $5,000 to $[illegible] if you want to go into the business on a large scale as some have done) in

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will make you a good income and get you a large share of the cigar business of your town or county. Each of these wonderful and perfect working coin-in-the-slot automatic cigar vending machines is a complete cigar store in itself, besides being an automatic clerk and cashier that draws no salary, so is for cash only, never makes a mistake and works 24 hours a day. Eliminates clerk hire, store rent, light and heat bills, free cigars and credit losses making your profit on each cigar sold much larger than a storekeeper's. Complies in full with Government requirements. We will sell you a number of machines, give you exclusive right to operate them in your choice of towns or counties (if not already sold) and protect you from competition [illegible]. **Write to-day** for [illegible] booklet and names and addresses of [illegible] successfully operating our machines. State what territory you desire. We refer to Dun, Bradstreet or any St. Louis Bank.

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The Celebrated Hungarian and English Partridges and Pheasants

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WENZ & MACKENSEN Dept. X
Pheasantry and Game Park, Yardley, Pa.

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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

THE DRAMA OF THE SLUMS

(Continued from Page 15)

gestures, her facial expression—there will always be difference of opinion. But the effect itself is of the highest order. When the moment comes she is an electrical presence, pulsing white light like an arc-lamp.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow, which Miss Eleanor Robson is producing, professes to take us to the slums of London. It is by Frances Hodgson Burnett, being the stage version of a story published some years since. Now, realism has never been Mrs. Burnett's long suit. One young woman in the audience remarked that if she knew anything at all about the slums it was no more than could be seen over the rim of a smelling-bottle. The nearest approach to life is a character patterned on one of Dickens' caricatures of low life in The Tale of Two Cities. And the play can scarcely be commended as an example of dramatic construction. In making her stage version Mrs. Burnett has not succeeded in getting out of the narrative point of view and into the dramatic. Her scenes are formless and aimless. Even the central idea is nowhere convincingly expressed

Sir Oliver is suffering from a malady of so serious a nature that three leading physicians in consultation tell him to prepare for the worst. He resolves upon suicide as preferable to a lingering death. But he shuns notoriety, and is unwilling to make himself a nuisance to his friends. So he puts on shabby clothes and goes down to the East End to join the sad number of nameless dead. Here he falls in with a waif who calls herself Gladys, never having had a better name, and whose friends call her Glad, by way of tribute to her cheerful disposition. Learning his purpose she pleads with him that no today is ever as bad as it seems, and that every day has a tomorrow. As it happens, the young bloke with whom she is in love is in danger of being arrested and hanged for a crime he did not commit, and Sir Oliver busies himself in the effort to clear the lad. He succeeds in doing so, and the adventure, having taken his thought off himself and given his faculties wholesome exercise, restores him, we are to believe, to wholesomeness of mind and body. For him a tomorrow has dawned.

The Fighting Hope

About the time when David Belasco parted company with Mrs. Leslie Carter he announced it as his opinion that the public was tiring of violent emotions and gorgeous scenery and was turning its attention to plays of real life. His judgment in matters theatric has seldom been at fault. Now he has taken Miss Blanche Bates out of gorgeously-mounted melodrama and put her into an intimate drama of modern life. The Fighting Hope centers in a very modern financial scandal; but it concerns itself solely with the personal as opposed to the public aspect of the situation.

There has been a defalcation in a leading metropolitan bank, and the cashier, Granger, has been sentenced to ten years in State's prison. His defense was that in doing what he did he was only acting under an order from his president, a prominent millionaire; and, though he has not been able to produce the written order, his statement is generally believed. His wife, the mother of his two children, resolves to play detective, and gains employment with the millionaire president as confidential secretary. The three acts of the play, which all take place in the library of the millionaire's country house, center in Mrs. Granger's desperate efforts to trap the millionaire into a confession of his guilt.

Again we find the millionaire placed in the most favorable light. To all appearances he is stung to the quick by an unjust public opinion, and it presently appears that he is bending every effort to find proof which the world will accept of his innocence and the condemned man's guilt. Meantime, he is falling in love with his secretary, whom he believes to be unmarried. In the end his efforts succeed: his detectives secure a letter which places the facts beyond doubt. Moreover, it appears that Granger has spent the proceeds of his crime on another woman. Mrs. Granger has been acting rather in behalf of her children than of her husband, and, crushed

Smith and His Wife and Their Evenings

How she helped cut out Overtime at the office

YOUNG Mrs. Tom Smith thought her husband had to work entirely too hard. It worried her.

Night after night, Tom had to go back to his desk. Frequently on Sundays, too.

He was the "statistics man" of a small but growing company. And the eye-straining, brain-fagging work with figures, records and details was telling on him.

Besides, he and she were cheated out of their evenings together.

* * *

Well, one day Mrs. Tom read in a magazine about a time-work-and-worry-saving business machine.

And straightway she saw it would cut out the night work which was robbing Tom of his rest and recreation.

It seemed to her a wonderful machine. For it did work which she had supposed only man's *brains* could do.

It added, multiplied, subtracted and divided

It printed the figures in columns, and added them, almost as fast as you could *say* them.

It added dollars and cents, or feet and inches, or pounds and ounces, or fractions, etc.

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It was the Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine

Made in 58 different styles—one to fit the requirements of every kind of business.

And sent to any office on free trial.

* * *

Mrs. Tom could hardly wait to tell Tom.

He knew of the "Burroughs," but said the business wasn't "big enough." Besides, he hadn't the "say-so."

But Mrs. Tom was determined to "emancipate" her husband.

So, taking matters in her own hands, while he was at the office one day, she wrote the manufacturers for their book, "A Better Day's Work"—telling them to send it to Tom's firm.

* * *

Well, the book came, addressed to the company—and went to the Boss's desk. It wasn't a catalog—but a business book—so unusual, so full of new and short-cut ways of doing things, that it set the gentleman thinking

And the free, fair trial, which put it up to the machine to make good, appealed to the business-sense of the Boss.

So he wrote the Burroughs people, asking for a "Trial."

* * *

And, the Burroughs is now a prized "assistant" in that office—at work every day.

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No more night work in *that* office.

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And, by saving three-fourths of the time formerly required for the *first* addition, and *all* the time formerly spent in going *over* the figures for verification and in search of elusive errors, and by eliminating costly delays and mistakes that Burroughs has, in a little over a year, *more* than paid for itself

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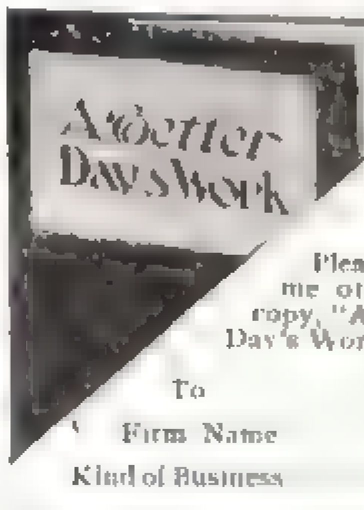

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Kind of Business

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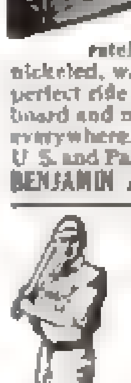

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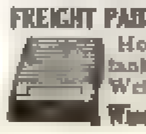

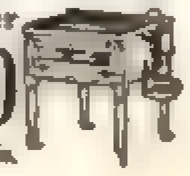

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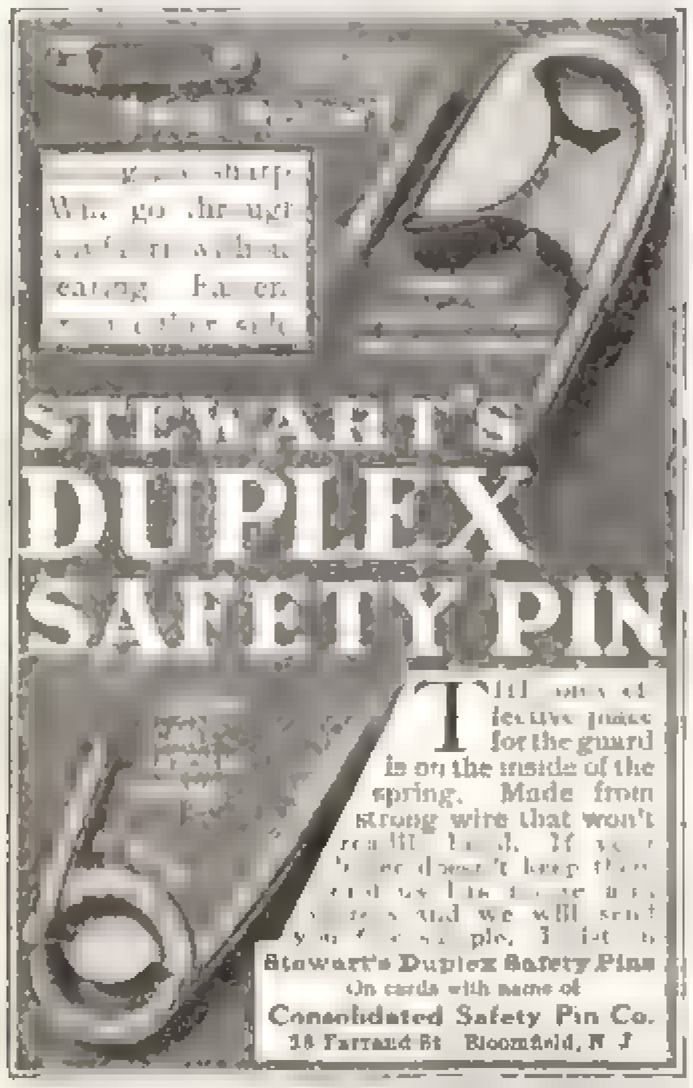

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though she is by the unexpected discovery, she burns the fatal letter. In the end her husband is killed in an attempt to escape from prison and she is represented as looking not without favor upon the suit of the exonerated millionaire.

The play has made known a new dramatist of very rare talent, Mr. W. J. Hurlbut. He has a sure hand in the portrayal of character and emotion, and a faculty of writing for the stage which is extraordinary. Working on the smallest of canvases, and with a cast of only five, he has conceived his dramatic conflict with so sure an instinct and told his story with such unerring skill that he holds the attention riveted from beginning to end. We have had many larger and more important plays, but in sheer technique The Fighting Hope has seldom been surpassed by an American.

The German Emperor once attempted the stage with a piece in praise of his ancestors, and quite lately Mr. Roosevelt, in answer to a reporter, said that some day, perhaps, he also would write a play. No doubt this was a Presidential jolly; but if our former President were at this moment to ease his mind in the playhouse, the result would be something on the order of A Gentleman From Mississippi. In fact, he has given the play his express public approval. The theme is the villainy of Congress, with an implied argument for the necessity of having Senators and Representatives watched by the Secret Service. But there is no mere muckraking here. In the end public and private morality triumph magnificently.

The Two Virtuous Managers

The plot centers in a band of Senatorial grafters who have bought lands which they intend, in their public capacity, to cause the Government to buy at a vastly higher price. To serve as a figurehead in their project they have caused a poker-playing, Bourbon-drinking planter of the old school, as ignorant of the game of politics as he is honest at heart, to be elected to the Senate. But, as it happens, he falls in with a young Washington reporter with a public conscience, and engages the lad as secretary. When the ex-reporter discovers the plot, it has progressed so far that the Senator's own son and daughter are implicated, and, by inference, the Senator himself. To unmask it is not only to disgrace but to ruin them all. Yet beneath the innocent and jovial exterior of the old boy from Mississippi there rages a very lion of righteous courage. At the end of the third act he confronts his betrayers, and in a mighty outburst declares that at any cost he will expose them. The secretary draws him aside and asks how he is going to do it. "Hang it," says the ancient poker-player with the most engaging of smiles, "I haven't the least idea!" But with the courage of the lion he has also the craft of the serpent. Before the final curtain the idea comes, and it is such a good idea that it would be a pity to spoil its due effect by disclosing it.

In advertising the play the two managers who produced it have declared their belief that it will run as long as political corruption continues. "For this reason," they added, "we hope that its life will be brief." Such an extremity of devotion to virtue is unexampled in managerial circles. It is possible that Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, who wrote the play in collaboration, may not share this extreme of public spirit.

In addition to his labors as author, Mr. Wise plays the leading part, and it is largely due to his rich and ripe powers as a comedian that the success has been so great. A better part and a better performance are very rarely seen in conjunction.

The present season is remarkable for the number of successful plays written by Americans and on American subjects. The list is not complete without the mention of a musical comedy, The Pied Piper, by Mr. Austin Strong, in which De Wolf Hopper is appearing. Negatively the production is remarkable for the absence of slang and vulgarity. And it has one very positive virtue. It is a work of genuine humor and delicate fancy. The scene is laid in an imaginary City of Innocence, which the Piper is supposed to have founded beyond the mountain into which he piped those children of "Hamelin Town in Brunswick, by famous Hanover City"; and Mr. Hopper may be found at his delightful best, piping in his pied coat to those children and their innocent descendants.

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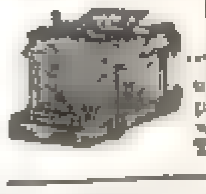

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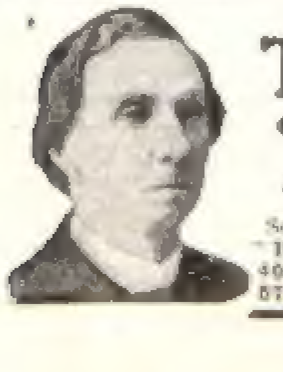

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Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this abundance of American plays is that they are mainly by unknown or little-known authors. William Gillette and Augustus Thomas have, as yet, given us nothing. Clyde Fitch has scored the laughing success of the season in The Blue Mouse; but that is an adaptation from the German. The Happy Marriage, which he is about to produce, is thus the only original work by the elder band of our playwrights.

Six years ago the output from abroad would have been in a vast majority. This year we have nothing from Pinero, Jones or Shaw. And we have few plays from Paris. Samson, by Bernstein, author of The Thief, is a piece more remarkable for its strongly melodramatic central scene than for any genuinely dramatic quality; but, though William Gillette is obviously miscast in it, it is scoring a popular success.

The World and His Wife, in which William Faversham and Julie Opp are appearing, is an adaptation by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger from one of the most remarkable plays of recent decades, The Great Galeotto, by the Spaniard, José Echegaray. Mr. Nirdlinger has given the piece a stronger element of comedy, a political flavor sympathetic to Americans, and a stronger dramatic tension. To do this he has sacrificed some of the finer values, but he has left the main idea intact. This is the destructive power of scandalous gossip. The curtain rises on the household of a Spanish gentleman who has taken in the orphan son of an old friend and benefactor to live with him. The boy is growing to manhood, and, though there has obviously been no faintest thought of wrong, common report is already making light of the wife's reputation. From act to act the power of evil suggestion is seen working in the minds of all. The husband becomes jealous, and, under his unreasoning violence, his wife and his ward are drawn closer and closer in sympathy. In the end, in a burst of jealous rage, he drives them out into the world together. Scandal has created evil where none could have been without it, and has ruined the lives of three honorable human beings. As acted by Mr. and Mrs. Faversham and their company the play is not only a powerful and wholesome object-lesson but also a very powerful drama.

Miss Barrymore's Play

As usual, Miss Maude Adams and Miss Ethel Barrymore have the pick of the recent English output. Miss Barrymore's play, Lady Frederick, is by W. Somerset Maugham, the very clever and prolific young man in whose Jack Straw John Drew is appearing. Mr. Maugham is, in fact, a prestidigitator of the playhouse, out of whose capacious sleeves old theatric devices appear as new and very lively rabbits. We all remember the scene in The Marriage of Kitty, in which Marie Tempest, in order to dampen the ardor of her intended husband, made her own sprightly and charming self into a round-headed and spectacled frump. Lady Frederick reverses the process.

In her customary guise she is a very vivacious and charming gentlewoman of a certain age—the age at which the arts of the toilet become fine arts. A sprig of nobility has fallen in love with her, and, to the dismay of his family, is bent on marrying her. From the worldly point of view the marriage would be very convenient to Lady Frederick, for she has a *frou-frou* disposition with a calico income, and is already haunted by the fear of the debtor's court. But, gay and worldly though she is, she is not at all a bad sort. She resolves to remove temptation from herself by divesting the young man of his illusions, and to this end she invites him to her boudoir to talk with her while she is at her toilet. She appears before the enamored youth as haggard as the morning after, and, pretending to ignore his horror, chats as gayly as ever with him while she applies all the sleights of what Bacon once learnedly called the arts cosmetic. The love of the lordling dies the death.

All this Lady Frederick has done at the instance of the boy's uncle, who has been deputed by the family to wrestle with her. As it happens, he is an ancient flame, and he satisfies Miss Barrymore's audiences and Lady Frederick's creditors at a blow by renewing his suit, this time successfully. Yet one wonders what the state of his heart will be when he comes to assist, as his nephew did, at her toilet.

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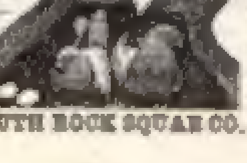

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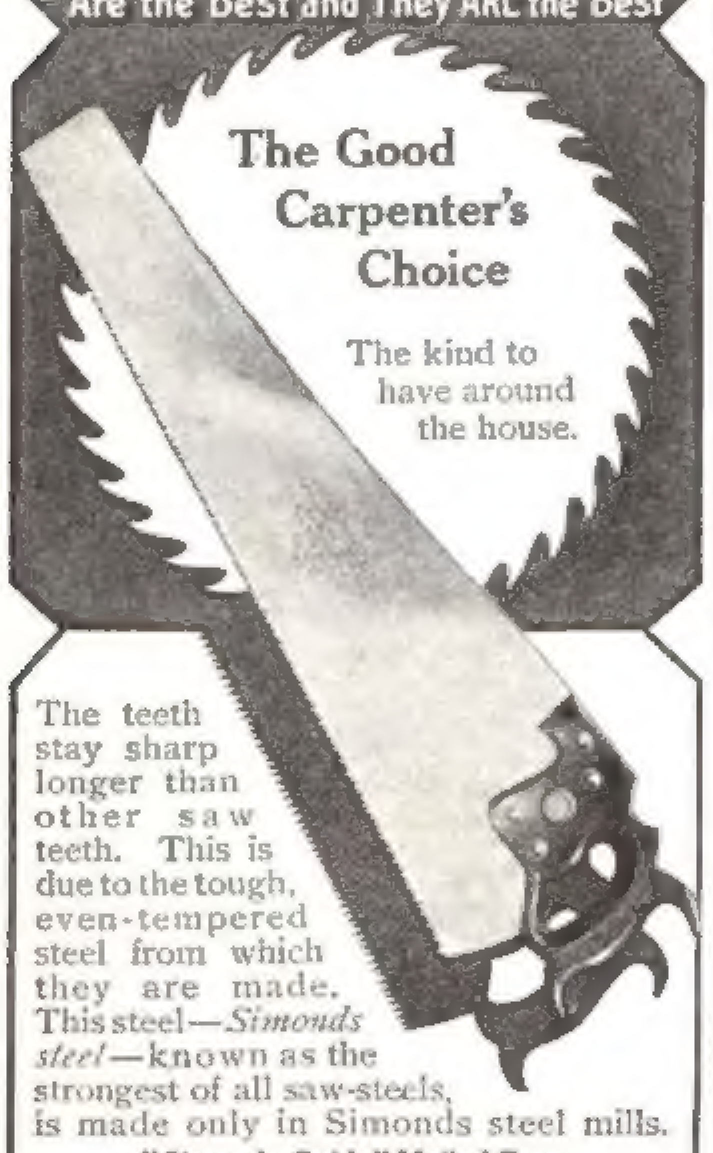

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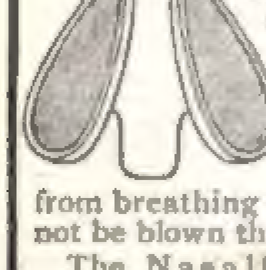

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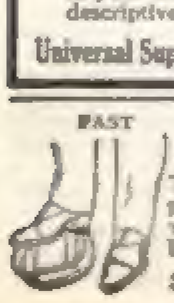

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It has been the fate of Miss Barrymore—a fate which has, perhaps, its mitigations—to have the popular esteem of her good looks obscure her abilities as an actor. Her art is of the delicate, finely-modulated kind that is not obvious to the unthinking; but it is, none the less, art, and art of a very high quality. In the present play she has been censured for making the untoileted Lady Frederick less hideous than the actress who played the part in London. If it is true that there is any mystery of beautification which she does not strip bare, mere man should only be grateful to her for sparing his last tattered remnant of illusion. The truer statement of the case is that she has slightly altered the mood of the play throughout, making it less a comedy of manners and more a comedy of sentiment. A very charming passage at the close, at the end of which she finds herself in the arms of the man she loves, is Miss Barrymore's own contribution to the play.

What Every Woman Knows

Miss Adams' play also is, in a way, a study of the sources of feminine attraction. But one is glad to add that its title, What Every Woman Knows, does not relate to the arts cosmetic. Satirist though Barrie is, he has never gone the lengths of cynicism. Maggie Wylie is a Scottish lass with three devoted brothers and no lack of money, but without "charm." The problem is to get her a husband. The brothers have induced her to wear ringlets—but have doubts as to whether they have made her more charming or less so.

The matrimonial project of these brothers seems scarcely more promising. They decide that she shall marry the burglar—at least, if she wants to. To be sure, it is no ordinary burglar. John Shand is a poor Scotch student at the university, in the era before the arrival of the Carnegie millions, and he is trying against odds to convert oatmeal into education. The only trouble, of course, is to get the oatmeal. He is at work as a railway porter. Now it happens that the Wylie brothers, who have more oatmeal than they have education, are the possessors of a library which they have bought, not to ornament their minds, but their walls. There are thirty yards of it. It is to get access to this in the small hours that John Shand becomes burglar. The Wylie brothers catch him and offer to give him three hundred pounds (whether of money or of oatmeal Mr. Barrie neglects to say) if he will bind himself to marry Maggie as soon as he is full of education.

Now John Shand is a man of his word, but he is also a man of two other qualities which are dangerous in combination. He has strong passions and no sense of humor. He marries Maggie—quite against her own good common-sense, though she adores him. Then he proceeds to fall in love with a titled English woman—for, by now, he is a brilliant member of the House of Commons.

At this crisis Maggie, who loves John as only Barrie women can love, hits upon a quaint device. She contrives to throw John and his lady together for weeks at a time in the country house of one of her friends, she herself staying at home. Whatever the case of trial marriages, trial elopements may be safely commended. John finds that his lady lacks something which he had not suspected in Maggie, but the want of which he now feels very keenly. That something is charm. For, as act has followed act, the ringlets have faded farther and farther into the Scottish past. Miss Adams has evolved into her own delightful self, while Maggie has not only become charming but has been injecting the surplus of her sprightliness into the humorless John. In the crisis of John's doubt about his lady she positively succeeds in making him laugh at one of her sayings. Then John is lost to his lady and won to Maggie.

And so we come to the meaning of the title. It has been said on authority that Eve was made out of Adam's spare rib. But every woman knows that she was made out of his funny-bone—which is why he has been ever since without the least sense of humor whatever. It is a great and memorable discovery, the only flaw in which is the fact it has waited so long to be made, and then was made by—well, it was not made by a woman. But before Miss Adams has got through with this play it will be made by all wise daughters of Eve in this land. For Mr. Barrie also knows that in the theater the supreme court is Woman.

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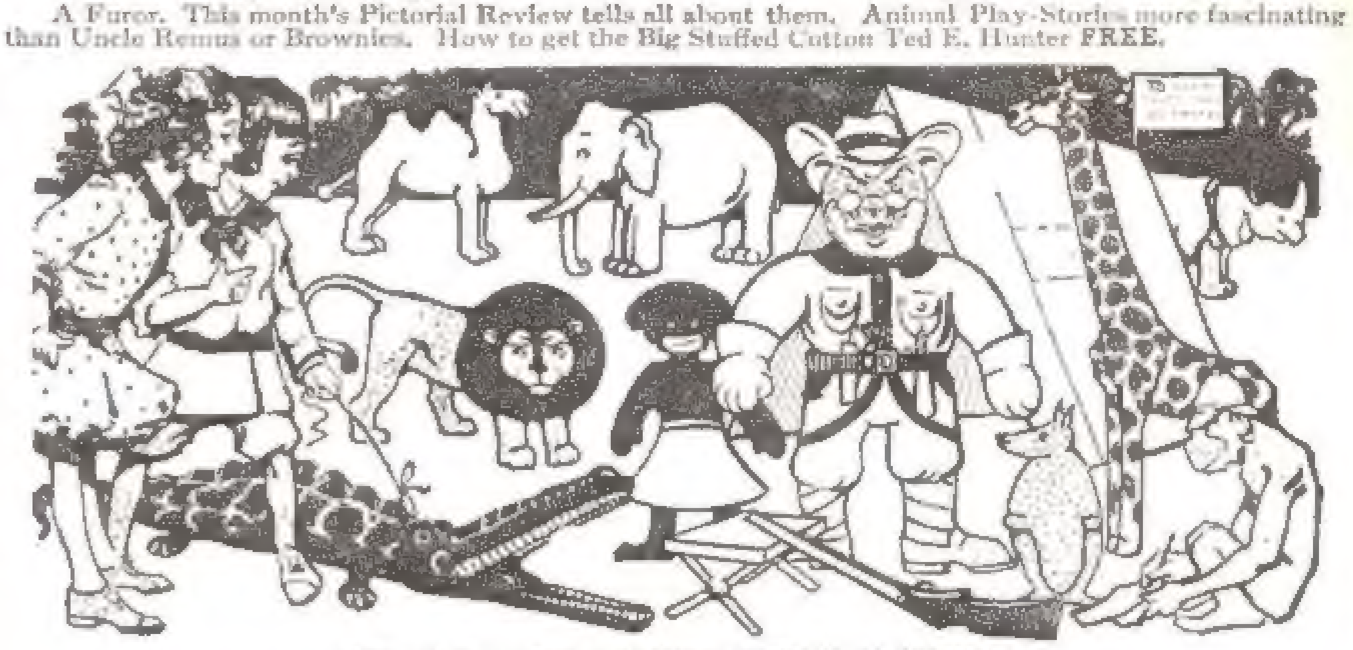
A Furor. This month's Pictorial Review tells all about them. Animal Play-Stories more fascinating than Uncle Remus or Brownies. How to get the Big Stuffed Cotton Ted E. Hunter FREE.



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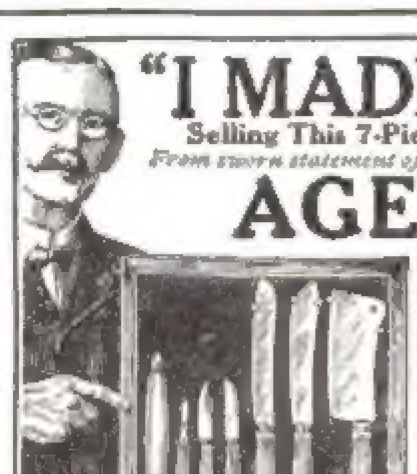

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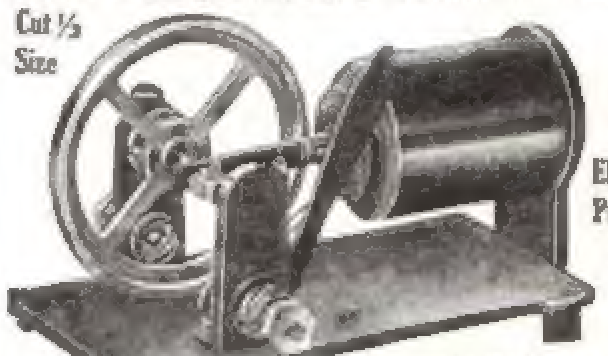

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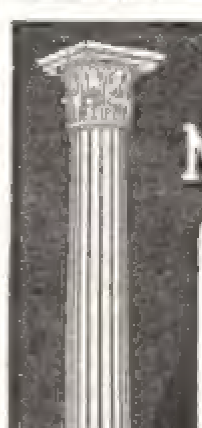

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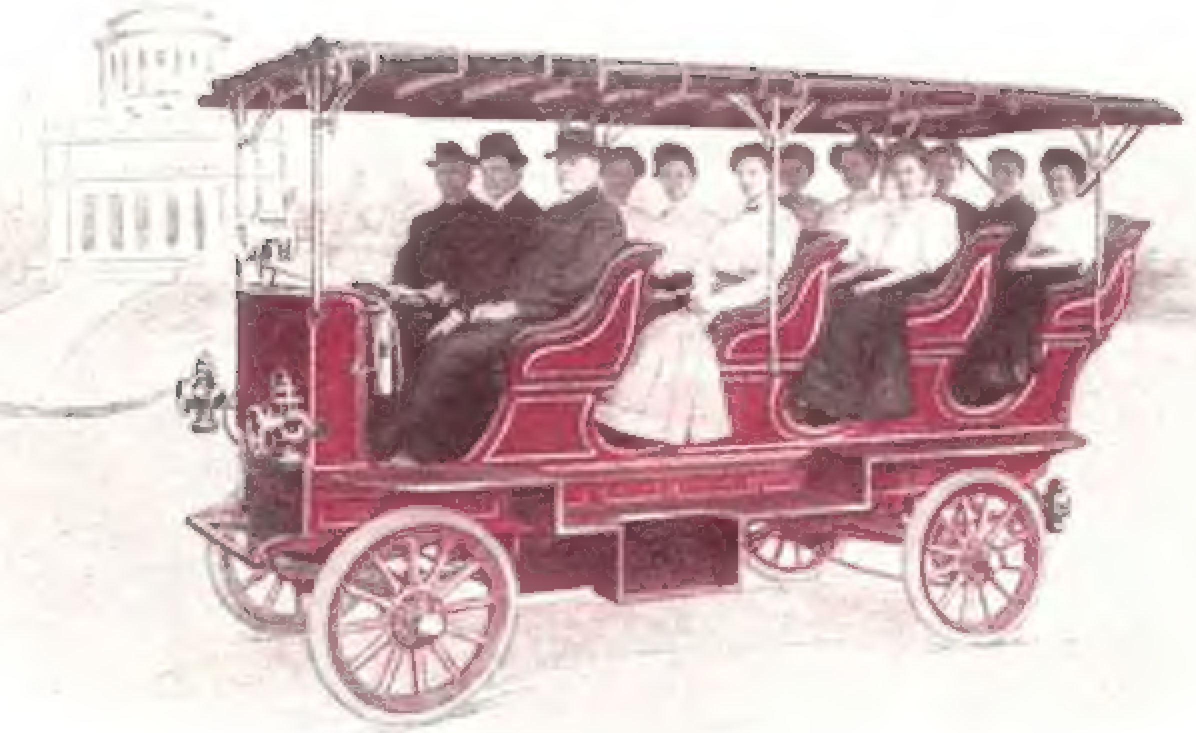

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